

The Notebooks of Joseph D. Stiles

John Benedict Buescher



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The Notebooks of Joseph D. Stiles

John Benedict Buescher

A manuscript of allegedly automatic writing, consisting of six notebooks. These are the first version of a series of “letters,” written between 1854 and 1857, which would be edited by Allen Putnam and published in 1859 by the Boston firm of Bela Marsh as *Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams, through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham*.¹ The edited and published version contained a preface by Josiah Brigham, as well as a “reviser’s preface” by editor Allen Putnam, which explained how the manuscript was written and edited for publication.

The notebooks are held in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C.²

Joseph D. Stiles

The writer of these notebooks was Joseph D. Stiles, who was born December 10, 1828 in Waltham, Massachusetts, one of several children of Joseph and Lucy Stiles.³ The family, early in Joseph Jr.’s life, moved to Weymouth. Joseph Jr. was a lifelong bachelor and died at what had been his mother’s home in Weymouth, on March 31, 1897.

In 1884, he provided a short autobiographical account of his development as a spiritualist medium to Lewis L. Whitlock, publisher of the Boston spiritualist journal *Facts*.⁴ In the section, “How I Became a Medium,” he says:

In 1850, two years subsequent to the startling manifestations at Rochester, my sister, Harriet, who was visiting friends and relations in Weymouth,

¹ A scan of the New York Public Library’s copy of the published book is at http://ssoc.selfip.com:81/1859__stiles__twelve_messages_from_john_quincy_adams.pdf; a scan of the Library of Congress’ own copy of the printed text is at <http://hdl.handle.net/2027/loc.ark:/13960/t2v41zw5h>

² In boxes catalogued in “R. Evans, papers.”

³ Joseph, Jr. had four full sisters, and several half-siblings by his father’s first wife.

⁴ “Platform Tests at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting, with Autobiographical Sketch of the Medium, Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass.,” *Facts* (Boston), (March 1884): 43-49.

discovered herself to be what was then known as a table-tipping medium. My father and his family then resided in North Brigham, Mass. Messages and tests of an interesting and convincing nature were "tipped out," awakening in each member of the family a great interest, and proving to us that the "gates were ajar." Friends and neighbors flocked to the house to find out for themselves whether these things were so, many of whom, from the evidence thus given, were convinced of their reality, and lived and died in the soul-comforting belief. Other members of the family in turn became mediums, and many and striking were the demonstrations given through their medial powers. It was not until 1853 that I discovered the same elements and powers existing within myself. I was then in the printing office of Basin & Chandler, on the corner of Cornhill and Brattle Streets. At the case one day I found myself unable to compose the type into the stick, and, after repeated trials, came to the conclusion that my mission as a printer had come to an end. Still I persevered only to be discomfited. I left the office the next day, never again to enter it in the capacity of a printer. I attended several circles in Boston to develop and strengthen the power which had so mysteriously, and so much against my will and desire at that time, taken possession of me. Tipping tables, physical, mental, and other phenomena followed in rapid succession, until it was announced to me that I must go before, and present to, the public the remarkable manifestations which were gaining such a firm foothold in my organization.

Stiles had learned the printing trade by apprenticing in the Universalist newspaper, *The Christian Freeman and Family Visiter*, under the tutelage of Universalist minister Sylvanus Cobb.⁵ In another article about Stiles, Whitlock tells more about Stiles' early work as a printer, and why he had to quit:

He was educated as a printer, and held a responsible position as proof-reader and critic in some government work, we have heard, which vocation he followed till spirits made it impossible.⁶

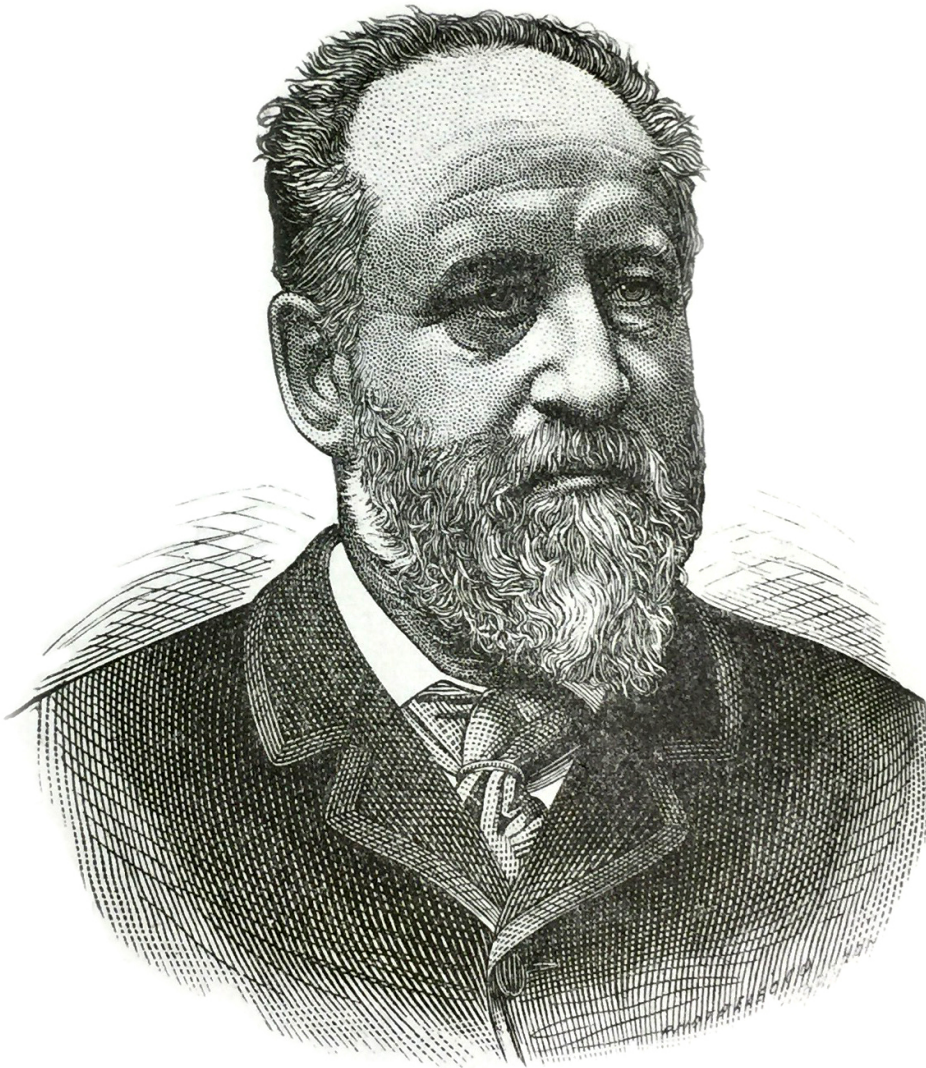
Josiah Brigham, to whom the messages in the manuscript were addressed, described Stiles this way:

Mr. Stiles is a respectable, unassuming young man, of only common-school education, with no pretensions to more than common capabilities. He is a printer by trade, and worked at that business until he perceived he possessed

⁵ Obituary for Stiles, *New York Sun*, April 1, 1897.

⁶ L. L. Whitlock, "Mr. Joseph D. Stiles," *Facts* (Boston), (July 1886): 191-192.

mediumistic powers. His organization is such that he is very susceptible to spirit-influence, and is one of the best writing-mediums in the country.⁷



JOSEPH D. STILES.

Facts (Boston), July 1886

Stiles had almost certainly been raised a Universalist, in Weymouth. In 1842, when Stiles was thirteen years old, John Quincy Adams—after his Presidency, he served in the House of Representatives—visited his constituents there. They wished to honor him for his anti-slavery efforts in Congress, and was received in a grand procession that made its way from the Universalist Church to the Unitarian one,

⁷ *Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams*, preface, iv.

where he gave a long speech, outlining his efforts to stem the machinations of legislators and of the current President, John Tyler, to extend and solidify slavery in the nation. Adams was “aged” but “iron of limb” and had “thin hairs of silver grey,” as the welcoming delegation put it, but was lionized by the assembled throng as a heroic warrior for liberty. He would have written out and read his speech from a copy he had penned himself, in the tremulous handwriting that characterized his later years.

The pastor of the Universalist Church in Weymouth at that time was John Murray Spear, who served on the committee of arrangements for the visit.⁸ Years later, after he had been ushered out of his Weymouth pulpit by a less-than-politically-radical contingent within his congregation, Spear became a devoted and well-known spiritualist, who, in 1852, at the beginning of a long and sensational career as a spirit medium, delivered, and had published, a series of messages from the spirit of Universalist clergyman John Murray, entitled *Messages from the Superior State*. It is not surprising that when Joseph Stiles visited his kin in Weymouth in 1850 that he found them all deeply engaged in trying to turn themselves into spirit mediums. Nor is it surprising that, when Stiles began acting as the instrument of the spirit of John Quincy Adams for Josiah Brigham, that the spirits of Adams and of Brigham’s and Adams’ previous minister Peter Whitney would both have converted in the afterlife to a firm conviction of the truth of spiritualism and of universal salvation.

Josiah Brigham

At the time these notebooks were written, Brigham (1788-1867) was one of the richest and most reputable citizens of Quincy, Massachusetts.⁹ He had been the commander of the Quincy Light Infantry during the War of 1812, shortly after which, he had married Elizabeth Fiske, by whom he had two daughters, Abigail and Elizabeth.

He owned a large general store and was a well-known public figure, serving on the city’s school committee and involving himself in other municipal affairs. He sat

⁸ *Address of John Quincy Adams, to His Constituents of the Twelfth Congressional Districts at Braintree, September 17th, 1842* (Boston: J. H. Eastburn, 1842), 2.

⁹ “Josiah Brigham, Esq.,” in John Livingston, ed., *Monthly Biographical Magazine: Containing Portraits and Memoirs of Distinguished Americans Now Living* 1.1 (December 1852): 66-69.

on the board of directors of the Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Company and was also president of two banks—the Quincy Stone Bank and the Quincy Savings Bank.



Josiah Brigham

Brigham was an important figure in the Whig Party and had been a devoted supporter of John Quincy Adams, who was also a native of Quincy and a longtime resident of the city.¹⁰ They were both members the First Congregational Church of Quincy (which had become Unitarian in 1750) when it was pastored, until 1843, by the Reverend Peter Whitney, and thereafter by the Reverend William Parsons Lunt. Brigham undoubtedly had been present at Adams' interment in Quincy in March 1848, and had heard Lunt's discourse on the occasion.¹¹ At that time, Brigham was the parish clerk and signed off on the reconstruction of part of the church to include room for the tombs of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and their wives. He had also

been afterwards instrumental in having Lunt's 1850 lecture on the "union of the human race"—a topic of which John Quincy Adams had been fond—printed up as a

¹⁰ See the October 19, 1840 letter, for example, from John Quincy Adams to the group, including Josiah Brigham, that encouraged Adams to run for the House of Representatives, reprinted in the Whig newspaper, *The Newark Daily Advertiser*, October 30, 1840.

¹¹ William P. Lunt, *A Discourse Delivered in Quincy, March 11, 1848, at the Interment of the Sixth President of the United States* (Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown, 1848). In fact, Brigham was on the committee that arranged the interment ceremony. Adams had died at the U.S. Capitol in Washington on February 23.

pamphlet and disseminated.¹² Peter Whitney had died in 1843 and was interred in the church's graveyard, near where Adams would be buried. William Parsons Lunt died in 1857 while on a tour to the Holy Land and was buried in the desert near Akaba.¹³ Josiah Brigham died in 1867 and would be buried in the Quincy Parish Church's graveyard.¹⁴



In his preface to *Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams*, Brigham wrote that he met Joseph Stiles in June of 1854, when the medium was invited to his house, perhaps by Brigham's wife or his married daughter Elizabeth Baxter to conduct an

evening séance. Both his wife and daughter, Brigham said, were interested in spiritualism, and both eventually became mediums themselves. At that time, Stiles' hand was moved to write the signature of Josiah Brigham's deceased brother Winslow and to deliver a greeting, via "automatic writing," to Josiah from the spirit of his brother.

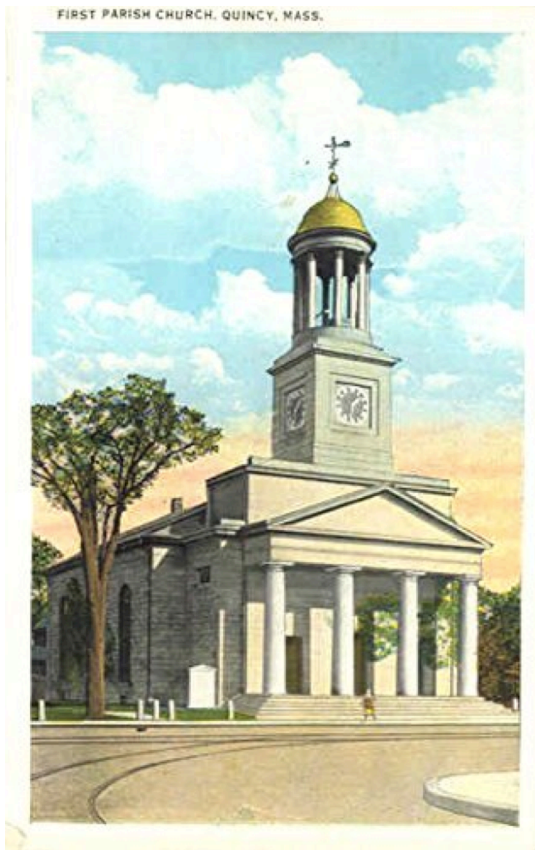
At another séance shortly thereafter in July, Stiles' hand was moved to write another message to Josiah from a spirit. This message was signed "John Quincy Adams" in the "peculiar, tremulous" penmanship that had marked Adams' handwriting in his old age and with which Brigham was familiar from his

¹² William P. Lunt, *The Union of the Human Race. A Lecture Delivered before the Quincy Lyceum, in Quincy, Mass., February 7, 1850* (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, 1850), dedicatory letter listing Brigham.

¹³ Frederic A. Whitney, *An Historical Sketch of the Old Church, Quincy, Mass.* (Albany: J. Munsell, 1864), 16; Chandler Robbins, *A Discourse in Commemoration of William Parsons Lunt, D.D., delivered at Quincy, Mass., on Sunday, June 7, 1857, by Chandler Robbins* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1857).

¹⁴ "Death of a Well-Known Citizen," *Boston Post*, July 29, 1867. Brigham had been an active member of the Rural Lodge of F. and A. Masons for more than fifty years. His wife had passed away the year before.

correspondence with Adams. Stiles claimed that he had never seen Adams' wobbly signature and even denied that he knew that "there was any such in being." Nor, he said, had he ever read anything that Adams had written.¹⁵



The first "letter" in these notebooks to Brigham from the spirit of John Quincy Adams is dated July 9, 1854. Two Sundays before this, Brigham's pastor, William Lunt, had preached a sermon at the First Parish Church entitled, "Trial of the Spirits."¹⁶ That is, on the passage from the first letter of St. John, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out in the world." It was straight-ahead preaching against spiritualism and mediums, even so far as to dwell on St. Paul's letter to the Galatians, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Pastor Lunt noted:

It seems to be assumed by many at the present day, that because a communication is made by *spirits*, (granting the fact that it is so communicated,) it is, for that reason alone, without looking at the character of it, or scrutinizing it by the tests of reason and the highest consciousness of the soul, to be received and confided in. We are bound to no such deference.¹⁷

Lunt mentioned no such activity among his parishioners, but it is virtually certain that some of them were already interpreting the phrase, "Try the spirits," as

¹⁵ The Massachusetts Historical Society has examples of letters from John Quincy Adams to Josiah Brigham (as head of the Quincy school committee and as one of the petitioners to Adams, asking him to consider running for Congress). It seems likely that in 1854 Brigham could have had letters from Adams at his home.

¹⁶ William P. Lunt, *Trial of the Spirits: a discourse delivered in the First Congregational Church, Quincy, Massachusetts, June 25, 1854* (Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1854).

¹⁷ Lunt, 12.

an invitation rather than a cautionary warning. Brigham had been a member of groups of supporters—undoubtedly financial—within the congregation who had made the printing of a few of Pastor Lunt’s sermons possible. But when this sermon was published on the request of some of his congregation, Brigham’s name was not listed among the publishing committee.

Stiles Writes the Notebooks

From that time, Stiles began producing “messages” from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, which the medium wrote “automatically” in notebooks, in installments. These, collected together, are the documents brought together here, and they constituted the first draft of the manuscript that was published in 1859 as *Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams*.¹⁸ Brigham explained how Stiles produced them:

The messages contained in this book, coming from the immortal spirit of John Quincy Adams, were written out in manuscripts, at various times, at my house in Quincy, Mass., and at the house of my son-in-law, C[harles] F[rancis] Baxter, Boston, during the last four years, through the hand of Joseph D. Stiles, medium, when in an entranced state, and who, at the time of writing them, was unconscious of what was being written. The whole was written in an almost perfect *fac-simile* of that peculiar, tremulous handwriting of Mr. Adams in the last years of his earthly life,—a handwriting which probably no man living could, in his natural state of mind, so perfectly imitate, and which is wholly unlike the usual handwriting of the medium. The writing of these messages in manuscript was commenced in August, 1854, and closed in March, 1857. The medium (in trance) commenced copying and revising them for publication about the first of April following, and finished in June, 1858, making some additions and some omissions.

When influenced to write, he would usually be controlled from one to three hours at a sitting, and write generally from one and a half to three pages in a day when he did write. He was quite irregular as to the time of writing. Sometimes he would be absent for several days; sometimes a week; sometimes three or four weeks.

¹⁸ Even the publisher, from the beginning (at least, judging by its ad copy), does not seem to have consistently remembered whether the title was “... *the Spirit John Quincy Adams*” or “... *the Spirit of John Quincy Adams*.”

During the time these messages were in progress the medium was doing a good deal of other writing, and was accustomed to hold private circles frequently at my house and at the houses of other friends in Quincy, and also in Boston, Waltham, Hingham and other neighboring towns; and, in consequence of these various engagements, the completion of the work has been delayed.¹⁹

During the course of the deliverance of these messages purporting to be from the spirit of Adams, Josiah Brigham became a convinced spiritualist. And as that conviction became more certain, the spirit of Adams directed Brigham to have the messages published. Brigham would describe his own motive for doing so:

... it is not with the expectation of receiving pecuniary reward, but in the hope and belief that it will do much good in the world; that the teachings, principles and revelations therein contained, which are in harmony with those of pure Christianity, are calculated to elevate, improve and benefit the human race.²⁰

But first, Stiles rewrote and revised the original manuscript, purportedly still entranced and under the control of the spirit of Adams. This produced a second version, intermediate between the notebooks manuscript and the publisher's. That second version, as far as is known, no longer exists. It would be interesting to compare the first and second versions, produced before it went to an editor, to get an idea of what the spirit of John Quincy Adams thought needed to be clarified and changed. "The first draft," it was said, "is nearly all in the apparent handwriting of a tremulous old man. The second draft contains nearly an hundred pages in the style of the old man, though here it is more regular and firm than in the first."²¹ But the second draft also was filled out with nearly four hundred pages written in Stiles' own "neat and elegant" handwriting. All in all, no matter how "automatically" it was written, Stiles must have felt that producing it over the course of those months took a tremendous amount of work.

Brigham wrote that, "After the work was revised and copied by the medium, but before it was carried to the printer, I was desired to place it in the hands of Mr. Allen Putnam, of Roxbury, to review." He brought the first version as well as the second, revised version to Putnam. Brigham would later keep some version of the manuscript at his home, ready to display to anyone who was curious to see it.

¹⁹ *Twelve Messages*, preface, iii-iv.

²⁰ *Twelve Messages*, preface, x.

²¹ *Twelve Messages*, reviser's preface, xii.

Allen Putnam

Allen Putnam was born in Danvers, Massachusetts in 1802, and had graduated from Harvard Divinity School in 1825. One of his colleagues there would much later write a précis of Putnam's career:

Mr. Putnam was a proctor while in the Divinity School. He probably was a teacher for two years after leaving college, and commenced preaching in 1830. He was settled as minister of the Unitarian Church in Augusta, Me. After nine or ten years he resigned his charge, and, I think, then ceased to preach. I lost knowledge of him for many years; and, when I renewed my acquaintance with him, he was in the wood and coal business in Roxbury. Of late he has been a hierophant among the (so-called) spiritualists, a frequent speaker at their meetings, the author of a commentary on the Gospels in accordance with their theories, and, if not the author, the editor, of very numerous letters, purporting to be communications from distinguished men, no longer living in this world, containing self-accusations for their willing blindness, or for conduct opposed to their unwilling convictions, with reference to divers manifestations of necromancy. While I am not disposed to receive these documents as authentic, and yet am unable to solve the curious problem in psychology which they present, I still believe Mr. Putnam to have been an honest man, self-deluded, and free from all conscious wrong in his assaults on the fair fame of the dead and the credulity of the living.²²

By 1858, when Brigham approached him with the Stiles manuscripts, Putnam was already a widely known advocate for spiritualism and had written and published much on the subject, including a book about his own experiences with spirit mediums.²³ In the "Reviser's Preface" of *Twelve Messages*, Putnam wrote:

²² Andrew Preston Peabody, *Harvard Reminiscences* (Boston: Ticknor and Company, 1888), 145-146. Putnam died in 1887.

²³ *Spirit Works, Real but Not Miraculous* (Boston: Bela Marsh, 1853) [Putnam's lecture of 21 Sept 1853, read at City Hall, Roxbury]; *Natty, a Spirit: His Portrait and His Life* (Boston: Bela Marsh, 1856); and *Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle* (Boston: Bela Marsh, 1858). In later years he would be a frequent, paid contributor to the Boston-published spiritualist newspaper, *The Banner of Light*, and would publish or contribute to many books, including *Bible Marvel Workers, and the Power Which Helped or Made Them Perform Mighty Works, and Utter Inspired Words: together with some personal traits and characteristics of prophets, apostles, and Jesus; or new readings of "the miracles"* (Boston: Colby and Rich, 1873); *Biography of Mrs. J.*

The manuscript was brought to me, in July, 1858, by Mr. Josiah Brigham, of Quincy, an elderly and highly respected citizen of that town. He informed me that he had come, at the request of Mr. Adams, to ask me to read the manuscript; after that, to advise in reference to its publication; and, in the event of publication, to look over the copy and the proofs.²⁴

Putnam read the manuscript and was enthusiastic. He took over the task of editing it and preparing it for publication by his own publisher, the Boston firm of Bela Marsh. In his "Reviser's Preface" to *Twelve Messages*, Putnam writes to convince the reader that what was in the final published book was really touched only lightly by his editorial hand, and that whatever changes he made were ones of arrangement and ordering of the parts of the (revised, version two) manuscript:

Only a few corrections have been made, and those were called for more because of inadvertence than of defective knowledge or skill on the part of the writer. The corrections made by *me* are done in *red pencil*, so that whoever may see the manuscript can tell precisely how many and what changes have been made. The sequence of some of the topics has been varied by me, and, in arranging for that, I was obliged to copy several pages of the manuscript, which have gone to the printer in my own handwriting. Also I have increased the subdivisions, furnished all the titles to the messages, and inserted the contents at the heads of the sections. But the facts, sentiments and opinions of the writer, as also the dress, substantially, in which he clothed them, have studiously been left unaltered, whether I give credence and approbation to them or not. Even had I felt myself at liberty to make essential changes, the time was not at my command to rewrite and to bring the sentences and figures into harmony with my own taste. The reader has the work almost literally such as it was when first brought to me. ... Mr. Adams, through Mrs. [Louisa] Parmelee, of Boston (Mr.

H. Conant, the world's medium of the nineteenth century ... [by John W. Day and Theodore Parker (Spirit)] ... opening remarks by Allen Putnam (Boston: William White and Company, Banner of Light Office, 14 Hanover Street, 1873); *Twenty Years on the Wing: Brief Narrative of My Travels and Labors as a Medium Sent Forth and Sustained by the Association of Beneficents in Spirit Land. By John Murray Spear.* Preface by Allen Putnam (Boston: William White and Company, 1873); *Agassiz and Spiritualism* (Boston: Colby & Rich, 1874); *New England Witchcraft Explained by Modern Spiritualism* (Boston: Colby and Rich, 1881); and *Post-Mortem Confessions: being letters written through a mortal's hand by spirits who, when in mortal, were officers of Harvard college: with comments* (Boston: Colby & Rich, 1886).

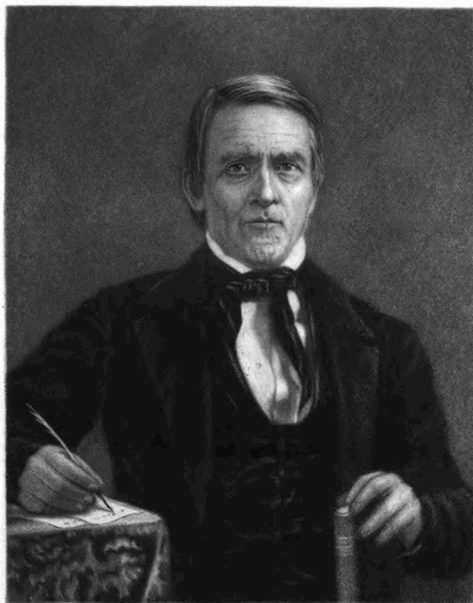
²⁴ *Twelve Messages*, reviser's preface, xi.

Stiles and myself are strangers to each other), tells me that much of the poetry was furnished by other spirits, who came to his relief and the medium's, and who attempted little more than to versify, in an off-hand way, what had just been given in prose.²⁵ My proposition to suppress a large part of the poetry he declined giving his assent to, and he preferred to have it stand as it does, rather than be brought together as an appendix. He has been gratified. ...

Did John Quincy Adams furnish the account here published? He did. Those who need the proof are referred to the book itself as containing strong internal evidences, while the prefaces furnish a few of the external.

The work might be described as his own account of *his own triumphal reception into the Spirit World*. We have here *a spirit's autobiography*, covering a very bright but interesting portion of his life above.²⁶

Precursors of the Book



Yours truly
C. Hammond

The notebooks and the published book are in line with a series of previous books of automatic writing, written and published beginning in 1851, in which mediums, purportedly unconscious or in trance, came under the control of the spirits of famous personages, many of them Founding Fathers or more distant patriots or historical notables. In these writings, the spirits tell of their postmortem progress, especially detailing their spiritual evolution and enlightenment regarding the truth of spiritualism itself, as well as the reformist causes current among "advanced" thinkers of the 1850s. The deceased notables, typically, would have progressed through the heavenly geography of seven spheres,

²⁵ Louisa Parmelee advertised at the time as an "Eclectic and Clairvoyant Physician," with an office on Washington Street in Boston.

²⁶ *Twelve Messages*, reviser's preface, xiii-xiv and xvi. The poetry in the book would also be singled out for obloquy by non-spiritualist reviewers in the mainstream newspapers; see the review of the book in the *Washington Evening Star*, January 21, 1860.

first described in a rudimentary way by Andrew Jackson Davis in his 1847 book, *The Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind* (which had also been dictated while in trance). Many of these writings had as an implicit theme the spiritual uplift of human life through progressive reform, and the universal brotherhood of mankind.

Books in this genre that preceded Stiles' work included:

Charles Hammond, *Light from the Spirit World: comprising a series of articles on the condition of spirits, and the development of mind in the rudimental and second spheres*. Rochester: W. Heughes, 1852.

Charles Hammond, *Light from the Spirit World: the pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others to the seventh circle in the spirit world*. Rochester: D. M. Dewey; New York: Fowler and Wells, 1852.

Isaac Post, *Voices from the Spirit World; being communications from many spirits, by the hand of Isaac Post, medium*. Rochester: Charles H. McDonnell, 1852.

John Murray Spear, ed. by Simon Crosby Hewitt, *Messages from the Superior State Communicated by John Murray, through John M. Spear, in the Summer of 1852, containing important instruction to the inhabitants of the Earth*. Boston: Bela Marsh, 1853.

Horace G. Wood, *The Philosophy of Creation: Unfolding the Laws of the Progressive Development of Nature and Embracing the Philosophy of Man, Spirit, and the Spirit World, by Thomas Paine, through the hand of Horace G. Wood, Medium*. Boston: Bela Marsh, 1854.

Asaph Bemis Child, *The Progressive Life of Spirits after Death*. Boston: Bela Marsh, 1855.

The genre would live for some years after the Stiles book was published, as well, convincing spiritualists that, for example, Thomas Paine had renounced his atheism and materialism, that George Washington had, in the afterlife, come to regret his slave-holding, that Benjamin Franklin had discovered a raft of new inventions that he would deliver to Earth, that Theodore Parker had continued to advance along with the intelligentsia of New England into various reform movements, and that

certain newspaper editors and scientists who had been antagonists of spiritualism had repented in the afterlife.²⁷

There are quite a few published examples of this mid-19th-century automatic writing, but, apart from the Stiles notebooks, none of the original handwritten manuscripts appear to have survived. This fact alone makes the Stiles notebooks important. The raft of books published around that time that were claimed to have been written by mediums entirely unconscious of what their pen hands were writing attracted attention because of their unearthly mode of production. They gained an aura of wonder and commanded the respect of people as being in truth produced by disembodied spirits because they were presented as having bled directly from the mediums' pens without any intervention on their part. If the mediums did not produce them, therefore, the argument was that the spirits must have done so.

The impression that the readers of these books were supposed to have was that what they were reading was a reproduction, set in type, of what the mediums had written "automatically" upon their letter paper or writing pads or notebooks. Putnam, for example, goes to some length in his preface to discount the extent of the editorial changes he made to Stiles' manuscript. This increased the wonder of the book and buttressed the claim that it provided evidence for the intervention of other intelligences in its writing. Stiles' ordinary and "common" education, for example, was also cited—as with Andrew Jackson Davis before him—as additional evidence that he could not have produced what he had written (or, in Davis' case, dictated).

As spiritualist writings were received and published in the later part of the 19th century, it became clear to readers that there were varying degrees of spirit control over the writers. As one might say today, the degree of psychological dissociation present in the mediums varied. Was the writing produced entirely unconsciously, or was it produced in a less fully divided consciousness, one that was merely being inspired by elevated or heavenly thoughts? The answer influenced the degree of authority that a reader might accord to the written product.

This is why the Stiles notebooks have a unique value. They are not only a true curio of extended writing in a strange penmanship, but they provide an opportunity to compare what in fact flowed from the pen of an entranced medium (however one wishes to assess that claim) to what was put before readers as having been automatically written. If there are significant differences here and if they appear to be the result of deliberate, conscious edits, then that affects how one views the

²⁷ This genre was closely akin to another, much more vast, in which spirit mediums spoke or wrote in the voice of Jesus or his earliest disciples, and in which they detailed the errors into which later forms of Christian belief had fallen.

published version, and not just of Stiles' book, but also, implicitly, all the other books published in this genre.

Differences Between the Notebooks and the Published Book

Upon first viewing, the major difference between the notebooks and the published book is the appearance of the two: Specifically, the notebooks' wobbly handwriting was supposed to be evidence that the spirit of John Quincy Adams was the actual author. This feature is obviously not present in the published book, and Putnam was only able to reproduce a few examples of the curious penmanship in which the notebooks were written. The printed version could only offer its readers Putnam's and Brigham's attestations that the handwriting was extraordinary and that it mimicked that of whichever spirit happened to be communicating through Stiles at that point. The handwriting of George Washington, for example, as depicted in the notebooks, mimics that of Washington, whereas that of John Quincy Adams mimics that of Adams. It is not inappropriate to note that people, like Stiles, who have been trained to compose type from various manuscripts are well practiced in studying other people's handwriting peculiarities.

The published version also lacks the drawn illustrations—rather like Shaker “gift” drawings—that appear in one of the notebooks. Instead, the text of the published version has been modified so that the illustrations are described, rather than graphically displayed.

One considerable difference between the notebooks and the printed book, which Putnam does admit was the result of his editing, is the arrangement and order of the material. Most of the material in the first notebook, for example, does not appear in the published version. This is the earliest material, but it consists of personal messages to Brigham that seem to be motivated by a desire of the spirit to convince Brigham that it was truly that of John Quincy Adams. Brigham quotes a few lines of this material in his preface to the published book. There are also asides, from Adams to Brigham, in the latter part of the notebook that seem meant to encourage Brigham's study of the philosophy of spiritualism and his growing conviction of its truth, and to fortify him against skeptics and “persecutors,” as well as answers to probable objections by doubters (presumably, as the word got out in the city about what was going on at the Brigham's house), explaining such sticky issues as why, as a refurbished spirit, he would be expressing himself in the feeble handwriting of his later years, or why he would be manifesting himself to the Brigham's or through Stiles, rather than to his own son and surviving family. These

rather brief asides in the notebooks became enlarged and extensively developed in the book version's first sections, in which spirit Adams explains how he came to visit his old haunts and choose Stiles as his medium.

The other material, too, which tells of Adams' various adventures in the afterlife, is arranged differently in the published version than they are in the notebooks. In the notebooks, the material begins simply as a series of a dozen apparently promised "letters" or messages of spirit condolence and conviction. Then, in the midst of letter 9 (a little more than halfway through the first notebook), that format is implicitly abandoned and the spirit of Adams segues into relating his own adventures in the afterlife, his own pilgrim's progress, as it were. The published book, however, is divided into twelve sections which have been imposed on the work by a later hand—either that of Stiles in his revised version, or of Putnam in his edited and re-arranged version. These divisions do not track with any indicators in the notebooks.

The "action," such as it is, occurs almost randomly and almost entirely "offstage," as told by other spirits greeting Adams in the afterlife with stories of their own. Almost all of the notebooks' material actually consists of long greetings, invocations, blessings, addresses, expressions of gratitude, and testimonials, by spirits upon meeting Adams' spirit. These spirits are dressed in heavenly habiliments and display emblems, flowers, banners, and insignias that flash mottos and allegorically illustrate virtues and messages of uplift.

Although "progression" appears to be one of the spirits' highest truths, very little real progression or development, as a modern reader would understand it, occurs in the narrative. The "action" consists of Adams floating about the heavenly spheres on a luminous cloud, or in a celestial barque upon the River of Immortality, accompanied by assorted groups of spirits and angels. They tour and view scenes enacted by spirits in varying states of enlightenment. The spirits re-assess their earthly life and repent of their sins. They undergo postmortem regeneration and advance out of their lower and less liberal earthly views, and embrace a belief in universal salvation, for example, or endorse the virtues of non-violence, or revolutionary emancipation, or any of the other notions of the most advanced New England thinkers of the time.

The effect of this portrayal resembles what one might imagine to be a hyped-up celestial pageant in which groups of costumed participants, representing the virtues, for example, form and re-form into emblematic assemblies, display mottos, banners, flower garlands, and doves, sing songs of joy and praise in iambic pentameter,

proceed across an audience's view in arbored and garlanded floats, offer each other crowns and laurels, and "illustrate" the virtues (development and progression in the afterlife, as pictured here, apparently occurs through a spirit's viewing "scenes" that are "illustrated" to it.) To a modern audience, the closest correspondence might be a halftime show at a football game. An audience from Stiles' time, however, would likely recognize it as a heavenly counterpart to the pageantry incorporated into occasions when notable figures were publicly welcomed and honored, such as the occasion when John Quincy Adams visited Weymouth in 1842.

Perhaps the sole exception to this lack of narrative movement, in distinction from the mere display of tableaux, as it were, is an episode in which the spirits of Benjamin Franklin and his scientific confreres in the afterlife perform an "experiment" in which they beam down their "vitalized" enlightened energies, through a sort of galvanic battery to the lower spheres and into the mind of an array of Native Americans. (In the notebooks, the main "receivers" of this beam of enlightenment in the form of what is referred to as "defecated electricity" are Samoset—who befriended the Pilgrim settlers at Plymouth—and Tecumseh; in the book's version, Tecumseh has disappeared and is replaced by "Brave Heart.")²⁸

By the time the manuscript left Putnam's editorial hand, however, the material had been rearranged into a tighter narrative structure, with somewhat more movement, orchestrated into something approaching a chronological vision, and sealed at the end by a testimonial to the spirit of John Quincy Adams by George Washington, in his handwriting and signed in witness by a bewildering variety of the spirits of famous people from all times and places, each in his or her own handwriting. The effect of this re-arrangement is to align the book more closely with the narrative structure of Universalist minister and writing medium Charles Hammond's 1852 work, *Light from the Spirit World: the pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others to the seventh sphere in the spirit world*, which had already been published by Bela Marsh and others.

The book also develops at some length a few items that appear only glancingly in the notebooks—for example, a description of a vision introduced to Adams by the spirit of John Hancock (who does not appear in the notebooks at all) in which they tour a "Castle of Brotherly Love" in which Native Americans and African Americans reside together in harmony. The cast of characters among the spirits who appear in the two versions are also somewhat different—the book's version, for example, has

²⁸ The episode is recounted in notebooks 5-6, pages 405-440. The corresponding material is in the book on pages 417-432.

the spirits of Patrick Henry, Joseph Warren, Benedict Arnold, Hannah More, Felicia Hemans, Confucius, and Fenelon interacting to some extent with that of Adams, but they are not mentioned in the notebooks. Conversely, some of the characters in the notebooks are not mentioned in the book.

Finally, besides all the other differences noted, there is evidence that an editor dug right down into the wording of the notebook manuscript, to enhance and embellish its language. That editor was either Stiles, making his revised version, or Putnam, working on the manuscript. A comparison of just one pair corresponding selections from the notebooks and from the book shows this:

Notebook: 2.151

I say, could they but follow me, and behold this humiliating spectacle in your nominally Free, Republican America—O! I feel certain, that they would desire the benign presence of Celestial Powers, would invoke their precious aid, to assist in wiping away this stupendous, God-defying sin, which so foully blots the fair escutcheon of their beloved country, and renders it a “hissing and byword” to all the Nations of the Earth! Could they but view, with the interior sight, the fearful scenes being enacted in the Old Dominion, where the demon of War is desolating, with his blighting influence, many lovely spots of Nature, and carrying nothing but wretchedness and misery to human hearts; where the noble image of God is transformed into a hideous fiend of passion and revenge; could they but behold their brother man mowed down, like grass of the field at the bidding of the arch-demon, O! if their hearts were not steeled against all the nobler impulses of Humanity, they would fervently, ardently pray, that the Angels of Peace and Love might descend to earth, with healing on their wings, and plant once more, in this bequeathed heritage of God to Man, the fragrant olive branch; that the implements of battle might be beaten into implements of industry, and Nations learn war no more.

Book: page 368

I say, could they but follow me, and witness this humiliating spectacle in the nominally free, republican America, O, I feel assured they would desire and even invoke the bright presences of heaven-ascended saints to aid in wiping out the existence of this blot upon her fame, and hindrance to her national prosperity and happiness! Could they but go with me across the “fathomless deep,” and view the fearful tragedy being enacted there, where the demon of war is desolating with his blighting influence the most beautiful works of Nature and

Nature's God, and carrying naught but wretchedness and misery to human hearts; where the image of the Divine is transformed into a hideous fiend of passion and revenge; could they but see their brother-man mowed down like grass of the field at the bidding of this arch-fiend; O, if their hearts were not steeled against every noble impulse of humanity, they would fervently, ardently pray for the Angels of Peace and Love to descend from their heaven of concord to earth, with healing on their wings, and silence the turbulent passions and fierce antagonisms raging in the hearts of their fellow-man.²⁹

The conclusion is that the book, published as something that had been automatically written, was not exactly what came out of Stiles' entranced state, that it was not, as Charles Hammond described his own work, "written wholly by the control of spirits, without any volition or will by the medium, or any thought or care in regard to the matter presented by his hand," but was the product of extensive editing and revision.

The Book Meets with a Mixed Reception

William Lloyd Garrison, reviewing the book in *The Liberator*, wrote:

While, with unfeigned respect and good-will to Mr. Stiles, Mr. Brigham and Mr. Putnam, we feel constrained to pronounce the claim set up for the spiritual origin of this work as preposterous and delusive, we are nevertheless highly gratified with its many excellent and fearless sentiments on the subject of slavery, war, the rights of woman, universal reform, and everlasting progression—sentiments which are dear to us, and we believe 'worthy of all acceptance'—sentiments which are redolent of peace, purity, benevolence, justice, the love of man and the love of God—making the volume, in this respect, worthy of the commendation bestowed upon it by Mr. Putnam.³⁰

The reviewer in the New York-based *The Spiritual Telegraph* was less kind than Garrison:

²⁹ The published version makes clear that the original passage was not read, nor was it meant to be read, as a prediction of the Civil War battles in Virginia, but rather as a description of the "war" currently raging in that slave state and elsewhere in the South that pitted slave-holders against their slaves.

³⁰ "New Publications. Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams..." *The Liberator* (Boston), January 7, 1859.

The manuscript was revised for publication by Allan [sic] Putnam, Esq., a literary man of much taste; but the labors of his pruning and condensing hand have not entirely excluded from the book a certain wordy, windy, wishy-washiness which, it must be confessed, is a common characteristic of works of that class. There is a certain smell of earthiness in these messages—a certain time-and-space externality—which impresses us somewhat unfavorably in respect to their unmixed spiritual origin. That Spirit intelligence and force had an essential concern in their production, we have little doubt, but we can not perceive upon them the definite insignia of either heaven, earth, or hell. We rather regard them as coming from that mid-region of dreams and phantasmagoria which is made up of the exuviae and odds and ends of all celestial, infernal and mundane spheres, agglomerated into mental and visual forms correspondent with the predominant associative spirit-thought and desire, and with the existing mediative susceptibilities. The purported Spirit autographs of which sever *fac similies* are given are certainly curious; but it strikes us that the Spirit of John Quincy Adams, if it was really he, would have manifested a much higher appreciation of the common sense of us mortals if he had concluded his book by a simple recommendation that we should test it by its intrinsic merits, rather than to back it up with the signatures of some five hundred and forty Spirit attestators, several of which are given in such fantastic curlicues as to defy any man on earth to read them, and any or all of which may have easily been counterfeited by one hand. Yet the book will unquestionably afford entertainment to many minds, and it is not for us to say that *some* may not read it with profit.³¹

The Boston spiritualist newspaper, *The Spiritual Age*, also took notice of the book. The reviewer wrote:

In fact, so markedly is the style throughout that of an uncultivated youth, and so different from what we should expect from the “Sage of Quincy,” the “Old Man Eloquent,” that it is difficult to believe he had any hand—or anything more than a hand—in it. If he, or any other of the “radiant immortals” who are introduced, really furnished the essential *ideas* set forth—and this we will not undertake to dispute—yet *in expression* they have surely got so “mixed up and diluted” with the medium, that it is quite impossible to make any distinction. We judge that the book will not improve the general reputation of spiritualistic literature, nor carry conviction to minds skeptical as to spirit-intercourse. Yet its production

³¹ “New Publications. Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams ...” *Spiritual Telegraph*, April 9, 1859.

under such circumstances presents a weighty problem to the candid student of psychical laws. Whence did it come, if not from the source claimed? Let him answer who can. Possibly the work may serve to call attention to and illustrate the laws, as yet little understood, of the transmission of thought through media.³²

Despite this sort of review, however, some had a high opinion of it. The reviewer in the famously credulous Boston spiritualist newspaper, *The Banner of Light*, for example, wrote:

So striking and eminently readable a book deserves even more attention than we have the room to give in these columns. The intrinsic evidences offered in the pages of the book itself that its contents emanated from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, are, in our sincere judgment, after a careful examination into the same, quite sufficient to give it the character of truthfulness and reliability. ... It cannot be denied that Adams does not at all times, and in all respects, convey the utterance of his own spirit in his own way; or that the matter proceeding from him is more or less mixed with the organization employed in the transmission; yet, with all this, there is amply enough to convince any really candid searcher after truth, that these Messages are essentially and in reality from his own exalted spirit, and that the reading and heeding of them will not fail to result in great good.³³

The book was also favorably received by those who regarded its marked mixture of high and low, heaven and earth—which others saw as problematic—as peculiarly strong evidence that spirits were involved in its production. The well-known apologist for spiritualism William Emmette Coleman, for example, would later write that he saw it as “unique in spiritual literature, and embodies, to my mind, conclusive proofs of the identity of the intelligence producing it, the internal and external evidences both being weighty in that regard.” As external evidence, Coleman cited the peculiar and varied handwriting, which bore “a strong resemblance” to that of the earthly signatures and writing of the signatories. He also found it to be reasonable (unlike the reviewer in *The Spiritual Telegraph*) that

³² “New Publication. Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams...” *The Spiritual Age*, January 22, 1859.

³³ “Book Notices,” *The Banner of Light*, February 5, 1859. The book was also reviewed, with no judgment with regard to its truth, in the Boston-published *Ladies’ Repository*, February 1, 1860.

Adams would have chosen to manifest himself through friends and neighbors in Quincy, rather than through strangers. He continued:

The internal evidence consists of the nature of the contents of the volume. The ideas correspond with those J. Q. Adams would be likely to convey, expressed as they were under difficulties and through another and an inferior mentality. It is a universal law of mediumship that all language of ideas coming from a spirit have to be projected through the mind of the medium, and will be coloured to distorted more or less by the action of that mind. Hence, necessarily, this book is not fully equal to what Mr. Adams would produce at first hand. The wonder is, rather, that he should have succeeded so well; for the language is uniformly good, devoid of obscurity or rhapsody, vagueness or idealism, such as are found in so much of the so-called spiritual literature. The work is plain and practical, full of sturdy common-sense; albeit, it has too much of the devotional element in it to be palatable in all respects to the more radical thinkers of the Spiritual and Free Religious schools; but such, we know, was a marked characteristic of Mr. Adams' long and useful earth-life. ... The soul of John Quincy Adams permeates the entire production,—of course not in the full radiance of the enfranchised and glorified spirit, owing to the imperfection of the channel of expression, but the spirit author has no cause to be ashamed of the sentiments, ideas, and even language therein given to the world in his name. In this respect, it is in marked contrast to most of the so-called messages and communications purporting to emanate from the good and great in the better country, which are usually remarkable only for their lack of coherency of expression and their paucity of ideas. Ofttimes, however, when definite and tangible ideas are embodied therein, they are found to be signally demonstrative of the lack of knowledge of the brain from which they issue, being antagonistic alike to the inductions of established science, the deductions of rational philosophy, and the dictates of enlightened common-sense. Mr. Adams' *Messages* are however of a different character, and, under the circumstances, measurably worthy of their asserted source.³⁴

In just a few years, spiritualists would also point to the book when making the case that the spirits had prophesied the Civil War. They referred to its description of the spirit of Washington issuing a peroration and a warning of impending bloody

³⁴ "Curious Cases Relating to Spirit Identity," *The Spiritualist Newspaper* (London), (September 2, 1881): 111. Originally printed in *The Free Religious Index* (Boston).

disaster for the nation in retribution for its sin of slavery.³⁵ Garrison's *The Liberator*, for example, despite having given the book a less than stellar review upon its publication, reprinted this section of it on January 10, 1862, under the headline, "Another Remarkable Prophecy."³⁶ And Joseph Rodes Buchanan later wrote:

Had the people of this country been sufficiently enlightened to investigate these messages fairly, they would have seen that there was sufficient evidence that this warning really came from Washington, and the pulpit would have enforced its solemn truths. But our destiny was fixed; Washington knew that his voice would not be heeded, and that war could not be prevented.³⁷

Twelve Messages from the Spirit John Quincy Adams was printed and sold by its publisher, Bela Marsh, until the firm dissolved in 1867 after Marsh's death. His widow Mary then sold the copyright of the book to William White and Company,



operating in the offices of (and as part of) the Boston spiritualist newspaper *The Banner of Light*.³⁸ It was there that the plates of the book were destroyed, along with the entire

Banner of Light building, in the Great Fire of Boston in 1872.³⁹ The book was never republished. The Stiles notebooks, however, presumably escaped the fire because the Brigham family retained them in Quincy as their sacred charge.

³⁵ This appears in the published book on pages 316-319. The corresponding passage in the notebooks is spread over notebooks 4, pages 343-344, and 5, pages 345-346 and 358-360.

³⁶ This would later be picked up by spiritualist chronicler Emma Hardinge in her book, *Modern American Spiritualism: A Twenty Years' Record of the Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits* (New York: The Author, 1869), 492.

³⁷ "The Prophetic Faculty: War and Peace," *Buchanan's Journal of Man* 1.4 (May 1887): 3-5.

³⁸ The copyright assignments of many of Marsh's books to *The Banner of Light* are preserved in the business papers of *The Banner of Light*, now in the Harry Houdini collection at the Library of Congress.

³⁹ L. L. Whitlock, "Mr. Joseph D. Stiles," *Facts* (Boston), July 1886: 191-192, commenting on the book: "This book, which is one of the most important in its class,

The Further Career of Joseph Stiles

As far as Joseph Stiles' later career went, the writing of the John Quincy Adams-spirit material and its publication seems almost incidental, although the renown he received from the book must certainly have given his initial work as a medium a boost. He never published anything else. Perhaps producing such a work was, in retrospect, not worth the effort. And as more works of automatic writing were published, the genre lost its luster and faded away for a long while, and the production of automatic writing mostly confined itself to private, intimate séances whose proceedings, including written messages to the participants, were not directed to a mass audience.⁴⁰

Stiles' later work as a medium was not done under the control, supposedly, of John Quincy Adams. Instead, he became "developed," as it was said, as a peripatetic "platform medium," which is to say, a medium who mounted a stage or podium in front of various audiences, fell into a light trance, and allowed himself to come under the control of a spirit guide. In his case, the guide was the spirit of an American Indian named "Swift Arrow." Stiles, personating "Swift Arrow," would rapidly describe the spirits of many varied deceased, who approached him. They would generally have some connection with members of the audience, and would ask, through Stiles/Swift Arrow, that audience members acknowledge that they recognized them. It is not unfair to notice that, unlike John Quincy Adams, who had left behind him a wealth of detail about his life that might be checked against what his "spirit" said, "Swift Arrow" had no such biographical history that might be used to test him.

Stiles described how he had developed this mediumistic specialty in his 1884 autobiographical piece in *Facts*:

Tipping tables, physical, mental, and other phenomena followed in rapid succession, until it was announced to me that I must go before, and present to, the public the remarkable manifestations which were gaining such a firm foothold in my organization. Anterior, however, to this, while visiting friends in

was very interesting, but is now out of print, the plates being destroyed in the great fire of Boston."

⁴⁰ When he wrote his autobiographical essay in 1884 about how he became a medium, he did not even mention the book.

Quincy, the announcement was made through the mediumship of Miss Sarah A. Southworth, the talented writer for the *Banner of Light*, that an Indian chief, by the name of Swift Arrow, would take me under his guardianship, and control me to present indubitable evidences of the reality of modern spiritualism to public and private audiences. The announcement was treated lightly by me as one of the prophecies “born to die in the bud,”—as one destined to remain unfulfilled during the term of my physical life. But the medium was right and I was wrong. Could I have foreseen what was to come I should have shrunk from the colossal task imposed upon me. In various towns in Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire, before large public audiences that filled the halls provided for me to their utmost capacity, faithfully has he fulfilled his prophecy; and in camp, séance, and convention is he still continuing his work, delighting thousands, leading sceptic and believer to feel that the two worlds are indeed united in such strong bonds that nothing can divorce or break them. Fifteen years or more were required to bring me in subjection to those conditions necessary to a successful manifestation of my test medial powers in public. At a private séance in the town of Danville, Vt., my Indian guide proposed to exercise them in the Union Baptist Church in that place. I at first strenuously remonstrated against such a public exhibition, and he (my Indian control) as strenuously persisted. I acceded to his wishes, with the advice of friends on this side of life, and my first public séance was a success, twenty excellent tests being given, and all recognized. After that I surrendered myself to his control, and notwithstanding the hundreds of séances given in hall, church, convention, and camp, not one has proved a failure. This is a marvel to me. Among the thousands of names and incidents given, I do not believe there have been ten out of the whole number but that have been verified, either at the time they were given or subsequently. This is certainly remarkable. My memory for names is very poor, and it is a wonder to me that Swift Arrow should prove such a success in that direction. These tests are not confined to places where I have lectured, but, in multitudes of instances, from places I have never visited, and never expected to. And yet some one is always present to verify these wonderful evidences. From Europe, South America, and the Western States, their ascended inhabitants have visited my séances, manifesting to some friends present whom they knew, establishing beyond all cavil the identity of their immortal presences.⁴¹

Nevertheless, the style of his mediumship, as evidenced in the notebooks, is really not so different from how he conducted his platform “tests.” In the notebooks,

⁴¹ “Platform Tests at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting, with Autobiographical Sketch of the Medium, Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass.,” *Facts* (Boston), March 1884: 43-49.

the spirit of John Quincy Adams narrates his meeting with spirit after spirit, who come to him to present themselves—very much like spirits coming from hither and yon to show themselves to Swift Arrow—and, indeed, the spirit of John Quincy Adams in the narrative of the notebooks, had sometimes dropped into the present tense, to complete the similarity.

The transition Stiles made from personating the spirits of notable patriots to personating the spirit Swift Arrow occurred gradually. In 1867, for example, he spent several months in Vermont, giving lectures on spiritualism supposedly delivered by the spirits of Hosea Ballou, Theodore Parker, and Union heroes Colonel Elmer Ellsworth and General Nathaniel Lyon.⁴²

Whitlock, the *Facts* editor, attested in another article to Stiles' unusual ability to rapidly call forth a plenitude of spirits, despite Stiles' being, when out of trance, "naturally unassuming and retiring in nature":

We doubt if any other man has been in the field so long as a platform medium, and we have known none who has given so many names of departed friends as he has done. On one occasion, where we were present, he gave names frequently, with some incident proving identity, of *two hundred and sixty-five deceased persons in an hour and ten minutes!* What person among us could speak for and accurately repeat a message from that number of people, in a moving throng of living beings, in so few minutes, and wait for his description to be recognized? Not one, we believe, nor do we think Mr. Stiles himself could do it without the aid of his control, "Swift Arrow," in whom he justly seems to place implicit confidence.⁴³

However "naturally" reticent and retiring Stiles may have been, under the control of "Swift Arrow" he appears to have developed a stage presence that was most unusual in the way he exploited his audience—resembling something like a combination of an auctioneer, a revival preacher moving into the crowd from time to time to ask if he could "get a witness," and a stand-up comedian exciting his audience with off-hand jokes about the failings of staid church members and politicians. One reporter described his coming on stage at a spiritualist camp meeting in 1894 this way:

⁴² "Joseph D. Stiles in Waterford, Vt.," *Banner of Light*, March 9, 1867. See also the enthusiastic testimonial for Stiles in "Joseph D. Stiles in Waterford, Vt.," *Banner of Light*, February 8, 1868.

⁴³ L. L. Whitlock, "Mr. Joseph D. Stiles," *Facts* (Boston), July 1886, 191-192.

The sun was fast rolling down the slope in the west, when Joseph D. Stiles took his seat in a chair at the front of the speaker's stand. Two large pots of flowers were placed, one on each side of his chair.

Mr. Stiles is of medium hight [sic], stout and well rounded out. He usually on such occasions wears a skull cap. His hair is gray, and on the top bristly.

He began at once his communion with the spirits, holding both hands out in front of him, palms up, and gazing up into the shade of the grove while he talked.

There came expressions of profound piety all around, many of the women looking pale and blanched. Some of them gazed at the medium's face with that far-away look, so deftly depicted in the pictures of Joan d'Arc, in the garden.

Mr. Stiles in a good, clear voice, as rapid as an auctioneer, began to announce the ghostly visitors.⁴⁴

Here is a transcription of part of one of his appearances at the spiritualist summer enclave at Onset Bay, Massachusetts in 1884:

The first man that comes to me has papers in his hand, and says they are legal papers as though that was his business. He gives his name as Charles Sayer, son of Benjamin Sayer, and says that he was a recorder of deeds in New Bedford. Now comes another from Warren, who gives his name as Azaria Cushman; and here comes another, who was acquainted with the others, from the same place, and will be known here. He gives his name as John B. Nichols. Here come two more; one of them went away a long time ago, the other afterward, and both give the name of Elija Nickerson. Bro. Wheeler, here comes one whom I think you will know, and he comes from Philadelphia. His name is very curious. His first name is Charles, and the last Sharpless,—Charles Sharpless. Now here comes to the Emerson lady a lady, and she gives me a choking sensation. She gives her name as Esther Ticknor, and as you do not readily recognize it, I will give you another name with it,—Will Ticknor. Now here comes a man seventy-five or eighty years old, who has Esq. to his name; he comes to some one here, gives his name as Horace Gleason, from Malden. Here comes another who, when on the earth, used to preach the gospel, but he says he is advancing in the other world; he says he is beginning to shed his feathers, and is quite well; gives his name as Dea. Sargent. I see another, who went away a long time ago; his name is Nathan Newhall, and Aunt Nancy is with him. Another comes, who says he belonged in Melrose, and was in some way

⁴⁴ J. N. Taylor, "Recognizing Spirits," *Boston Daily Globe*, August 20, 1894.

connected with a railroad; he gives his name as George E. Carr, and that accounts for it, for cars are connected with railroads, aren't they? Here comes a man who was very generous; his name is Jeremiah Martin. A lady comes to some one in this audience, and an old gentleman with her, who went away years ago, and a young man comes, too; the young woman wants to reach her husband, Dr. Josiah---- (the last name lost); she says her name was Lucy Norcross before she was married, and her father's name is Daniel Norcross; well, that is all of that. Now, you know, I want to help the deacons all I can, for I think it is a good idea to have them come back, so I will say that this one comes from Falmouth, and was called Dea. Solomon Lawrence, and old Aunt Polly comes with him; she was his wife, and along with them comes his old-maid sister, and her name was Lucy Lawrence. And now here is another, and I see written out in the air Captain. Now I see Methia Fuller,—yes, and old Joe Fuller. And now I come down into the audience to some friend that seems to me to be here; he is an old brave, and his name is Charles Forest Clifton, from Foxboro, and with him is Lucy and Georgie. And here comes another deacon, and he is a lively one; he comes to shake you up a bit, and he says he has come to let you know that spirits can come back; and he says that they are livelier corpses than some of you here are; he gives his name as Deacon Martin Torrey. Now, I am going a long way from here to Philadelphia; a man comes and brings a small chest, and that means a medicine man, and he gives his name as Dr. William Eddy. And now comes another man, and he comes from New Bedford, and gives his name as Samuel Taylor; he says she went away from home and froze to death. You know "birds of a feather flock together," and I guess that is so, for all these doctors come together, and here is another, Dr. John West.⁴⁵

This sort of rapid-fire patter was typical of his work as a platform medium. A reporter from the *New York Sun* filed a story that described his performance at Boston's Tremont Temple in 1891, which was printed under the headline, "Spooks in Tremont Temple: Nearly 200 Called to Earth on a Double Quick to Give Their Experiences":

Tremont Temple was filled with spooks to-day in answer to the summons of mediums. As they appeared they were recognized by persons in the audience. One after another appeared until the people became half frenzied with excitement. It was so remarkable a manifestation that many who had been inclined to scoff at spiritualism were converted to that belief.

⁴⁵ "Platform Tests at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting, with Autobiographical Sketch of the Medium, Joseph D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass.," *Facts* (Boston), March 1884: 43-49.

The occasion was the forty-third anniversary of modern spiritualism. There was a miscellaneous programme. Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth, a veteran medium, trotted out 129 spirits in 55 minutes, and all but thirteen were recognized. In the afternoon [J.] Frank Baxter produced about forty more to gladden the hearts of their friends. The messages which these spirits brought from spookland were very funny in some instances. Mr. Stiles utilized "Swift Arrow," an Indian spirit, as his "control." Old Deacon Parkhurst's spirit, whose garments "Swift Arrow" said smelled of the sulphurous canopy, was greeted by "I know you" and "Recognized." Blake Windell was not recognized until "Swift Arrow" explained that he used to drink "fire water," twice a year for six months each time. "I know him," said a weak voice in the gallery. Plummer Chesley said this was the first time he had been permitted to come back to mother earth: and all he had to say was that while Congress might close the gates of commerce, it couldn't shut the doors to heaven, and he guessed hell was in the same fix. George Waltham said he died at the hand of a stupid doctor, who made a mistake writing a prescription: "and," he continued, "some people would now give these fellows a monopoly of the thing, and let them keep right on sending good, respectable, hard-working people to their kingdom come."

Dr. Payne of East Preston and Deacon Abner Churchill said they formerly lived in Brunswick, Me. The latter said he didn't know as deacons got along any better in spirit land than other people did. Lewis Bemis said he and his wife were having a great old time among the heavenly throng. As a former resident of Waltham came Henry Whiting, who said he had hoped the audience wouldn't take offence if he swore a little, as in spirit land people lived the same kind of lives they did in the world below, "for," said he, "you know they say an honest damn is better than a hypocrite's amen." The exercises lasted all day, but the spirits didn't put in an appearance in the evening.⁴⁶

Stiles performed as a platform medium, mostly in the Northeast, and particularly in New England, and made his home in Weymouth. He worked his skills at the spiritualist camps at Etna, Maine, Alton Bay, New Hampshire, and Lake Pleasant, Massachusetts. During the 1880s and 1890s, he appears to have attached himself especially to Boston's First Spiritual Temple, and to have become a regular test medium at the spiritualist summer gatherings at Onset Bay, performing alongside notoriously fraudulent "materializing" mediums who displayed spirit-precipitated portraits of the deceased or gauzy apparitions appearing out of dark cabinets at séances.

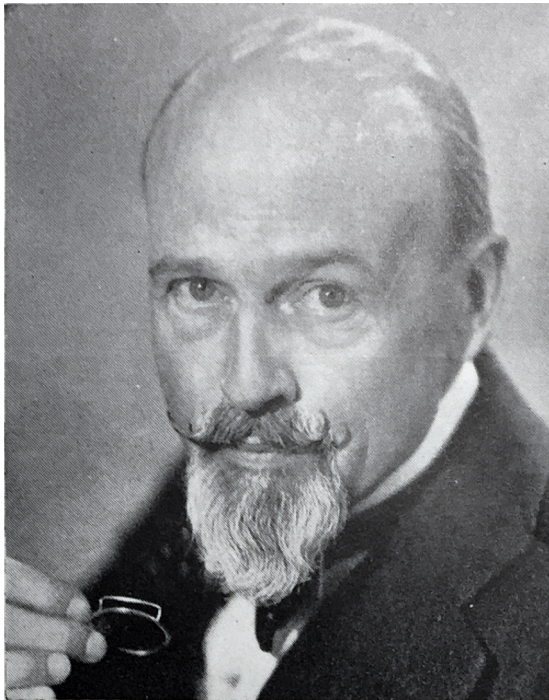
⁴⁶ "Spooks in Tremont Temple: Nearly 200 Called to Earth on a Double Quick to Give Their Experiences," *New York Sun*, April 1, 1891.

He died, of a stroke, at his home in Weymouth on March 31, 1897. His funeral service was conducted there. He was buried at Village Cemetery in Weymouth.

The Notebooks Find Their Way into the Library of Congress

Stiles' original notebooks survived, most likely (at least for a while) in the hands of the Brigham family. The notebooks had no identifying marks on them, indicating their provenance. Brigham himself seems to have regarded himself as merely their spirit-assigned caretaker, rather than the owner.

They surfaced again, almost eighty-five years later, as part of an undetailed bequest to the Library of Congress, made by "Edward Saint, via William W. [sic] Larsen, 1943." They are now kept in a box, along with two other items, in the Library's Manuscript Division.



Edward Saint

The Library also has other material from that bequest from Edward Saint. That material consists of eight large volumes of "scrapbooks of mounted newspaper and magazine clippings, programs, portraits, etc., relating to [Harry] Houdini," and those scrapbooks found their way into the collection of the Library's Rare Book Room, probably in part because they complement the Rare Book Division's Houdini Collection, which it acquired as the result of a bequest, made by Harry Houdini's brother and his widow Beatrice ("Bess") in 1927, after Houdini's death, according to Harry's own previous wish.

That huge 1927 bequest consisted of Houdini's massive collection of books and periodicals and newspapers on magic, the occult, and spiritualism. It also included a number of scrapbooks he made of newspaper and journal articles, as well as some letters (most of his correspondence was made part of another bequest by Bess and his brother to another library). These

scrapbooks were organized thematically. One of them is labeled on its spine “Evan’s [sic] nephew—clippings ...” and is filled with old and new journal and newspaper clippings on the general subject of spiritualism, ghosts’ appearances, old pamphlets detailing the confessions of men about to be hanged, palm reading, astrology, and so on. In the front of that scrapbook of Houdini are letters from “R. Evans,” in which Evans notes that he is forwarding to Houdini such clippings as he may find interesting. These letters from R. Evans, from London, are dated around 1909-1911. The librarian who catalogued this scrapbook of Houdini’s tentatively suggested in the catalog entry that “R. Evans” was “Ralph” Evans, who was likely, opined the cataloguer, a nephew of Houdini’s professional acquaintance, Henry Ridgely Evans, an historian of magic and spiritualism.

But that is incorrect. The R. Evans of the Library of Congress collection clipped British journals and newspapers for items he had reason to believe that Houdini would find interesting, and Houdini pasted them in a scrapbook. There are also about a dozen books among the hundreds in the Houdini collection itself that have “R. Evans” or “R. E.” inscribed in the front of them. The same cataloguer seems to have gone into each one’s catalog description and written “R[alph] Evans” or “R[alph] E[vans].”⁴⁷



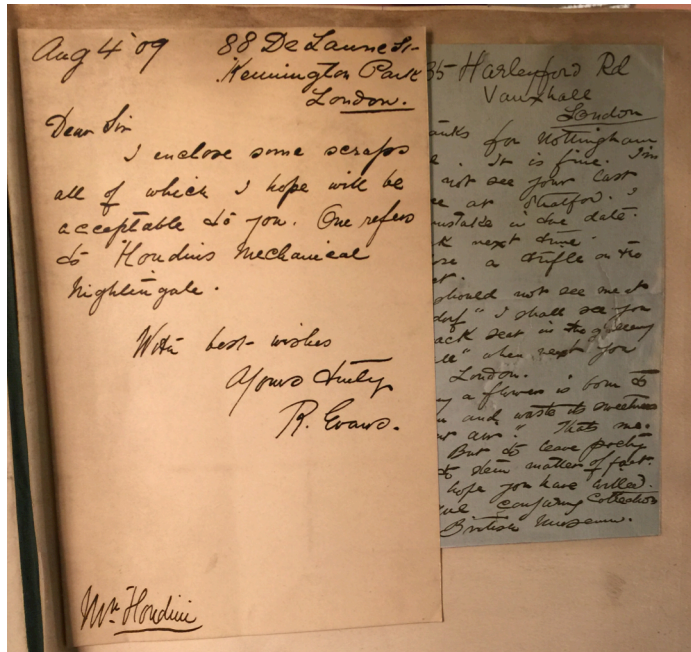
But “R. Evans” was not named Ralph. Nor was he a nephew of Henry Ridgely Evans. He was, instead, Robert Evans, the nephew of retired British conjurer and ventriloquist Henry Evans (1832-1905), whose stage name was Henry Evans Evanion.⁴⁸ Henry Evans, during his long career, had amassed a huge collection of historical ephemera on the subject of magic, the occult, and spiritualism, but he had died nearly impecunious, while living with his wife, and his sister-in-law Ellen, who had been married to his brother Robert, who was also in the theatrical business. Also living with

Harry Evans Evanion at the time of his death was brother Robert’s son, Robert

⁴⁷ Perhaps this incorrect identification—especially connecting R. Evans to Henry Ridgely Evans—was suggested to the Library by William Larsen, who conveyed the Saint bequest.

⁴⁸ The palm for discovering the identity of “R. Evans” goes to Marc Demarest and his research wizardry. Houdini wrote about Henry Evans Evanion in *The Unmasking of Robert-Houdin* (New York: Publishers Printing Company, 1908), 21-26.

Evans, Jr., who made his living as a silver chaser. Robert, Jr. is registered in the electoral rolls in 1911 at the same address (88 De Laune Street, Kensington Park, London) that “R. Evans” gives as his return address in at least one of the letters pasted into the “Evan’s [sic] Nephew—Clippings ...” scrapbook in the Houdini Collection.



Everything that came from “R. Evans” in the Library of Congress’s collection that relates to Houdini, came from Evanion’s nephew Robert Evans after his uncle’s death. And some of the other material that resides in the Houdini Collection apparently came originally from Henry Evans Evanion, when he earlier sold them to Houdini. Speaking of Houdini’s library collection,

a writer in a 1920 issue of the Masonic journal *The New Age* wrote:

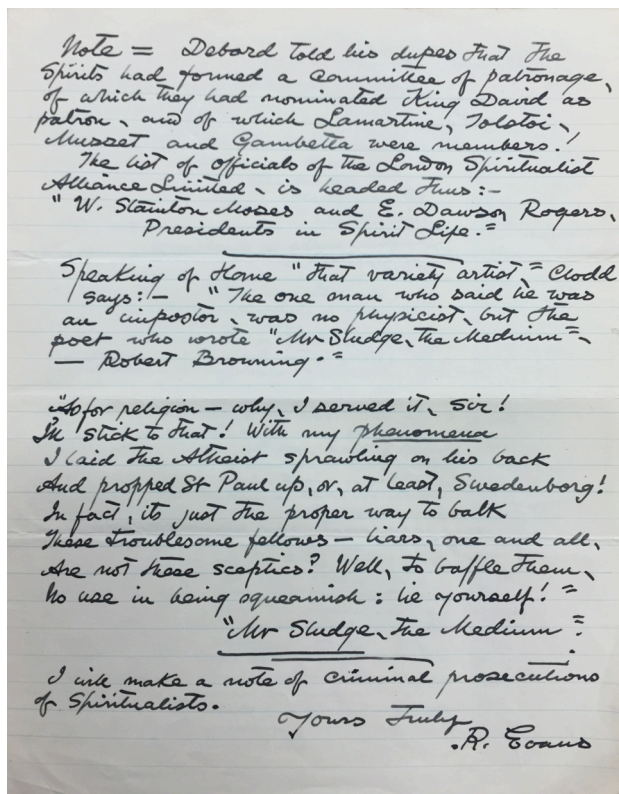
His extremely valuable play bills, programs, and clippings regarding magicians of all nationalities who have appeared in England were purchased by Houdini from Henry Evans Evanion, a conjurer and curio collector of London. Some of this valuable material Evanion inherited from his father and grandfather, who were collectors before him ... Henry Evans Evanion died old and poverty-stricken in London, June 17, 1905. He was a drawing-room entertainer from 1849 to the day of his death. “For fifty years,” says Mr. Houdini, “Evanion spent every spare hour at the British Museum collecting data bearing on his marvelous collection. When he was on his death bed he presented me with a superb scrapbook containing Robert Houdin’s programs, his one legacy, which is now the central jewel in my collection.”⁴⁹

Evanion, in his declining years, sold much from his collection to the British Museum and, in his last year, to Harry Houdini (some items from out of Houdini’s

⁴⁹ Mysticus, “A Corner of the Library: Collectors of Occult and Magical Books,” *New Age Magazine* 28.6 (June 1920): 275-276.

purchases from him eventually found their way into the Messmore Kendall Collection housed at the University of Texas' Harry Ransom Humanities Center in Austin).⁵⁰ Houdini, during the final year of Evanion's life, paid Evanion to work for him as a kind of research assistant, as well, and the evidence of the material in the Houdini Collection at the Library of Congress is evidence that the arrangement was continued after Evanion's death, with his nephew Robert Evans.

Back to the Library's Manuscript collection: The Stiles notebooks are in two boxes catalogued as "R. Evans papers" and summarized simply as "correspondence, notes, and copies of writings pertaining to witchcraft, astrology, spiritualism, etc." That is all the description of the boxes that is available, except that it was acquired through the Edward Saint bequest. The boxes contain four different things:



Note = Debord told his dupes that the spirits had formed a committee of patronage, of which they had nominated King David as patron, and of which Lamartine, Tolstoi, Musset and Gambetta were members. The list of officials of the London Spiritualist Alliance Limited, is headed thus:-
 "W. Stainton Moses and E. Dawson Rogers, Presidents in Spirit Life."

Speaking of Home "that variety artist" Clodd says:- "The one man who said he was an impostor, was no physicist, but the poet who wrote "Mr Sludge, the Medium" - Robert Browning."

"For religion - why, I served it, Sir! I stuck to that! With my phenomena I laid the atheist sprawling on his back and propped St Paul up, or, at least, Swedenborg! In fact, it's just the proper way to bawl these troublesome fellows - liars, one and all, are not these sceptics? Well, to baffle them, no use in being squeamish: lie yourself!"

"Mr Sludge, the Medium":

I will make a note of criminal prosecutions of Spiritualists.

Yours Truly,
 R. Evans

The first is a batch of letters to Houdini from "R. Evans" in London, in which he explains that he is forwarding clippings. The clippings themselves are also included. They are precisely the sort of clippings that are in the Houdini scrapbook in the Rare Book Room. And the signature of this "R. Evans" matches that of the "R. Evans" in the letters at the front of the Houdini scrapbook. The letters in the Manuscript collection boxes, however, are from the early 1920s, a little later than those pasted in the Houdini scrapbook in the Rare Book Room. These therefore appear to be clippings that Houdini had not yet

pasted in his "Evans" scrapbook by the time he died in 1926. One can speculate that because these letters and clippings were the only thing in this boxed batch from the Saint bequest that were obviously identifiable by name (Evans' signed letters), that the entire batch was cataloged as "R. Evans papers." It is not surprising that this

⁵⁰ Elizabeth Harland, "The Evanion Collection," *British Library Journal* 13.1 (Spring 1987): 67-68.

loose batch of clippings just escaped being included in the 1927 Houdini bequest to the Library of Congress.



The second item in the boxes is a group of four small copybooks, filled out in the handwriting of R. Evans, in which he has copied down items from books and newspapers on the subjects of spiritualism, magic, and the occult that he believed that Houdini would find interesting.

The third item in the boxes is a loose-leaf alphabetized book, which appears to have been Houdini's homemade telegraphic codebook, which he used to communicate with his wife Bess when he was traveling. It assigns single words, probably from a small pocket dictionary, to longer instructions, such as "forward \$2,500 to the account," "Shall you do this or shall I?" or "The item is in Bessie's Blue Room" or the addresses of

various professional magicians and perhaps booking agents or equipment fabricators, or Houdini's other contacts around the world. It is also not surprising that this book—because it had information about persons still living and perhaps also because Bess was still making use of it after Houdini died in sorting through her husband's telegraphic correspondence—escaped being included in the 1927 bequest.

The fourth item in the boxes consists of the six Stiles notebooks. These, as already noted, had no labels or markings on them to explain what they were, so perhaps Bess Houdini held them back from the bequest in the hope of identifying them. Or perhaps they just turned up later, an item that Harry had bought but had not yet received by the time he died, after the bequest had been made.

It is almost certain, therefore, that the Stiles notebooks were historical curios that Harry Houdini acquired as part of his collecting activity, just possibly from either Henry Evans Evanion or his nephew Robert Evans, but perhaps not from them at all. Other similar things that he collected as they were made available to him included, for example, a batch of the business papers of *The Banner of Light* newspaper, and various manuscripts of crystal-gazer Frederick Hockley (1808-

1885), both of which are in the Houdini Collection in the Rare Books Division as part of the Houdini bequest.



The Stiles notebooks, therefore, remained with Bess Houdini after he died and, along with the other items in the “R. Evans papers” boxes, were not conveyed to the Library of Congress in the 1927 bequest. Instead, they were conveyed there in a bequest by Edward Saint to the Library in 1943. How did that happen?

Harry died in 1926, and Bess met Edward Saint early in the 1930s. “Dr.” Edward Saint was born Charles David Myers in 1890, but made his career as a carnival worker, magician, and séance conductor under the name he adopted. He was a devotee of Houdini and amassed scrapbooks full of newspaper clippings about Houdini and playbills from Houdini’s life. In his admiration for Harry, he was like Bess. She and Saint quickly grew closer, and she came to rely on him for emotional support and other things: He was the organizer, for example, of the annual “Houdini séances” after Harry’s death, in which attempts were made to have Harry’s spirit contact Bess and to identify himself to her by means of a particular message that he and she had agreed upon before he died. These continued until 1936, when Bess apparently put an end to them.

Bess Houdini and Edward Saint were more than close. They were living together in 1942, when Ed Saint died on October 22. Saint had also been a good friend of the editor of *Genii* magazine, William W. Larsen, and often appeared in the pages of *Genii*, either as the subject or the author of articles.

Larsen gave a talk at Ed Saint’s funeral. As part of that talk he said:

Edward Saint has willed his vast collection of Houdini data to the Library of Congress. This material, carefully assembled in huge scrapbooks, covers everything that has been said or written about Houdini since his death in 1926. Also, there is a vast amount of printed matter about Houdini’s career, both as showman and in private life. Certainly, Edward Saint brought together one of

the most valuable magical compilations, gargantuan in size, that exists anywhere.⁵¹



As noted in the Library of Congress' cataloguing information about the "R. Evans papers" in the Manuscript Division, material in Saint's bequest was conveyed to the Library by William Larsen. The scrapbooks that Saint had made found a home in the Rare Book Collection, alongside the original Houdini Collection materials. But Larsen also conveyed, along with the scrapbooks, the material that had originally been Houdini's, but that had remained in Bess Houdini's possession. The simplest explanation for how this material became part of the "Edward Saint bequest" is perhaps that when Larsen went to Bess' house, where Saint had been living, in

order to collect the scrapbooks for the Library of Congress, Bess just added the material that would become the "R. Evans papers" to the pile—everything, after all, was going to the Library of Congress, where she had previously sent the rest of Harry's collection. Either that or—since Bess died very soon after Saint (she died on February 11, 1943), and since the Saint bequest was recorded by the Library as being made in April 1943, it was perhaps Larsen himself who included Houdini's items in the Saint bequest, as he was collecting Saint's Houdini "memorabilia" from Bess' house just after her death.

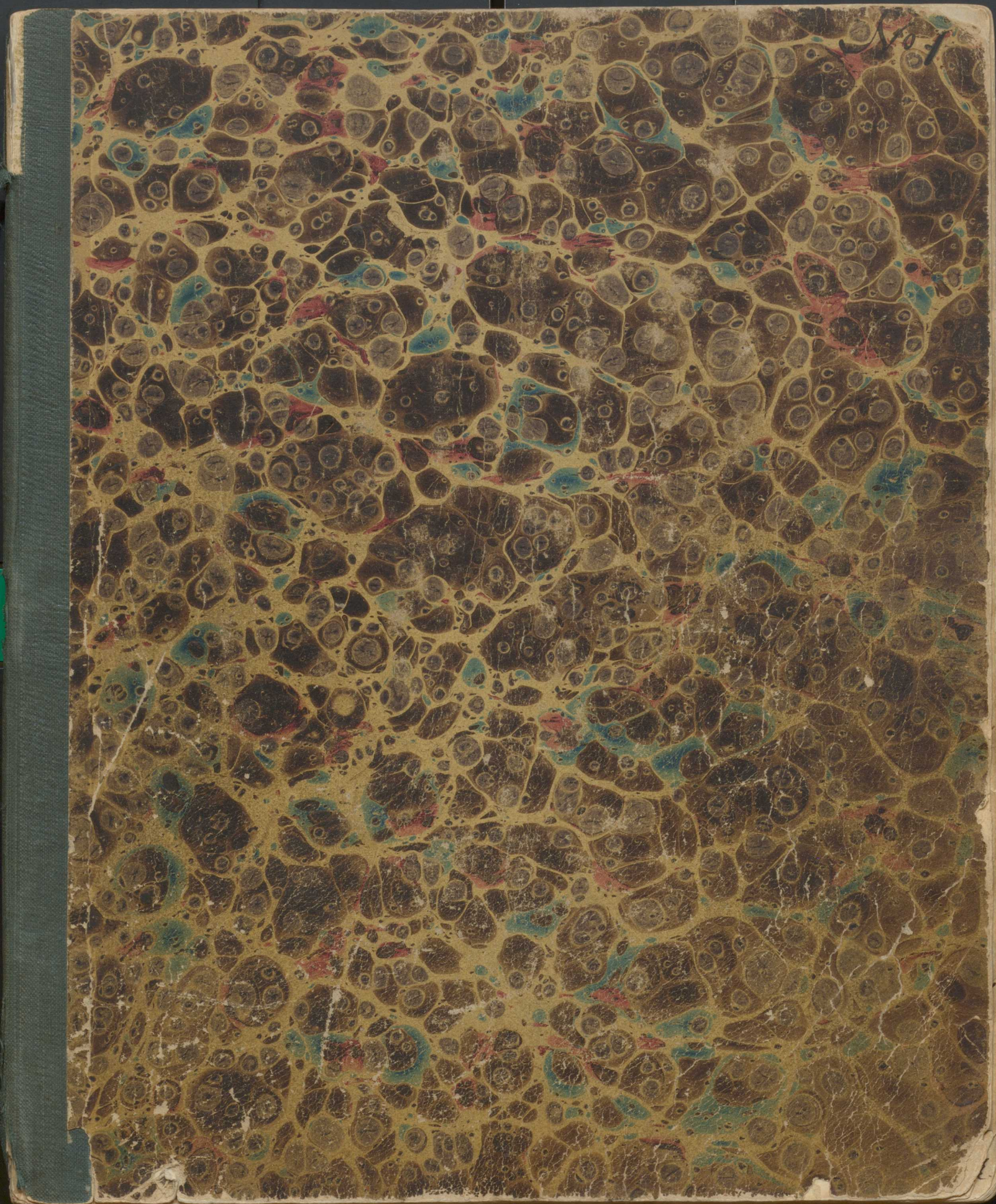
—John Benedict Buescher
May 11, 2015

Many thanks to Marc Demarest and Pat Deveney for their sage and indispensable advice and help as I turned up these notebooks during a chance reconnaissance of the Library of Congress' holdings and was working to identify what they were and where they came from. Brandon Hodge provided help in identifying the other Houdini material in the R. Evans papers. I also thank Jeffrey Flannery of the Manuscript

⁵¹ Bill Larsen, "In Memoriam: Edward Saint, 1890-1942," *Genii* 7.3 (November 1942): 85. Saint wrote a regular column in *Genii* for several years, entitled "Thru the Monacle." He also went by the names of "Professor Sesrad" and "Sir Edward St. Ra-Diem."

Division of the Library of Congress, as well as Cathy Gareri, of the Danvers Historical Society, and Richard Trask, of the Danvers Archival Center for their assistance. Thanks also to my lovely wife Belinda for unleashing her invaluable copy-editing skills on this essay.

NOTEBOOK ONE



1
Grove Letters,
To Josiah Brigham, Esq.

Letter 1st

I have worshipped in the same church with you. I have heard words of wisdom and truth from the same lips.

Fairney gave me birth. I love her, not only in the past, but also in the present. I shall ever love her; love her for the bright deeds which cluster around her, in giving to the world men that breathed true patriotism and liberty into it, giving it active life and a new existence, — a John Hancock, a Sam Adams, to speak not of my venerated father, and very humble self.

Fairney, I still love thee! I love thy granite hills. I love to see thee in thy prosperity, and watch thee with a jealous eye. I love thy dear native hills, where I have often been to catch a peep at the first rays of the sun, as he rose from his bed in the eastern horizon, and then again to see him retire to his couch behind the western hills.

I flatter not myself when I say, I took great pleasure in rising early. "Early to bed, and early to rise," was my motto. I have often walked miles in the morning, and loved it.

I took ~~not~~ great pleasure, and still do, in hearing the "sweet warblers of the morning" send forth their sweet

Bequest of
Edwards Saint
June 30, 1943

A. D. R. C 164

tiful notes, as if in adoration and praise to the all-wise Creator who has framed them. Nature would be incomplete without the feathered songsters. O Man! shouldst not thou seek to depopulate the beautiful inhabitants of the air.

John Quincy Adams,

Jersey, July 9th 1854.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

I I Still, medium

Letter II

To Josiah Brigham, Esq.

I now commence my second letter. In the foregoing one, I gave you a brief, bro, I trust, an interesting account of my love for the beautiful in Nature, and of my strong attachment to the place that gave me birth.

To the mind of the sceptic and the infidel, the idea of spirits loving to visit those haunts and places which they conceived an attachment for while in the earthly life, appears preposterous and absurd. But do they think that that love has changed upon the dissolution of the body? Do ~~think~~ they think that I love not to tread those groves of my ancestor, where I have often been to witness the beautiful unfoldings of Nature, and gleaned important and useful lessons therefrom, - the trees as they began to put on their foliage of green, first, the leaves, the bud, the blossom, then the fruit, - teaching man, through them, the various phases of life? Have I lost my love ~~love~~ or veneration for the sacred spot where lay en-

tombed all that is mortal of father and mother? Has my interest or love in the slightest abated, for that place of worship, where, Sabbath after Sabbath, I repaired, to pour forth my soul's deepest gratitude to God for the unnumbered blessings and favors he was daily conferring upon me? Do I not love to wander in spirit up the broad aisle, and catch the "feast of reason, and flow of soul" that emanates from the well stocked mind of minister Swett?

Speaking of my former place of worship, while in the earthly life, it may be well to chronicle a circumstance connected with my last visitation to that sanctuary, when my spirit was enumbered with its earthly tabernacle. In going up the main aisle, I felt an impetus, strong and powerful, to stop and take an extended survey of the entire congregation, of those familiar faces that I had often loved to gaze upon, and trace in the "open countenance an index to the soul." I felt an indescribable sensation after I had arrived to the front, to stand up ^{and} take a "long, last view of those whom I had ^{often} met in love and praise within this honored edifice." I felt compelled to do so for a moment, and, in this case, "resistance was compulsion." I felt strong and lasting emotions pervading my heart, as I was assured, within myself, that it was indeed my last earthly visit to that place, and that but a short time would elapse before I should repair to "my Father's house, in which are many mansions." It was the "soft whisperings from the decaying, shadowy land," addressed to the inner man, that told me I was taking my last earthly look of those consecrated walls, and of ^{those friends} that had that day assembled together.

O! ye still loved and endeared friends! feel that the spirit that once animated the lifelens remains resting beneath your ed-

ified, commingling with the dust of parents and partner, is still with you, and loves to join in the "dear delights" of that lovely place. The associations of the "still living past" are hallowed to me by the "sweet memories of ^{the} years gone by." John Quincy Adams still lives, and worships with thee in sincerity and truth. Picture to your minds the spirit of John Quincy Adams still traversing that sacred aisle, and repairing to his accustomed seat, drinking in, with eager avidity, the words of the teacher. My views have somewhat changed; to be sure, since I have disrobed myself of my mortal cloak, yet I still respect and venerate the opinions of those who ~~not~~ think and believe not as I now do; but I shall strive, with what power I can command, to convince them of their errors.

And ~~A~~ Quincy, may'st thou, ever foremost to lead in the van of spiritual improvement and progression. May the land of Hancock and Adams ever be trod by men who love humanity and truth.

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Quincy, Aug. 3, 1854.

Letter III.

To Josiah Brigham, Esq.

It was a source of great pleasure to me, in after years, to look back, and reflect that the teachings of my early youth were always remembered by me. Youth marks the man. The principles inculcated in my mind, while young in years, never lost any of their native lustre and brilliancy, when I became ripe and hoary with age. It is a great truth, that the mind retains vividly and distinctly the memories and associations of youth, while those of more

modern date, find scarcely a vacant place, wherewith to treasure themselves in the great store-house of knowledge, - the Human Mind. - the retentive and reasoning faculties of man.

Mr. Brigham, I was blessed with a kind, indulgent mother, - a mother faithful to herself and children, - a mother ~~true~~ possessed of true nobility of soul, - a mother of sterling integrity and worth, - a mother who loved "patriotism, because it was a virtue."

A distinguished man was once asked, ^{What} ^{is} was a "necessary requisite," in order to advance the prosperity and happiness of a nation, and cause it to grow in virtue? He instantly replied; Good mothers.

I loved my mother. That love was a pure and a reverential love. I exhibited my love, by paying proper respect to her teachings and counsels. I loved to sit by her side, and listen to the sweet words of wisdom that flowed from her lips, - those words that taught me to reverence God, Religion, and to love Humanity, - to shun vice, and seek virtue; "to follow in the ways of wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are paths of peace." She bade me resist the encroachments of vice and error, and to battle against wrong and temptation. When about to cross the trackless ocean with my venerated father, she motioned me one side, and enjoined upon me "a strict remembrance of a mother's counsel, extended to her son upon leaving the sacred endearments of 'home, sweet home.'" And when far away from the hallowed and sacred presence of a mother's smiles, her warnings and admonitions would rise before me, serving as a talisman to deter me from vice and wrong. And when tempted to wander from the path of virtue, would her sweet image come up before me in vivid delineation and reality, and seem to say, Remember, my son, the parting ^{advice} of thy mother.

6 Eloquently did she write to her youthful son. "Great learning and superior abilities are of little value, unless ~~virtue~~ ^{truth} and integrity, and the other traits that form a spotless character, are added to them." She then commended me to the mercy and protection of my Heavenly Father, enjoining upon me ~~that~~ to remember that I was accountable to Him for all my thoughts and actions. "Far rather," she writes, "would I have had you sunk in the ocean you have crossed, than to see you grow up a loose, immoral, and profligate man."

O! how powerfully, also, did she impress upon my youthful mind a patriotic love of country; that I might inherit the virtues of my father, and that the same love of liberty that animated and inspired him, might be transmitted to his son. Well, I remember that trying day, when, upon a hill side hard by my father's house, I beheld the wreathing flames and curling smoke, which told me of the destruction of Charleston, by the hands of the oppressor. I learned a lesson that day, which moulded my future destiny and action, and fired me with a patriotic zeal and ardor, to do what I could to resist the encroachments of an enemy hostile to true principles of liberty. My mother bade me be true to freedom, and lay down my life, - if called upon to do so, - in defence of ^{my} ~~your~~ country. Though very young, I possessed a strong inclination to join in the good fight of freedom, and battle on the side of right and justice.

Is it to be wondered at, then, with the teachings and counsels of such a mother firmly daguerrotyped upon my mind, that I became, what the world, or a portion of it, called me, a great and good man? "True greatness," my mother tells me, "consists in virtuous deeds." A man may be, ^{considered} truly great, when he combines goodness with that greatness.

Often did I love to repair to the place where reposed the inanimate dust of my mother, and bedew it with the grateful tears of a son's love. I loved to carry there grateful offerings, and sprinkle them over that consecrated spot, while Spring's choicest flowers bore grateful remembrance of my love for the mother who bore me. There did I often repair, to pray to God, within my own heart, that the teachings of my ~~my~~ mother might ever be cherished and obeyed to the end, and that he would give me strength to fortify myself against those evils of life, which she so eloquently warned me against in early youth.

O! Mr. Bingham, when I was introduced into the glorious liberty of the sons of God, my mother, with outstretched arms, came to receive me. O! how beautiful did she appear, to my newly unfolded spirit, as she affectionately embraced me, clad in her robes of immortal glory. She looked lovely, and her countenance was wreathed in smiles, as she welcomed her son to his higher life. She said, "My son, your earthly life has closed, crowned with immortal honors. The setting of the sun of your mundane life was brilliant and glorious. You are now truly welcomed as one of the bright stars that form the constellation of God's spirits. You have faithfully fulfilled your earthly mission, and ^{have} now come to receive the rich reward of your good deeds, - the crown of eternal life. Yes, my son," she continued, "you have been true to my teachings; you have been kind and faithful to me, receive then thy just recompense. And now, in the presence of the glorified spirits of heaven, do I crown thee with eternal life, to and welcome thee to the 'Evangel Spheres of Love,' to the abodes of 'the just made perfect.' Bright, angelic choristers, tune your harps to welcome this immortal spirit to his new sphere of usefulness, to labor and cooperate with us in the establishment of the eternal law of love and truth among the children of earth."

After this beautiful reception by my mother,

8
Sweet and melodious strains of music broke upon my delighted, enraptured ear, surpassing in melody and harmony anything I ever heard, which forever consecrated me to my happy home, there to bask in the sunshine of God's Infinite Love.

And there, in the presence of the beautiful spirit of my mother, did I promise fealty to Truth, - that I would faithfully fulfil my duty in the Progressive Spheres, even as it was done upon earth; and that the powers of my mind should be lent to the establishment of God's mighty truth among the children of earth, and my influence exerted in behalf of Humanity and Good.

When passing through one of the States of this Union, I was invited to a collation, tendered to me in ^{consideration} of the services I rendered my country. As was the prevailing custom on such occasions, "toasts" were proposed. My turn came. The words trembled upon my lips. "My Mother, who made me what I am. To her teachings do I date my greatness." I only make mention of this circumstance, to show to you, that "the memory of my mother was dear to me."

I cannot close this letter, without enjoining upon the youth who may perchance peruse it, to love and obey their parents, especially the mother ~~the mother~~ that gave them birth. Have indelibly imprinted upon the human heart her teachings and instructions. Those men who rose to true eminence and honor, always evinced great love and respect for the early precepts of their mother. The mantle of this great nation has fallen upon many noble and true men, - men faithful to themselves, faithful and obedient to their mothers. May it fall upon thee, thou youthful reader of these pages! May the heinous sin of filial ingratitude never be charged upon thee; but keep before your mind your mother's Christian teachings, and live up to them, and "their remembrance,

in advanced life, will be sweet and refreshing to you."

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Quincy, August 5th 1854

This letter I respectfully dedicate to my angel mother, as a token of respect and love, ^{from her son} who trusts that the mantle of her virtues, may fall upon her descendants.

John Quincy Adams.

To my dear son in the spiritual country:

I return thanks to thee for the beautiful tribute you have bestowed upon me. There is nothing that gladdens the heart of a good, pious, Christian mother, so much as a dutiful, obedient, and virtuous son. All the reward a kind mother requires of her children, is that of cheerful obedience of her teachings and precepts. Children are prone to be forward, and frequently militate against the judgments and decisions of their parents, and their superiors, both in years and wisdom. Children must give heed to those whose duty it is to advance, mature, and instruct them in those things, which are to fit them for a career of usefulness in maturer years.

It devolves upon the mother to mould and form the character of her child, for good or evil. Upon her rests the responsibility. O mothers! heed the advice of one of your sex, one who once dwelt upon the earth you now inhabit. Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Teach your children to ^{obey} your commands. Never threaten, without a fixed purpose and intention to fulfil.

that the child's confidence in you may not be weakened or impaired. Learn your children, by precept and example, as soon as the tongue can lip the sweet name of 'Mother' and the heart conceive "the will and purpose," to love God, and through that love, obey his laws, and reverence his holy name, to love Religion, and Humanity; to honor and obey their mothers' teachings and precepts. Do this, and you will see your children grow up ornaments to society, examples of virtue, worthy of emulation.

I could not refrain from diverging from the purposes and intentions of this brief answer to my son, to extend some good advice to mothers, with the hope that it may ^{be} productive of much good. My prayer will ever be, that the mothers of the world will never be lacking in their maternal duties, and that God will give them encouragement and strength to persevere in their efforts to make their children dutiful, wise and obedient.

And, my dear son, thou hast been true to me; thou hast faithfully performed thy mother's will. When I beheld, from my happy home, thy rising greatness, that thou didst not forget thy mother's early teachings, I exclaimed, in the fulness and joy of my spirit, "This is indeed my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

And ye mothers of New England, must I not address a few words to thee? May the bright deeds that cluster around the name of John Quincy Adams act as strong incentives to make your children what he was, - a good and obedient son, an exemplary and worthy citizen, a judicious and wise statesman. New England has furnished many noble mothers, - mothers who have sent into the world great and good men, who have proved faithful to themselves, faithful to their

mothers, and above all, faithful to their God. Let her continue to furnish mothers, who will be the pride and glory of the world.

My dear son, accept this small tribute of love from your spirit mother, who now enjoys your dear companionship. I take pride in presenting thee to the world as a bright pattern, worthy of imitation, - a pattern fashioned after thy mother, - to hold thee up as a son, whose exemplary life and character faithfully represented the recorded virtues of thy fond and affectionate mother.

(A Adams.)

J. J. I have written this in a larger hand, than was my custom, while in the earth-life, - that the poorest eyesight might be able to discern it. When I get the medium under full control, I shall be ^{better} enabled to furnish a fairer specimen of my hand ~~and~~ writing. - Go all who may perchance read this answer.

A Adams.

Aug. 1854

Letter IV.

To Josiah Brigham, Esq.

In the last letter addressed to you, I gave an account of the love I bore and cherished for the Christian teachings and precepts of my mother. It has elicited a beautiful reply from her, - one fraught with great beauty and truth, one that you must prize above all earthly price, believing, as you do, that it is an emanation from the immortal mind of my spirit mother. If the "mothers of the world" would give heed to the valuable advice extended to them in the last letter penned upon these pages, in answer to the foregoing, she would feel amply repaid for her visit from the spirit Land.

12 I love to speak of my mother. I could write volumes about her many kind acts and motherly precepts, and not exhaust the subject. It is a theme upon which I delight to dwell, - a theme highly valuable and dear to me. Do I err when I hold up to public view the ~~already~~ recorded virtues of her that gave me existence? Is there aught that appears selfish or ostentatious? Are not her virtues deeply engraved in the lines of gratitude upon the hearts of a grateful posterity, and embalmed within the memories of the great and good? And who, can more faithfully depict the virtues of a mother, and present them to the world, than a son? I cannot leave this subject, so dear to me, without appending a few more remarks; and, in so doing, I do it humbly, unostentatiously, but conscientiously; with the firm hope and trust, that those who may read these letters, and especially the female portion of the community, will be wiser and better from their perusal of them.

I believe, in recording the virtues of her who gave me birth, upon these pages, I am doing ~~at~~ duty I owe to myself, to my mother, to unborn millions, yet to come upon the stage of earthly existence, - yes, to my God. It was my purpose, in this protracted portion of my subject, to present to the world the true idea of a model mother. And who more faithfully represented one, than my sacred mother, the immortal and patriotic Abigail Adams?

It is, then, with a deep sense of the moral teaching and virtues of my more than Spartan mother, with a just appreciation of ^{that} ~~their~~ calls and demands of me, her son, this letter. I am most happy to be able to dictate it. It is a subject that will never grow ~~un~~known to me, one which I shall ever love, and hold sacred and dear. And I may well ask,

"Where is the woman who has left a purer name,
Upon the glittering scroll of historic fame?"

13 than my virtuous New England mother?

My mother was a true child of Nature. That terrible trait and bane to society, - a false pride, - formed no part in the composition of her nature. She faithfully attended to the duties devolving upon her, wife and mother, would pay strict defence to her household affairs, make her own purchases for self and family. She delighted in the faithful attendance of her domestic duties. "Duty before pleasure," was her motto. She was never known to forsake the sacred duties of home, and launch upon the gaieties of public life, - ~~and, I am~~ ~~as~~ like too many modern mothers, I am sorry to say ~~it~~, but it is nevertheless true, who go forth into the streets "to see and be seen of men;" but she remained at home, quietly pursuing her avocations and duties, and, by precept and example, teaching her children, and, in fact, the world, how to cultivate and acquire habits of industry and frugality, - thus giving to men and woman-kind the true and faithful idea of a model wife and mother.

My mother could never be denominated a "time-killer." But "what her hands found to do," was readily done, and faithfully. Every moment of her time was usefully employed. She never omitted an opportunity of doing good; for her chief desire was to do good, and get good; and thus, by dispensing happiness to others, regenerated her own. Her benevolent heart ever derived pleasure from the happiness of others. She was ever found at her post of duty. Where duty called, she obeyed.

She lived in the time that tried men's souls, - yes, and women's, too. All the powers of her noble mind and heart were called into active requisition, and she studied well the interests of her beloved country, and prayers were offered, daily to heaven by her, that her down-trodden and oppressed native land ~~was~~ might behold the rising sun of American liberty; that the beautiful banner of freedom might soon wave its folds over a "land of the free, and

¹⁴ "a home of the brave;" that an amicable negotiation might be brought about, resulting in ~~an~~ peaceful adjustment of all difficulties, and give birth to the liberties of ~~a~~ a country she loved so well. She shrank not from danger; she was ever where duty called, her; - fearless of tyrannic's myrmidons, willing and ready at any time to sacrifice her earthly life on the altar of her bleeding country's liberty. She took an active part in the affairs of State and Nation, and never counselled, but with wisdom and prudence.

Thus was ^{it with} her through her earthly pilgrimage. Ever willing and ready was she to perform her duty, both at home and abroad; and whether engaged in discharging her domestic duties, or assisting in the affairs of the nation, she was ever found to be the same unpretending, unostentatious woman. Mild, affable, and courteous to all, ever desirous of rendering good to her fellow-creatures, she won their respect and admiration, and her society was eagerly sought for by the many. She delighted not in the title of "lady," but she sought to be a true woman, - a true child of Nature, and to leave to the world a correct pattern of true excellence and virtue, - a faithful example of a model woman.

But ~~now~~ she has passed away from earth, to dwell "in the clear upper sky," to live in the presence of the beautiful and true. No, ^{national} monument or slab of marble or stone "rears its head" to commemorate or attest her many virtues and good deeds. She asks no such memento; a slight tablet reared by me, her grateful son, kneeling next over her sacred dust, bearing affectionate remembrance, "in that shrine of devotion," of my respect and love for her. But she needs no such memorial. Her noble deeds will be her noblest monument. They will live forever in the hearts of the good and pure, and act as incentives for all good mothers to imitate and emulate the worthy example of one, whose earthly career forms one of the bright-

¹⁵ est pages in American, yea, in the world's history. And when historians shall record the past life and deeds of America's eminent men, by the side of Washington's noble wife and mother, - the "first of the nation," as noble examples of true women, - shall gild the honored name of Abigail Adams!

And here, Mr Brigham, permit me to dwell for a moment, upon a single incident that occurred in the earthly life of Washington, with the hope, that those young men who read it, may strive to be what he was, - the pattern of a model son, and show proper obedience and respect to the counsels of their maternal parent, as did the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

On his entrance into Fredericksburg, Va., after his return from Yorktown, the procession that accompanied him, halted, to allow him the privilege of an interview with his mother. She was engaged in preparing yarn, if my memory serves me rightly, for the use of her servants, when her illustrious son was ushered into her presence. She greeted him kindly, expressed much joy at seeing him, but, though proud of her noble son, yet she reverted not to the glorious and brilliant achievements that had rendered his name illustrious and immortal. During the whole of the interview, not one word was dropped by either, touching upon those events that had placed him foremost in the affections of a grateful people. A short time after, she was honored with a visit from the Marquis de Lafayette, who began to praise the glorious career of her beloved son. Her only reply to him, beautiful and effective in itself, was simply this, "I am not surprised; for George was always a good boy."

Young men, I shall make no further comment upon the above incident. It speaks and appeals directly to your own hearts. You discern the love of Washington for his mother, and you see that

his glorious career as a great man began by his being a "good boy" to his mother. "Go, and do thou likewise."

Before closing this letter, I must speak of one subject, which my mother early impressed upon my mind, and which I have revisited to, through this medium, to another friend. It is, daily prayer to God. She taught me to revere his holy name, never to take it upon my lips but in adoration and praise. And now my memory flows back to the scenes of long-gone days, and I see, with my spiritual vision, the roof that sheltered my mother and me; and I again hear her sweet voice, as night draws its veil over the fair face of Nature, calling me to her side, saying, "John, it is bed time; come and say your prayers;" or, "My son, come in and say the little verse I taught you; that's a good boy." And then she would take ^{me} affectionately upon her knee, and repeat to me ^{some} the pretty prayer, which I would say over after her: and in maturer years, I would say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

When about to engage in any enterprise that called forth the powers and energies of both body and soul, I always invoked the high hand of Deity to rest upon me, and to give me strength to encounter all opposition, and to battle successfully in the cause of right and justice; and I acquired strength and resolution to perform my duties, through my frequent prayers, addressed to the throne of the Eternal.

How necessary, then, is it, that an altar of prayer be erected within every heart; that all should seek for divine instruction and guidance in the discharge of the duties incumbent upon them; that all should seek, in prayer, for strength to resist

temptation, and the encroachments of vice. Set all, then, address God frequently in prayer. It is the humble advice of John Quincy Adams, given to you in behalf of his angel mother.

Mr Brigham, I now close this letter. Have I exhausted your patience, in dwelling upon the virtues of my mother, in these two letters? your mind answers, No. It is justifying to you, because you know her well. These letters are "revered doubly sweet" to you, from that pleasing circumstance. Have I exalted her too much? If I have, let my firm love for her be my plea.

That you may be happy in the perusal of these letters, and that all who read them may be benefitted by it, is the earnest wish and prayer of

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Letter V.

To Josiah Brigham, Esq.

Nearly nine months of the present year have rolled away in the great "orbit of time." The words

"Moan hoarsely through the dark and ancient woods,"

and everything indicates to your mind the rapid approach of stern Winter, the closing up of the memorable year of 1854. The green leaves of the trees are fast becoming sand and yellow, and falling off, - emblematical of man's fading earthly life. The beautiful birds are fast disappearing, to seek a home beneath some hospitable roof, or amidst the "orange groves of the sunny South," there to delight the ear with their melodious notes, to chant forth "sweet melody" to their Creator, who permittest not the sparrow

18 to fall to the ground without his notice.

Mr Brigham, is not thy memory busy with the events of ~~the~~ the past few months of thy earthly life? Do you, reflect deeply and carefully upon the joys and sorrows you have experienced during their brief stay? Yes, the year 1854 must ever be to you a memorable one. For during ^{thy} your pilgrimage, you have carefully and studiously investigated the beauties of the Harmonial Philosophy, and through your investigations, you have been enabled to come to the conclusion, that the loved ones you have planted in the diadem of God's choicest spirits, do come back to earth, as it were, laden with bright and happy memories, to recount to the friends they have left in the mundane life, the joys and happiness that pervade the Spirit's beautiful and immortal home! Come, bearing from their ark of truth and beauty, some "fragrant flower of love," to transplant upon "Memory's Leaves," as an undying testimonial of their enduring affection and constancy; some flower, perhaps, like one that rears its humble head in many a beautiful garden of earth's children, that simply reminds you to "Forget-me-not."

They come to teach you, as have been shown you in your investigations, the high destiny which awaits you; that heaven is not a far-off home, but is all around you, filled with the spirits of the loved and beautiful, who await, with happiness and pleasure, your sweet union with them in the land of angels and love. You feel your own spirit exalted and enabled by the sweet communion of those

"Departed to the silent, happy land above,

To hold, below, converse with those they love."

O! my fellow-townsmen, how happy must your heart feel, in this blissful communion of angels; to feel, that though they have "gone before," they still linger around you. How gratifying must it, to you, that the

19 spirit of your friend and townsman, John Quincy Adams, can communicate to you, and, by convincing messengers, perhaps, ^{relating} some things identical with his earthly life, prove to your mind, beyond a doubt, that the respect, esteem, and interest, he entertained and felt for you while clothed with mortality, has not in the least abated, since he has put on immortality.

Yes, Mr. Brigham, there is no ~~one~~ ^{person} in town, excepting ^{would} you, whom I delight so much to commune with, as yourself. That ~~one~~ believes not in the modern spirit communion; but I trust that at no distant day I shall have an opportunity to converse with him, and prove to him, that his father can converse, with the children of his love, though journeyed home to the spirit-land. And God speed the glorious day, when all mankind will believe in the New Dispensation, and live up to the teachings of the glorified spirits of heaven, who have come to confirm the precepts of Jesus Christ, and to disseminate and firmly establish those mighty truths which He came into the world to promulgate.

Man has a great work to perform. He was not placed here for the mere gratification of his selfish propensities, but for the highest good of his fellow-creatures; to recognize the Fatherhood of God - the Eternal Brotherhood of Man! Then, and not till then, will man be fitted for his life in the spheres beyond, - those spheres that mark his onward career as a moral, rational, and progressive being. O! then, Mr. Brigham, may you exert your influence to make mankind purer and holier, and spread the beautiful Harmonial Philosophy, and I look upon you, from my spirit home, and smile approvingly upon your efforts, and ever aid and bless you.

I close this brief letter. In my next I shall again speak of this beautiful season, - Autumn, - and other things.

Quincy, Sept. 23. 1854.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

John Quincy Adams.

Letter VI.

To Isaiah Bingham, Esq.

This letter will close one-half of the memorable series promised you. I have been exceedingly happy in witnessing the great interest you have manifested in the perusal of the letters that are here transcribed upon the pages of this book, and I trust and know that it will be kept alive through their continuation, that same friendly and affectionate interest which has characterized the close study of the foregoing ones. I take pleasure in recommending them to the world, especially to those connected to me by the strongest ties of love and friendship, - to my beloved townsmen in the place which gave, though humble these letters are, yet I feel, even in their sweet simplicity, that they will be productive of much good, - conferring lasting benefits upon those who may perchance peruse them. I have endeavored, also, in these letters, to give peculiarities and circumstances incidental with my mundane life, to present to the world a position clear, and unmistakable identity, - that identity which will lead all earnest seekers after truth to believe that these letters originate from no other source, but through the dictation of the immortal mind of John Quincy Adams!

To you, my esteemed friend and townsman, have I transmitted the sacred trust of these letters, because I know you well, and respected you, (as I still do,) as a friend, a townsman, a Man, - an immortal child of God! you have I selected, because I have perfect confidence in you as the still faithful friend of the humble dictator of these letters, who desires, through your agency, to impart to mankind emanations of truth divine, and prove, beyond a doubt, the reality of spirit communion; to prove, that the ever-living mind of John Quincy Adams still labors in the cause

of love to God and love to man, Equality, and in all, which ever bodies the holiest of all holy causes, - Humanity.

And, my beloved friend, how happy must you feel, in knowing that I can still labor for the good of man; that I can still lift my voice in prayer in behalf of the children below and evidence to their minds, that I still feel an interest in all those causes, which aim have the good of society at heart; that I can still plead the cause of the poor, down-trodden, bleeding, and manacled slaves, that, though dead in body, yet "I still live" in spirit, to defend their dearest rights, and to prove to them that John Quincy Adams is still their friend, champion, defender! - to prove to all, that I remain still the friend of the oppressed, - a foe to oppression.

To you, Mr. Bingham, the reflections of the summer that has past away, must be sweet and refreshing; you have been enabled, during its stay, to form anew, as it were, the acquaintance of one you ever respected and esteemed when a member of your earthly sphere, - with one, who loved you as a friend, and townsman. I hailed, with great delight and joy, the period when this medium now under control, would appear in your midst, and looked forward, in the spring when I first began to control this organization, to many moments of happiness and pleasure for you and yours; for I was enabled to discern, with the innering eye of prophecy, and through human events and circumstances, - all governed by the eternal law of wisdom and love, - that I should again converse with those connected to me by ties most sacred and holy. I prophesied as much, - that prophecy, you perceive, has been faithfully fulfilled. How much happiness you have experienced in my communications, and others, during the summer that has now past away, you feel that the spirit of the "Old Man Eloquent" is hovering around you, and holds communion with the loved and dear of earth.

You have derived much comfort and consolation in your new but beautiful belief. It has furnished you much pleasure in your lonely hours, in your moments of joy and sorrow. And when your system was racked with disease, then would the finger of Faith and Hope point upward to realms of glorious beauty and sublimity, where "pain and sickness are never known, and the weary are at rest;" and you would hear, within the inmost recesses of your heart, the "still, small voice" of ^{Love} ^{and of} God, whispering to you, Be of good cheer, and directing your thoughts and affections to the cherubim and seraphim - to that happy land above, where your spirit is to unfold, at some distant day, in a more glorious and higher life.

And now, Mr. Brigham, can you better appreciate this beautiful and consoling Spiritual Philosophy, than at the present time, when your heart, and that of your dear partner, have been saddened by the recent departure of ^{one} ^{near} and dear to you, who was lately with you, clothed with in the garments of mortality. You now feel, that though he has passed away from your sight, yet his ever-living presence is with you, and conveys, through the telegraph of love and wisdom, messages of beauty and truth, fraught with bright and happy memories of the past. And could his spirit come back to you, enclosed in its earthly casket, after having tasted the joys of its celestial home, it would firmly bid you, *Know not.*

He has gone home to join the dear presence of father and mother, partner and children. I shall not attempt to enumerate the many virtues of the loved departed, for they are well known to you. They are daily impressed upon your hearts, and, in fact, upon all, who felt his benign influence; and they will live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of the good and pure upon earth. In the language of a beautiful kindred spirit, he went home ripe and ready for the harvest of God.

May you, then, be comforted and consoled by the assurance, that he has left you for a better and higher state of existence; that he has gone home to dwell with God, and the cherished ones in Paradise; that his wandering soul hovers around you, bearing to your minds, through the love of spiritual communion, truthful evidence of the soul's glorious immortality, and its destiny in the Progressive Epheres beyond your vale of tears. He speaks to you, and bids you, *Remember not for him.* Trust returns to dust, the spirit to God who gave it; what is your earthly loss, is his eternal gain.

And may I not, Mr. Brigham, in this connection, address a few words to your beloved partner? May you ever feel assured, that the pure spirit of your brother is watching over you, guarding and guiding you through this earthly life's cares and sorrows, and preparing you for your home in heaven, to meet him in heaven - in glory and love. And that beautiful keepsake - that little gold-piece - transmitted to your brother in earlier years by his maternal parent, but now bequeathed to you - may it ever be cherished by you while earthly life lasts; and when you have passed away, may it be transferred to your children and children's children, as an ever-living memorial of the past; and as ever often as you and they gaze upon it, may it serve to keep in remembrance the hands which gave it, and remind you all, that though the "givers" have left earth, yet their watchful care and protection are over you. It is true, that

"A small memento left behind,

Recalls an absent friend to mind."

But the rich mementoes of love which he brings from his beautiful home, - the celestial city of love and purity, - are more enduring than the perishable ones of earth. May you all treasure

²⁴ within your hearts those beautiful memorials emanating from his bright and happy spirit, - the rich truths from the tree of life eternal, - pricing them above all earthly price.

May the salutary lessons which his sudden departure is calculated to teach be duly impressed upon every one of your hearts; that you may all be prepared, at any time, to be called home to dwell with the departed of earth, to appear in the Infinite Presence of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who judges in mercy and righteousness, according to the deeds done in the body. No man knoweth when the Son of Man cometh. Then be prepared, through virtuous and holy lives upon earth, to enter upon the joys of your heavenly rest, when the summons calls you home.

John Quincy Adams.

Quincy, Oct. 4th 1854.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Letter VII.

To Josiah Brigham, Esq.

I have endeavored, in the foregoing letters, conveyed upon these pages through the power of writing, to present to you, and to all who may inspect them, as correct a fac simile of my hand-writing as I ^{am} enabled to give in my newer and higher state of existence. You will perceive that these letters are written in a tremulous hand, - a characteristic incidental to the last years of my mundane life. I have endeavored, as far as lay in my power, to give it perfect and correct; but, it must not be expected that I can give it, perfectly accurate, now that I have merged into my newer and higher life, as though I was numbered with all the infirmities and decrepancies of an aged and decrepit body. It would have been easier for me to have controlled

^{early 25} the powers of the medium in a hand-writing incidental to my earthly life, when I was buoyant with youthful vigor and activity. But it was my purpose, in giving this peculiarity to you and the public, to present a characteristic identical with the last years of my mortal existence, and one which was beyond the capacity and power of the medium to control or imitate, - knowing, as I did, that doubts would be raised as to these letters originating and emanating from the ~~supra~~ dictation of the immortal spirit mind of John Quincy Adams! And it will be perceived, also, that, as I became better acquainted with the powers of the medium, I was enabled to control with more ease and fluency, and to form and construct my words and letters with greater accuracy and correctness, - as will be noticed by a comparison between the first and the present letter.

There, then, is an identity, unmistakable and conclusive, which is beyond the power of mortal ^{or false} and immortal to control and or imitate. High-pretending spirits may come in the names of superior ones, and give you certain circumstances coincident with their earthly pilgrimage, which will appear to many minds as perfectly conclusive; but I am of the opinion, and it is sustained by a higher order of intelligence, that the only sure, positive, conclusive, and infallible evidence of the truthful identity of a spirit, is that found in a correct fac simile of the purported immortal, - the hand-writing of the spirit, which closely resembles the one identical with it before it "shuffled off the mortal coil."

Mr. Brigham, the question has often been asked, "Why did I not address these letters to my son, or to some one connected to me by ties of consanguinity, instead of directing them to you?" Feeling that an explanation might be required, I shall give a brief one, firmly believing that it will prove satisfactory and convincing to all inquiring minds:

Some few months ago, I first manifested my spiritual presence through the organization of this medium, at a small circle held in the part of this town, known as Quincy Point. I then and there discerned that his mind was easily susceptible and accessible to spirit influx and impression - so much so that I perceived that I should be able in a short time to control him powerfully and successfully. I was able to discern, through force of circumstances, that this medium would remain in town some little time, and I ardently desired and wished to improve that golden opportunity of using his mediumship, for the purpose of establishing the precepts and teachings of the Gospel of Harmonial Love and Truth in the place hallowed to me by many grateful recollections and reminiscences of the past, in a town which has given to the world men whose virtue, piety, and noble deeds, occupying a conspicuous place upon the gilded pages of national history; men whose lofty patriotism and honorable fame are enduring as time itself; men who feared to do wrong, but never to do right.

I felt an interest, also, to introduce ^{it} into this town, because it was the place "where I was born" - where my mind and heart first imbibed the principles of virtue, piety, integrity, and a love of country, through the benign and genial influences of a Christian and patriotic father and mother.

I then, Mr. Brigham, sought for a suitable person, to whom I might convey my messages of love, wisdom, truth, and identity, - one ⁱⁿ whom I could perfectly trust and confide, in, - one whom I respected and loved as a member of the earthly sphere, and who would make such disposition of my communications as I might in wisdom dictate. I perceived that my son was then not prepared to receive the new truths of the Harmonial Philosophy - that his mind and heart was not ready to endorse, at that time, the principles of the New Dispensation, - a dis-

sensation which has acquired a strong hold upon the hearts and affections of the people, and one which promises much good for the world, in banishing scepticism from it, - in reclaiming the fallen and erring, and bringing them back to the folds of virtue and purity. I desired one who felt a sympathy and interest in the spiritual movement, - one who would aid me in giving to the world truths of an exalting, exalted, and, at the same time, of an highly satisfactory nature.

Then Judge, Mr. Brigham, of my unbounded joy, when I perceived the interest you had begun to manifest in this beautiful philosophy. I then felt then, that my dearest wishes would soon be realized, and that I should be able to convey to my friends, truthful evidence of the soul's immortality, and its high destiny in the Progressive Spheres; - to prove to all, that the son of the regenerated and patriotic John Adams still engages in all those causes which have the tendency to ameliorate the condition of suffering and oppressed humanity; that I can still lift a voice in the causes of Equality, Freedom, Justice, Human Rights.

You, then, Mr. Brigham, did I select as the instrument ^{and other means} to transmit these letters to the world; and having gained the consent of the then-controlling spirits to employ ^{my} ~~my~~ ^{friend's} mediumship, I endeavored to perfect, mature, and develop the "elementary principles" of his media power. You now see the ultimate result of my control, you have, through the evidence I have furnished you, been brought to a firm belief in this glorious doctrine; and others, through you, will also believe. You have nobly and bravely withstood the fire of public opinion, - battled against all those counter influences which have surrounded you, for the purpose of turning you from your investigations; and through your energy and perseverance you are achieving a glorious reward, by holding communication with some of the most gifted minds which ever adorned your world, but now passed from the earthly ^{glorious} into the spirit-life, these glowing minds which form an array of talent in

²⁸
The galaxy of God's noble spirits—minds which have been attracted to
you through sympathy and love, feeling assured that they would be
warmly and cordially welcomed. The rich truths which they have
brought from the Vault of Wisdom, Purity, and Love, have sunk
deep within your heart—never to be eradicated by those ^{two} great draw-
backs to the onward march of Progressive and Liberal Prin-
ciples, — Popularity and Public Opinion! May these truths shed up-
on others their bright and effulgent rays, ^{calling} upon each and every heart
like manna from heaven—illuminating and radiating all their
inward natures with pure and holy light, and calling forth the
inborn powers, and mingling them together in one common Uni-
ty and Love!

In view of all things, Mr Brigham, has not the interro-
gating, "Why have I directed these letters to you?" been satisfactorily an-
swered? I think you will reply in the affirmative. And O! may they
do much good. Be ever ready and willing to receive the truths of the
spirits. Beautiful angels attend you in your daily walks of life,
and breathe into your heart sweet lays of love. They are unseen by
you, yet their sweet and genial influences are felt within your
soul, refining and purifying it for its higher, progressive life in
the spheres beyond.

Still continue to labor in the vineyard of your hea-
venly Master. And when your task below shall have finished, I will
bear your spirit "aloft, to repose in the bosom of Infinite Love and
Goodness! Where is a beautiful spirit by my side, who desires me to
give you the following lines from him: It is Elijah Brigham.

Prepare to meet us here above,

To join the angel hosts of love,

To chant with us sweet spirit-lays,

And lift your voice to God in praise.

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Glorious beauty decks the land,
Where dwells the lovely spirit-band,
Wreathed in heaven's choicest flowers,
Culled from Eden's fairest bowers.

No discord, hate, or mortal strife,
Mark our high standing life.
All is harmony, joy and love,
In our beauteous home above.

John Quincy Adams.

Trinity, Nov. 9th 1854.

Spirit Land, Sixth Sphere.

Letter VIII.

To Josiah Brigham, Esq.

Some little time has elapsed since the dictation
of my last letter. I have floated along upon the beautiful River of Life,
and have searched carefully the hearts of men, — and more especially
those connected to me by the ties of friendship and love in the town
that gave birth to ^{that} my physical body, which contained the nucleus
of a noble and living principle, — a principle which was to expand in a
more luxuriant growth in a higher sphere of existence; and it is with
emotions of unspeakable joy and pleasure that I can truthfully in-
form you, that favorable impressions are forming within their hearts
relative to this cause of Harmonious Love; that those old prejudices
which have marked them, and proved as barriers to the reception of
this philosophy, are fast disappearing before the triumphant and on-
ward march of Progressive Ideas and Principles. I have been guid-
ed with wisdom, I trust, in my delay of the dictation of these letters; for
I desired the public mind and heart to be prepared to receive these
emanations and outpourings from the immortal Spirit-Host of Life.

Blessed, as you are, Mr. Bingham, with the light of everlasting youth, and the glorious hope of an immortality beyond the boundaries of your mundane sphere, your affections and thoughts have, in a great measure, become waned from the things of earth, and they soar to that Paradise above, where the loved departed of earth await to greet you amidst its beautiful bowers. You have many dear and loved spirit friends in Heaven, who guard you with ^{their} faithful friendship and care, such a friendship and care as only the angels can feel and know. They have borne to you many precious dew-drops on that beautiful chain of Love which connects Heaven to Earth, which have proved refreshing to your inward and outward life.

In a pure, virtuous, and susceptible mind, the idea ^{that} of angels ^{are} watching over and protecting the children of the sublimary world, is associated with something truly beautiful and sublime; that they can guard and guide the loved of earth through their pilgrimage of earthly life, and participate with them in their joys and sorrows, can read their hearts, and find what there lies concealed. If purity and love dwell within, and the human soul is the receptacle of all that is lovely, beautiful, and noble, then do these ministering spirits bear them as grateful offerings to the throne of the Eternal One; the guardian ones which attend them are made glad, through the purity and virtue which lives in their minds and hearts. But when they perceive that they are rife with all ^{the} tumultuous passions of a perverted nature, and that ^{are} impure thoughts and feelings, discordant sentiments, rankle within, then is their soothing influence felt by them; then does the heavenly power of their holy love lighten the human heart, quieting and harmonizing its perturbed and disquieted state. On that telegraph of wisdom, love, and truth, which unites the immortal minds of Heaven with those which are ^{as} yet shrouded in their clayey tabernacles, flows their beautiful spirit influx and impressions, which falls upon the heart, like rain upon the parched earth, appealing to the erring, sin no more;

guardian angels are hovering over you; pain not their gentle spirits by doing wrong. And let many all feel that they are watched by a cloud of unseen witnesses, who will attest to the evil as well as the good deeds done in the body! And how fitting that all should conform their earthly lives to the presence of those radiant invisible beings from the Immortal Paradise of Love!—that every thought and action should be kept pure and holy, untainted by the vices and temptations of the world. Let the spirit shed upon the great scroll of human life everything that is lovely and divine. Let them find therein many recorded deeds of glorious beauty and love, embellished with truthful pictures of Virtue and Goodness! How important it is, that all should pay strict attention to a proper cultivation of those laws which govern their progressive spiritual beings!—that they should do nothing which would hinder or retard their harmonious operation. Man cannot violate a law of Nature, without suffering the penalty which is due to such transgression. He cannot load his stomach with rich food and stimulating drinks, without incurring the severe displeasure of those laws which govern his physical nature; and if he suffer not for such disobedience at that time, he assuredly does at a mature period of life, by enduring all the pains and afflictions of a dyspeptic, distempered body. Life hath lost its pleasure for such an one, and he proceeds along a miserable, forlorn, and wretched being, health departed, and happiness with it. In fact, the man of forty becomes one of seventy! He has lost all taste for society, tired, disheartened, perhaps, perhaps even to his troubled earthly existence, and is ushered into a newer one, and takes his place in that sphere, for which his mundane career has fitted him, while upon the monument of his life below is recorded the fearful tale of his disobedience of the great principles of Nature's Fundamental Laws! In order to ensure a long earthly life, and a healthy one, man must study faithfully and well the beautiful laws which govern him. He must rise early, and breathe the pure, invigorating air of morning. "Generally speaking, the best part of a man's life is spent in bed. That is one source of disease. A man that is not an early riser, must never expect to be "healthy, wealthy, and wise." Let all imitate the honorable example of one, who made it his daily practice to rise early. Partake early of

³² Such food as will nourish, not distemper the body. And by hushing in perfect love and harmony those laws, you will reap a golden harvest.

Those persons, whose organizations are accessible to the power and impressions of the spirit, should be extremely guarded against a disobedience of Nature's Laws!—that that pure and ennobling chain of communication, which unites the beautiful principles of their media power to the existences of those superior beings in the immortal life, shall not be broken by the insatiate indulgences of an uneducated and cramped nature! It is highly important, that they should be guided by wisdom and discretion in their mode of living,—partaking of no food or drink that will have the slightest tendency to exaltate or impair that noble telegraph and medium through which we communicate,—the Human Mind! All are well aware, that, when the telegraph wires which run from one place to another, or, becomes broken, the communications are impeded, and ^{these lines are} rendered unfit for use, until the injury is repaired. So it is with the mind, the spirit's great telegraph, which connects the immortal life with the mundane one, and upon which flows many fond remembrances,—many bright and happy memories! When it is shattered and broken, it becomes inferior to a high and ennobling order of intelligences, and remains inaccessible to pure spiritual influx, until its media powers are restored to their pristine health and lustre!

Again: All should relieve their minds from those thoughts which are not congenial to purity and love,—free them from all bias and prejudices,—studying faithfully and well the dear humanities of the greater Performer with which the world as ever blessed! Seek to infuse into your minds ideas of an elevated nature and character, in order that the Seraphs from those high and Eternal Progressive Spheres may be attracted to them through that beautiful spirit of congeniality which dwelleth in angel loveliness and beauty within.

And again: the minds of mediums must be impervious to the control of surrounding influences and objects. They must not be moved from their sphere of duty by the opposition and lighting of those minds which cannot comprehend the great principles of this philosophy, and can see nothing beyond those

³³ narrow-contracted ideas and sentiments which embrace everything but the love of God and Humanity! you may be persecuted, reviled, trampled upon, and barely calumniated, by those opposing minds which are not, as yet, opened to receive new truths and revelations. You must, after the greatest Performer and Medium which ever ^{all} lived,—Jesus Christ! He was abused, cruelly maltreated, and maligned, yet amidst those persecutions, that beautiful and intense spirit of love which dwelt within, never yielded to passionate and revengeful feelings; but, through the godliness of that sublime and gentle disposition which was so beautifully exemplified in his daily walks of life, he exhibited to his persecutors a noble example of true moral excellence and Godlike forgiveness! Amidst all the malignities of his enemies, yet he moved not from the path of duty marked out for him by an ever-ruling and omniscient Providence; but he continued to labor in the vineyard of his Heavenly Master, and to represent faithfully his glorious and living Divinity! And when upon Calvary's Cross, suffering all its agonies and tortures, and the scourgings and abuses of his cruel, vindictive rulers, his love and forgiveness never shone with greater splendor and glory! Not a complaint or a murmur escaped from his breast, but a gentle "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And for his faithful adherence to the principles of Eternal Truth and Right, he met a rich reward. The Crown of Thorns was quickly displaced for the noble Crown of a glorious and resplendent Immortal Spirit-Life!

The Crown of Life he nobly wears,

In his bright beauteous attire;

No sorrow deep his bosom tears,

In his pure heaven of love.

On earth he left a spotless name,

Which ne'er was stained with sin;—

A holy, bright, and lovely fame,

Which all should strive to win.

May all mankind like him be free,
 From sin and mortal strife;
 May his example ever be
 Shown in their daily life.
 And when their tasks below are closed,
 Their duties done on earth,
 In God's bright love they shall repose,
 In their high, heavenly birth.

And O! Mr Brigham, may you extend your advice to all those mediums, who are possessed with this noble power, and who shall come under your sphere of influence, - to guard sacredly and well the laws which govern their progressive spiritual beings. Read to them this humble letter dictated by your never-to-be-forgotten friend, - John Quincy Adams! Tell them to imitate the noble example of that great and Reformer, Jesus Christ; the attributes of whose lovely and beautiful character we have but feebly depicted upon these pages. Tell them, that like him they must persevere in well-doing; gathering not in the course of duty out marked out for them to pursue; that they must be possessed of the meek and lowly spirit of Jesus, living, at all times, fraternally and harmoniously with all mankind; and, like him, labor, suffer, and die, if needs be, for the redemption of man; - to leave a bright pattern of excellence and purity; - remembering that he

He labored, suffered, died for all,
 That his pure, holy light,
 Might on their heads everlastingly fall;
 A point to Eden bright.
 A pattern to the world was given,
 For man to imitate;
 That they might all be led to Heaven,
 To their eternal state.

Mr. Brigham: During your short acquaintance with the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, you have received many messages from a high and exalted order of Spirits from the Immortal Life; your mind receives their impressions as direct influx from the Fountain of Wisdom and Truth. Your mind has also been educated upon the different phases of the Progressive Spheres, and the degrees of happiness which spirits in their respective circles enjoy. You have had unfolded to your mental capacities the many glorious and sublime realities and beauties which crown our Paradise of Love. You have had revealed to you many rich truths and teachings, - all consonant with those taught by the great Representative of Truth, - Jesus of Nazareth!

How beautifully does this philosophy unfold to you the state of the soul after it has thrown off its clayey envelopment! It teaches you that man cannot in his mundane sphere, and escape the righteous judgments of Heaven; that, as he lives below, will he exist above. It explains the harmonious operations of these sublime laws which give us power to converse with the children of earth, perhaps to learn of them how to progress and advance the infinite principles of our Immortal Being. The same beautiful and wise laws which permit the developed order of intelligences to commune with the children of your planet, it grants, also, the same precious privilege to the undeveloped, - as you have noticed in your investigations of this subject.

The communications which you have received, from time to time, from the immortal world, evidences to your mind, that the Spirits still manifest a faithful interest in the affairs of your earth; that that undivided affection, which they displayed and felt in the accomplishment of their respective purposes, does not close on the dissolution of the body, but follows the soul in its nobler development and acts as an innate principle of its immortal being. A spirit which labored in the field of Humanity on earth, still engages in the same holy cause when it launches its banner on the shores of immortality. Whatever interests the soul on earth, interests it in Heaven.

36 The noble and patriotic spirit of George Washington, has, in his address to you, evinced a still strong interest in the affairs of that Government; of which he has been called the Chief Corner Stone. He regrets exceedingly, that the spirit of liberty which sprung into life during his earthly pilgrimage, seems to be taking a retrograde step. He would warn his beloved countrymen against all oppression and injustice;—that, without the love of God in their hearts, they cannot enjoy a long-continued state of prosperity and happiness. He enjoins upon them to remember, that, by Nature's Great Birthright, all are entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The messages you have received from the sorrowing spirit of Daniel Webster, plainly show to you his deep regret for the errors of his mortal life. He has often manifested his presence to you, and claimed your warmest sympathies and regards. "No matter," he says to you, "how lofty and gifted one's mind may be; if its powers are not properly applied, it does not enhance the happiness of its possessor in its higher progressive state of being." He sorrows over the betrayal of the mighty principles of freedom, and hopes that his countrymen will forgive and pity his errors, and have embalmed upon the tablets of their memories, his loyalty and devotional services to the cause of liberty and justice, in his earlier and palmer days. Have charity for him, think of him, as he was, when he stood on Old Pilgrim Rock,—a fearless champion of Freedom and Human Rights. "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone." "To err is human, to forgive divine."

The noble spirit of Josiah Quincy, the Patriot, has proclaimed to you, in impassioned fervor and eloquence, his still faithful and firm adherence to the principles of Eternal Justice and Right. He looks down, from his Starry Heaven of Love, upon a beloved descendant, in whose mind and heart are represented the glowing sentiments of the ever-to-be-venerated Sir. He looks with pride and joy upon him,—reads the noble ideas of patriotism which dwell within him. He perceives that he will soon be gathered home to his fathers;—that the run of earthly life will soon set in the horizon, and a

brighter one will rise on a brilliant immortal existence. Tributes will be paid to his worth, his integrity, and fearless independency, while on the urn of memory shall be inscribed the simple, but eloquent sentence, "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

I indulge in these few instances, to show to you how much interest the spirits manifest in the things of earth. I now close this letter, with the hope that all who read this letter, may be profited by it.

John Quincy Adams.

Spirit Land, Sixth Circle.

Letter IX.

To Josiah Brigham, Esq.

From my unclouded Sphere of Love and Duty, do I gaze upon the children of earth, and learn from them, that to-day, the twenty-second of February, is the glorious anniversary of the natal day of the immortal and patriotic George Washington,—the Father and Founder of the American Republic! The bells have sent up their merry peals to Heaven; the booming cannon has thundered forth its noisy eloquence, reverberating o'er hill and dale, and losing itself in the hearts and affections of a grateful people. All welcome and pay truthful homage to the glad return of the birth-day of the Patriot, the Sage, the Statesman, the President,—the Man, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The old, as well as the young, participate in the joyous festivities of this day, and call to remembrance the many valorous exploits of America's greatest Man! The glorious American Flag, symbolic of Freedom, waves its graceful folds over a liberty-loving people, and they gaze upon it, respecting the memory of the great and good man, who achieved for them that Independence, of which they are the proud recipients. The splendid and brilliant run of Washington's earthly career shone with unwarped glory and lustre over many a scene of public strife and contention, never growing dim, or shadowed by the clouds of doubt or despair. All nations revered and venerated the il-

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hustrious and honored name of Washington. He commanded the respect of both friend and foe, and all vied to imitate the noble example of the Patriot Warrior! The vain-glorious and warlike deeds of the ambitious Napoleon had the effect to dazzle the outward senses; but those of Washington won the applause, admiration, and fervent love of all mankind. They traced no selfish motives which prompted him to action; but in all he did, they perceived it was for the welfare and good of his beloved country. He sought for no ambition or distinction but that which was honorable and just. The transcendent glory of his fame shone with effulgent brilliancy over many a noble and heroic scene of action.

Uncolored stands his noble name,
On history's gilded page,
Reflecting, from its gloried fame,
The Spirit of the Age.
His memory will ever live,
With the noble, good, and great;
Unfading lustre will it give,
To Nation and to State.

On record stands no brighter name,
Than that of Washington;
All strive to win the honest fame,
Which crowned Columbia's Son.
The tyrant monarch dreads and fears,
To hear of deeds so bright;
His glorious life blights and sears
Oppressive power and might.

George Washington was a true and devout Christian. He was, at an ^{youthful} early age, deprived of the earthly care of his father, and his education devolved upon a

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faithful, pious mother, who early instilled into his heart the principles of Christianity, - those principles which shone with such splendor in his after years, and which faithfully recorded on the Monument of Fame, the lovely counsels and teachings of his virtuous, patriotic, and Christian Mother! The Mother was nobly represented in the sublime character of the Son! She taught him to "early bend the knee in prayer," - to revere the name of Deity, - never to take it upon his lips but in adoration and praise. His thoughts and prayers were often elevated to that Supreme Being who guides and controls the destinies of the Nations. He never engaged in any service, or went forth to battle in the cause of Freedom, without first invoking the blessing of his Heavenly Father to rest upon him, - to keep him in the path of Right and Duty, and crown his labors for good with triumphant and glorious success.

When America was at war with England, struggling for Independence, Washington was often discovered by his foes engaged in prayer. Though they might have destroyed his valuable earthly life, at such times, yet none threatened to disturb him. They revered and respected him, and learned, from his devotions, useful lessons of piety and true Christianity. He prayed long and fervently for his beloved country, - that the time might soon come when it would be released from British tyranny and oppression, and Freedom's glorious sun throw its golden light upon his down-trodden native land. The prayers of the good Washington, springing, as they always did, from the gushing fountains of a devotional and grateful heart, ascended the Eternal Throne of the great Author and God of Liberty, and were answered. Strength and fortitude were given him in all his undertakings, and ~~over~~ the blessings of Almighty God crowned his prayerful and honorable life.

What a glorious example, Mr Brigham, of true piety and Christianity was given to the world through the life and character of your ever-to-be-remembered Washington! Never despairing, never doubting the goodness of the God of the oppressed, he was led through innumerable perils and difficulties, and he lived to reap a golden reward, blessed with the love and adoration of a grateful

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hearts, receiving all the honors and emoluments, which it was in the power of a grateful country to confer upon its greatest and noblest Benefactor! In all the tumults of battle strife and contention, he never forgot his God! And the assurance and conviction, that his acts were laudable, and approved by an overruling Providence, buoyed him up through the chequered scenes of his warlike and political life. Through many of his noble acts stand engraved on the gilded Tablet of Fame, yet none appear to greater advantage, than those which signalise him as a prayerful and devout Christian!

O! that all mankind would imitate the noble example bequeathed to them by Washington. May they have indelibly inscribed upon their hearts his many virtues and pious precepts, and seek, like him, through prayer, for Divine guidance in the performance of their various duties of life. May all, especially the young, profit by his noble example, and imitate the pure and pious teachings which were exemplified in the life of the Patriot Washington!

His holy, pure, and pious life,

Shone with resplendent power;

It brightened many scenes of strife,

And cheered his saddest hour.

His prayerful thoughts he often raised,

To Him who dwells above;

On bended knee, devoutly praised,

The God of Truth and Love.

When heavy clouds obscured the light

Of Freedom's lovely day;

His sincere prayers, at dead of night,

Were lifted up on high;

Invoking the Eternal One,

To hasten that bright day,

When Liberty's fair and beauteous sun,

Might bless all with its rays.

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It has often been said, that Washington bore a charmed life. When in the heat of battle, the bullets, which were flying in all directions, spreading havoc and destruction around him, fell powerless at his feet, leaving him unharmed and unsathed. Many a gleaming sword was raised to strike him low in death; but some unseen invisible power, as it were, thwarted the blow, and it coiled back upon the enemy. Private conspiracies were hatched, and measures, secret and open, were adopted, by which his enemies might take his valuable life. But he was wonderfully preserved through them all, by that same invisible power, which had given strength and nerve to his arm in many an heroic action of life.

And can any one doubt, viewing the innumerable perils and obstacles through which Washington was called to pass, but that he was preserved through them all by the superior agencies of guardian angels from the highest celestial spheres known in the spiritual kingdom, who were faithfully guarding and watching the interests of a man who was ploughing for himself a path to honorable fame and distinction? Can any one doubt, but that spirits from the immortal world sustained him through all the disastrous trials and troubles of Valley Forge, cheered his heart, and those of his desponding soldiers, when they were dealing forth shelled death into the ranks of Britain's Mighty Armies, on Bunker's Heights? Through all the varied walks of earthly life, whether on the battle field, amidst the carnage and thunder of the booming cannon, or enjoying the quiet repose of Vernon's shades, the holy powers of ministering spirits were extended to him, to cheer and console him, and aid in achieving the liberty of that country, in whose service he had enlisted.

Through all the scenes of battle strife,

Bright angels from above,

Protected well his earthly life,

And cheered him with their love.

Their influence with him did dwell,

Dispelled all doubt and fear;

A lovely, sweet, and holy spell,

Shone round him ever near.

When dark despair hung o'er the land,

In which he nobly fought;

Bright seraphs, from fair Eden's band,

Sweet consolation brought.

Their faithful care freed him from harm,

Gave strength in sorrow's hour;—

And Slavery did he disarm,

Through their angelic power.

Their holy influence was shown,

Where'er on earth he dwelt;

On battle field, in Vernon's home,

Their lovely power ^{alone} was felt.

They cheered his pathway while below,

Threw round his life a charm,

Whose brilliant and resplendent glow,

Preserved him from all harm.

May all, like Washington, defend

Brave Freedom's holy cause;

May all their humble efforts lend,

To frame on earth just laws.

And angels bright, from Heaven above,

Will guide their path on earth;

And lead to realms of bliss and love,

To their celestial birth.

Washington believed that he was guarded by kindred spirits; that they watched over him, and cheered him with their mild presence, through all the varied scenes of his chequered earthly life. How sanctifying to the heart of the noble

Patrick; was the precious thought, that the guardian and sainted spirit of that beloved father, to whom he scorned to tell a lie, was watching with infinite pleasure, the glorious progress and rising greatness of his illustrious son. How much happiness must have radiated the spirit-life of that parent, as he was enabled to witness the brilliant career of his son, and perceive the deep and ardent love of a grateful country poured upon him, by raising him to the highest pinnacle of Fame, to those distinctions, emoluments, and honors, which were the noblest tributes of veneration and respect which could be bestowed upon its bravest Champion and Defender! In the heat of battle, he felt the surrounding influence of angels, who were encouraging him, through their genial and soothing powers, in his path to Freedom. Though ^{the} early deprived of the earthly companionship of a father, yet he never forgot his youthful teachings which that parent had deeply imprinted and engraved upon his memory; and he felt assured, that the congenial spirit of that beloved and endeared one was ever near him, and guided him through all the darkened passages of his mundane career. How grateful to a father's heart, is the reflection, that his teachings and counsels are heeded by his posterity. Upon the immortal Temple of Fame, stands enrolled no fairer or brighter name than that of George Washington, the noble and illustrious son of Augustine and Mary Washington! A nation lives to call him Father and Founder; indeed, it is a beautiful and true saying, "that God rendered him childless, that a Nation might call him Father."

O! cherished will thy memory be,

By all who love the right;

The brave, the noble, and the free,

Will feel thy kindred light.

Throughout the world, thy brilliant star,

Will ever brightly shine;

Attracting nations from afar,

To bow at Freedom's shrine.

There were many lovely traits which adorned the character of Washington, - many, which will serve as glorious examples for all, and especially the young. He paid strict regard to the truth. A falsehood never escaped his lips. He early knew and felt, that lying lips were an abomination to the Lord. He was early taught to reverence the truth, and he was never known to depart from it. A pious and Christian mother instilled in his youth the seeds of Truth, which took deep root, and yielded the fruits of righteousness. The beauty of this admirable trait shone with great splendor, in his younger years. All remember the beautiful incident of the Father and Son! How the youth scorned to tell a lie when his parent asked him if he was the one who had injured the favorite tree! Without fear of punishment or chastisement, he bravely told his father that he was the one, - seeking not to cover the act under the cowardly and sinful mask of deception and falsehood! He won the confidence of every one; and all relied upon his word. And his noble spirit was about to ascend to the motherly bosom of its God, he could revert to the past scenes of his eventful life, and say, in the true sincerity of his heart, I was never guilty of uttering a lie! Punctual and honest in all his dealings with mankind, paying ever strict deference to Truth, he left a brilliant example for all to imitate. And may all pattern after the noble Washington! May all, like him, show fidelity to the Truth! that, as the sun of earthly life is going down in the horizon, ^{they} you can feel ^{they are to} you transmit to the world an untarnished and spotless name and have engraved upon the Monuments of Memory a name free from falsehood or deception!

Though Washington possessed many noble attributes and virtues yet he had his faults and imperfections. There are some ^{who} condemn the character of that good man, because he was a slaveholder. I truly appreciate the Godlike efforts of that noble band of Reformers who are striving to build up on earth the cause of Humanity, - to hasten the time when the Liberty Bell would ring its welcome and grateful notes over a land consecrated to Freedom, to the Love of God and Man. And here, in this connection, let me say, ^{that} the Edifice of Freedom is being built upon a foundation as sure and firm as the Rock of Ages; one that cannot be moved

from its basis by the oppositions of the slaveholding power. Their endeavors to establish the Right among the children of men meet the cordial approval of these brilliant, effulgent minds, which glitter in our Heavenly Constellation, beside receiving the crowning favors and smiles of an Overruling and Omnipotent Presence! I love to look from my Starry Heaven of Beauty and Truth upon these noble Representatives of Humanity, and watch the untiring perseverance which they manifest in their efforts to establish on earth Justice and Equality, - to sweep from Columbia the foulest blot which stains its fair escutcheon. And long after the framers and co-workers of iniquitous and oppressive measures shall have sunk in oblivion, their names rotted with their mortality, unwept, unseeing, unremembered, the brilliant stars of the noble martyrs of the Nineteenth Century will slowly and gracefully ascend the horizon, radiating the hearts of unborn millions with their heroic actions and deeds of humanity. And when the manacles and fetters of the oppressed beings now groaning in their bondage, shall fall from their limbs, and they shall breathe the fragrant air of Liberty, unstained with the miasma of slavery, - achieved through the strong and mighty endeavors of their generous champions, - the names of those brave martyrs will be emblazoned on their banners of Liberty, their memories stand enrolled on the pillars of Fame, as men who perilled their lives and liberties, to espouse the cause of their down-trodden and oppressed fellow-creatures!

To the noble soul of Washington, oppression, even in its mildest form, is repugnant and odious. He detested slavery in all its various phases, and took active measures to rid the Nation of this blighting curse, this insuperable barrier to its advancing prosperity and happiness. Often would he wander over his plantation, and witness, with a sorrowing heart, the condition of those men he called his slaves, and study how he might better their lot in life. He felt, that, to hold them as slaves, ^{it} was not consistent with the calling of a man, who was struggling for the freedom and independence of his country. He felt that all were entitled to blessings of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Many were the tears he shed in their behalf, many were ^{the} means he resorted in his mind, by which he might give to them their freedom. He looked forward with joy to the

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bright day when the Goddess of Liberty, from her pedestal, would admiringly gaze upon a land free from chains and fetters; when the ^{Colored} Tri-Strangled Banner would wave its graceful "Stars" over a Nation unpolluted by "Stripes," a Nation recognizing Eternal Brotherhood and Love, and a Heavenly Father, who is a Father of Persons. And no brighter page gilds the lovely Book of Washington's transient Name, than that one, on which are recorded those glorious deeds, which mark him as a man who was devoted to the liberties of all, who felt, with those in bonds, as one bound with them. The brave fathers of '76 felt and acknowledged the terrible sin of domestic slavery, and endeavored to expunge it from their midst, and hasten the time when its fætid breath should no longer poison the sweet and fragrant air of Freedom, when its blighting mildew should be expurgated from their dear native land, before ^{the} mild and genial rays of the dawning sun of Liberty. The patriotic and noble Drafter of the Declaration of Independence knew that one hour of domestic slavery was fraught with more misery and wretchedness, than many of those years of oppression and injustice which your fathers rose in rebellion to oppose, - while the system was so detestable and hateful to the generous and humane soul of good old Sam Adams, that he resolved no one should cross the threshold of his door, ^{who} that could not truly call themselves Freemen!

Then, would it not be a mark of charity, in that band of Reformers, who are struggling to break the manacles and fetters of the oppressed, and let them go free, to "bear and forbear" with Washington, on this particular point? Will they not take into consideration the barbarous and uncivilized age in which he lived; - the strong prejudices and opinions, which were current in his day, and which proved as insurmountable barriers to the glorious inception and dawn of that sound and healthy Humanism, which now finds a welcome place and response in the hearts of all who love Right and Equality! Will they not "forgive and forget" this one error in Washington's earthly life, and respect the memory of the man who achieved for them the liberty, of which they are the happy recipients, and who opened a channel, through his example, for the emancipation of the slaves, - who fought in Freedom's noble cause, that the proud Flag of America might wave its graceful folds, and throw

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the golden lustre of its brilliant Stars, over Son and Daughter of Columbia, who could truly say, I'm free!

Would it not be well, then, to let the many virtues which adorned his character, and crowned his honorable life with beauty and love, surmount that one error and fault of his illustrious mundane career? I feel that the just, and humane, and charitable portion of the intelligent community, will overlook and forgive that one fault of the man, who, at his death, restored his slaves to the full enjoyment of the inestimable blessings of freedom, rather than to have them pass into the hands of cruel and tyrannical taskmasters, and have his gentle spirit pained by beholding them endure the more horrid phases of oppression and injustice. Many probably will think that it was no ^{mark of} virtue in Washington to free his servants, - I despise the name of slaves, - when they could no longer be subjected to his control; but I admire the noble prompting of Humanity which glowed in his breast, at that time, - even though it was at the eleventh hour, - as his beautifully developing spirit was unfolding into the glorious liberty of the Sons of God! I appreciate and love him for it, and think all will do the same. How many are there, situated, at the present day, as he was, would go and do likewise?

Let the friends of Humanity, however, feel assured, that, had Washington's earthly life been spared to the present moment, there would not have been found a braver or nobler Champion of Human Rights, Freedom, and Equality, than himself. A firmer or more eloquent plea would not have ascended the Throne of the Eternal Father, in behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden American Slave, than ^{the one} he would have willingly offered up. By the side of the illustrious descendant of Josiah Quincy, the Patriot, would he have labored, and his voice would have mingled with his, calling upon the Men of the Nation, to uproot from that Constitution, which is considered to embody the paramount Laws of the United States, - everything which empowers them to enslave their fellow-creatures, - to hold in bondage those whom were designed by God to be free and equal with them. He would not have regarded the popular prejudices and opinions of the day, but would have battled earnestly and manfully on the side of Free-

down, with the sword of Justice in one hand, and the paramount Law of God in the other. No brighter star would crown ^{have} Humanity's Constellation, than that of George Washington!

Had he lived till the present time, the wisest, shrewdest of the able Fugitive Slave Bill, and the more modern Kansas and Nebraska Act, would not have dared to wound themselves around the dear form of Liberty, to insult the ^{independence} freedom of the country, and poison with their virus the perfumed air of these broad lands, devoted by the Fathers of 1820 to liberty and freedom. But upon this point I shall speak more fully in another letter. I trust that all will strive to emulate the many virtues of which were exemplified in the life and character of Washington, keeping in grateful remembrance his many noble qualities and deeds, and obliterating from memory his few faults and imperfections.

His beautiful spirit looks down from the Morning Land of Beauty, radiant with the Love of God and Man, upon a land still beloved and endeared to him. He enjoins upon its rulers, to love Justice, Mercy, and Equality, - to hate oppression and slavery in all their forms. Mighty nations have fell from their imperial grandeur, when they had attained their summit of wickedness. Let not such a fate fall upon America! Let Washington's hatred of oppression be an incentive for all to strive to make America a model Republic, a Nation of Freedom and Humanity! Let his bright example animate the hearts of all mankind, exciting them to glorious deeds of Piety and Love!

The faults of Washington forgive,

His errors all forget;

His virtues in the heart let live,

Until Time's sun shall set.

O! let his fair and honored name,

Be treasured deep by all;

And may the mantle of his fame

Upon his country fall.

From his unclouded sphere above,

He watches o'er mankind;

Reflects, from his bright home of Love,

The glories of his mind;

The lovely land, in which he fought; -

The land where brave men fell;

Where noble blood was dearly bought;

That Freedom there might dwell; -

He guards with jealous, anxious eye,

His progress and its rise;

Looks on it from his starry sky,

With love which never dies;

Impressing on the hearts of those,

Who guide the Ship of State,

That to all wrong they must be foes,

To be both good and great.

May all the rulers of your land

Clear to the just and right;

May they, with sincere heart and hand,

Engage in Freedom's fight;

And may they labor for the slave,

Sustain Columbia's fame;

That on the banners of the brave,

May shine its stainless name.

I loved Washington. His name and memory ^{were} dear unto my heart. I treasured the many incidents of his earthly life, and grasped eagerly at every thing which would give me an insight into the lovely character of that good man.

50 And O! how often have I wished, when an inhabitant of your earth, that my spirit might be folded into its higher life on that anniversary of that day, which gave birth to the ever-to-be-revered and immortal George Washington!

For a few days before my soul bade farewell to its aged casket, I felt strongly impressed that the tide of life was ebbing fast away, - that I should soon be released from the post of duty in the National Legislature below, to become a member of that glorious Congress of Spirits above, where are found many fearless Representatives of Truth, Love, and Justice, and where the veto power is ever exercised to denounce all sin, error, and tyranny, and everything which conflicts with the eternal principles of the Harmonial Brotherhood! A monitor within spoke to my soul, and bid it prepare for that nobler world above, to labor with the ^{kind} inhabitants which dwell in beauty there, in their work of Love and Righteousness.

A gentle Monitor of Love,
Sweetly bade me to prepare,
For my glorious home above, -
To live with angels fair;
To dwell with them in a bright sphere,
Where sin doth never come;
Where father, mother, children dear,
Enjoyed a heavenly home.

I longed for that effulgent day,
When I should dwell above,
With those who had been called away
To a bright world of love;
To chant with them eternal lays,
To Him who lives on high;
To sing with them sweet songs of praise
In their fair, starry sky.

51 At length, the joyful hour did come
When I was called away,
To live in a resplendent home,
A never-ending day.
In Legislative Halls I fell,
And entered my New Birth;
Forevermore in Heaven to dwell,
With those I loved on earth.

Parents, children, and friends most dear,
Greet me kindly by th' hand,
And welcomed me to their bright sphere,
To their celestial band, -
To aid them in the cause of Right;
Mankind from sin to free;
To labor in the work of light,
In an Eternity.

And O! what unbounded pleasure pervaded my spirit on meeting with those loved ones, gone before me to the joys of the upper world! How much happiness permeated my soul on meeting in Heaven father, mother, children, and other dear friends.

Dear loved ones, who had "gone before,"
Left friends on earth most dear,
Greeted me on Canaan's shore,
With words of joy and cheer;
They bade me welcome to their home,
To dwell with them above,
Where sin nor pain doth never come,
To mar their Heaven of love.

O! many bright and glowing minds
 Gild our seraphic land,
 Their holy light resplendent shines
 Upon the hearts of man.
 It weans their thoughts from things of earth
 Prepares them for that world,
 Where, in a fairer, brighter birth,
 Their spirits will unfold.

But I am diverging from my subject. I will now give you my greeting in the world of spirits. The unfolding of the principles of my immortal spirit occupied, I should judge, about two hours of your earthly time. During its development into the higher life, I was conscious of my beautiful transformation from corporeal to heavenly things. After my ^{spirit} had thoroughly divested ^{itself} of its claggy envelopment, and I could easily breathe the fragrant atmosphere of the Spiritual Country, I ~~still~~ perceived that I could still discern, through my newly unfolded vision, the objects pertaining to earth. I could gaze upon the aged and worn-out carter, which had subserved its holiest purpose - to perfect and refine the jewel, to adorn the diadem of Heaven. I heard eulogies pronounced over the lifeless remains, - many fulsome, - a few, impartial. I saw the Nation shrouded in black, - the Halls of Legislation decked in the symbols of mourning, while the thunder of the cannon would echo its eloquence over the hills and valleys of the American Republic. I saw Massachusetts take the inanimate clay to repose by the slumbering mortality of father and mother, and to mingle its dust with the soil of my dear New England Home! I saw many honest tears course down the cheeks of those loved ones connected to me by the strongest ties of consanguinity, as they committed the dust of a Father and Friend to its native element, to commingle with the sacred earth of dear and honored Quincy!

But I turned away from those things, to behold the untold beauties which had dawned upon my newly-awakened vision. It was about ten minutes, I should judge, before I beheld a single inhabitant of the Eden Country. But

I was not destined to wait long. As far as my spiritual eye was capable of extending itself, I perceived a small, luminous body, - like a moving cloud, in a hot, sultry day, when the rays of the sun were thrown upon it, - approaching me. Then came being revealed to my spirit-mind the glowing beauties attendant upon the greeting of an immortal into the ineffable joys of the spirit land. Slowly and gracefully did that beautiful barge of celestial, beatified life, glide along on the shining Lake of Immortality, to welcome a new arrival to its shores of Truth and Love. Nearer and nearer did it approach me. My enchanted soul was completely ^{absorbed} enchanted in the wondrous and sublime spectacle presented to my enraptured spiritual vision. Following that magnificent River of Immortal Life, I could perceive brilliant scintillations of light casting around a halo of glory, while the resplendent coronations which emanated from it, illuminated and radiated the whole spirit land with their effulgent power and lustre. Now it is near enough to me to distinguish the millions of souls which ^{are} riding upon its glorified surface. The scene is now one of such surpassing brilliancy, that it dazzles my whole interior being. The flowing of that tide of life had ^{now} ceased. Out of that band of beatified immortals, appeared two glorious forms, followed by others not less beautiful. They drew nearer and nearer unto me. A few moments more, and the soul of John Quincy Adams was ushered into the glorious embrace of a spirit father and mother, and other dear ones, who had long ago passed from earth into Eternal Life. The first greeting was by my sainted mother, which is related in the early portions of these letters. Then my beloved father welcomed me to the realms of Immortal Glory and Love, took me kindly by the hand, and in the presence of the beatified angels of Paradise, dedicated me to the eternal service of Heaven. "My son," he said, "welcome to thy new sphere of duty; welcome to thy brighter, higher life; welcome to our glorious Bowers of Eden, to labor in a more elevated sphere than that which characterized thee on earth. With us will you labor to overthrow all sin and error, and establish, among the children of men, Harmonious Unity and Truth. Welcome, thrice welcome, immortal spirit of my noble son, to the ineffable delights of our Progressive Heaven, to enjoy with us the glories of our Sunny Land. Here upon the glittering scroll of Eternal Life is written our Declaration of Inde-

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pendence, which advocates Freedom of Thought, Discussion, Freedom, both in body and mind. It also, promulgates principles consonant with Love and Harmony, recognizes the glorious Fatherhood of God and the Unity of the Whole Human Race. May you ever, my son, be a fearless champion of its Godlike precepts, a faithful Representative of its lovely and divine teachings, - that you may, through a pure and highly-cultivated spirit life, approach nearer and nearer the brilliant Throne of the Sun of Righteousness! But there is another resplendent scene which is about to dawn upon your newly-unfolded Being!"

On looking upward, I beheld the beautiful River, which ^{had} borne such a mighty host of immortals upon its surface, separate, so as to leave two distinct sides or lines, with a perfect channel running through the centre. In the far distance, upon this road, I perceived ^{arrived} another body of celestials approaching me. And if the other one was marked, in its career, with great grandeur and sublimity, how much more transcendently beautiful was this one! The beautiful Bow of Promise, set in the clouds, reflecting its prismatic colors on the beating hearts of millions, was ^{as} might compared to this. In its triumphant march, it bore along with it the fragrant odor from the flowery realms. The whole atmosphere was filled with ^{the} aroma wafted to us from the upper spheres.

Like the other, that magnificent River of Immortality ceased flowing when it arrived to a certain point. Then, from off its sparkling surface, glided many brilliant forms, clothed in vestments of lily-white Purity. My attention ^{was} attracted to two personages, who were rapidly approaching me, and who were dressed, not like the others, but in full military costumes similar to those worn by the soldiers during the Revolutionary War. I was surprised at this, but did ^{not} demand an explanation at that time, for my soul was too much absorbed in the glorious splendor of the enchanting scene presented to my enraptured vision, ^{for me} to indulge in any interrogatories. They were not, however, near enough, for me to recognize their features. I now perceived that they had ceased approaching me, and appeared to be closely engaged in conversation. Presently, I saw them separate, one coming towards me, the other remaining where the approaching spirit had left him. The most profound silence reigned throughout the Spirit home, save

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the gentle vibrations from golden harps, which wafted upon the air the sweetest strains of music I ever heard. Soon that beatified angel was by my side, and I immediately recognised in his form and features a well-known and beloved friend! O! the ineffable delights and joys, which accompanied that ^{which} resplendent recognition! O! the innumerable host of memories which it conjured up, and brought to mind many glorious incidents of the "still living Past!" And will not all, who read this portion of this letter, ^{become} participate with me, ⁱⁿ my happiness, - will their hearts thrill with unutterable joy, when I state, that that glorified personage, which thus met and welcomed me, was none other than the noble, the brave, the chivalric spirit of Gilbert Motier de La Fayette!?

Yes, I enjoyed the inestimable privilege of again grasping the hand of that brave and good man, who, filled with the generous impulses of an honest heart and conscience, left his dear native land, and crossed the mighty waters, to assist a struggling infant Nation to gain its freedom and independence, just as the Star of Liberty was ascending the horizon, and which afterwards shone with such ethereal splendor over the plains of Concord and Lexington, and the heights of Bunker Hill! Glad indeed was I once more to embrace the living form of that man, who sacrificed his earthly life, his fortunes, his all, for the welfare and prosperity of a land, which was striving to gain the inalienable rights "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

But hear Lafayette's cordial welcome. Taking me by the hand, ⁱⁿ a sweet and musical strain, commenced ~~an~~ addressing me in the following language: "My beloved friend and brother! It gives me unspeakable pleasure to welcome you in your nobler birth - to this glorious abode of angels. You have earned for yourself a brilliant earthly fame, - one which can never be taken from you. It will descend far into future generations. No earthly power can erase from the pages of that lovely fame the glowing deeds which stand recorded there, and which ^{formed an honorable} ~~have~~ ~~marked~~ ~~these~~ mundane life. Parents will teach their children and children children to emulate thy many virtues, and keep in grateful remembrance the noble memories which adorn and cluster round the honored earthly name of John Quincy Adams! If the inward convictions, that you have performed your duties faithfully and well on earth, and that your virtues are cherished by a force

56 and affectionate people, bring with them a happy reward, how much greater, must you feel, is to be your recompense here, in the Eternal World, where you are to be crowned with a resplendent Immortality!

"Doubtly pleasant is this greeting to me, my brother, from the host of lovely memories which now throng my spirit-mind. It flows back to those days when I trod the scenes of earthly life. They are very pleasant to me. You will remember, when you held the dignified office of ~~President~~ ^{Secretary} of the United States, that ~~you~~ ^{an} extended ~~an~~ invitation, ^{whole} through the voices of the Nation's Representatives, and in fact, of the people of the Federal Government, to visit once more the country in whose cause I early enlisted. I accepted it, and became, to use ~~your own~~ ^{the immortal phrase at that time employed} language, the Nation's Guest. After having visited several memorable places, - the dearest one of which to me was the hallowed spot where slumbered all that could die of Washington, and his noble mother, I retired from the soil of America, from its pleasant associations and connections, which had become deeply woven into every fibre of my human existence, - never more to visit ~~them~~ in the earthly form. A few years rolled away, and the spirit of Lafayette bade farewell to the earth, and soared upward to realms of Eternal Beauty, to again labor by the side of that noble band of men, whose glorious deeds of heroic chivalry shine so conspicuously in the annals of France, - men who dared to resist the tyranny of despotic monarchs, to serve faithfully the noblest impulses of their souls, - to serve their God and Humanity. Yes, my brother, I was again to mingle in that glorified company of brave men, whose noble earthly names stand enrolled on the immortal Declaration of Independence, which declares "all men are created free and equal," and whose lives and purposes below were so completely threaded together, as to form one beautiful harmonious whole.

"And now, my brother, in behalf of the glorified millions of this celestial Paradise, do I accord to you a cheerful welcome. By the side of the beatified spirits of thy father and mother wilt thou labor, besides receiving the numerous congratulations and fervent wishes of the heavenly hosts, that your

57 progressive spirit-life may be as glorious and beautiful, as your earthly one was marked with great grandeur and sublimity! May the elements of eternal being fast unfold in heavenly beauty and love, the intuitive principles of your immortal soul rapidly develop in progressive Purity and Goodness, that you may be enabled to attain those high, harmonious spheres, which all intelligent spirits are striving to gain, where dwell many resplendent celestials, the light of whose brilliant minds once illuminated a benighted world, - the brightest of which in that glorious galaxy is the effulgent spirit of the Immaculate Jesus of Nazareth! We are all cultivating our spiritual natures, that we may become indwelled in those happy circles. May the lofty aspirations of your gifted spirit-mind forever soar to the Throne of Infinite Goodness, and your labors be for the common good of all. But I will not attempt to describe to you the glories of your mission, for illustrations will be presented to your spiritual vision, which will be more potent than any language which I might employ. And once more, I bid you, in behalf of this mighty Congress of Spirits, a hearty and sincere welcome. And in my farewell address to you, as I was about to leave the shores of America, I will extract a single sentence, to give force and weight to my welcome, which is, "I shall accept the warm and cordial outpourings of my overflowing heart. Its 'throbs' will ever labor for your eternal happiness and progression. Such is the true and honest welcome of your faithful friend, who rejoices now in no empty titles or high sounding names, but simply de Lafayette!"

O! welcome, brother, to our land,

Of beauty, truth, and love;

Welcome to our glorious land,

Of angels here above;

That Happiness may crown your life,

And deck your spirit fair;

Engage your soul in noble strife, -

Will be my earnest prayer."

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Almighty Dispenser of Good, that blissful period, when the gates of Paradise shall be opened to ^{man} and its glorious beauties unfolded to his mental capacities; when shall flow on the heavenly telegraph of wisdom bright emanations of truth, to spiritualise his untutored and erring nature; when the mourner shall be comforted by endearing and convincing messages from the loved departed; when the infidel shall endorse the immortality of the soul, by holding direct communication with the interior world, which shall appeal to his reasoning powers and faculties, and not to his outward senses; and finally, Father, when Heaven shall be wedded to Earth, and the light of angels illuminate the souls of all, uprooting from them all sin and error, and making the whole world a celestial Paradise of Beauty and Love. And I would invoke thy divine blessing to rest upon that Nation, whose service I have recently departed. Fill the hearts of its rulers with the humanities of thy self, and cause them to feel, that, without thy love dwelling in their souls, it will be hard for them to enter thy kingdom. Eradicate from its government all wrong and grievous sins, and above all, its foulest stain, Slavery. Hasten the time which shall know it no more: when thy mighty Law of Love shall be recognized by the whole Human Race, when all shall embrace one common Brotherhood and Universal Christianity, sitting under their own fig tree and vine, with none to molest, none to make afraid. Then will thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in Heaven: Thy children will be filled with the light of thy countenance, their natures will be etherealized by the all-permeating influences of thy Holy Spirit, and they will worship thee in holiness and truth, who art the God of Nature, the Well-Spring of Truth, the Animating Spirit of Life Immortal. Amen.

The moment I ceased uttering my humble Invocation, sweet strains of heavenly music, full of Harmony and Love, were wafted to me through the balmy Eden air, which plainly impressed me with the near presence of other brilliant immortals. The first, which approached me, I did not recognise; but Lafayette, who was my Instructor on this occasion, told me it was one, spirit-

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who won a high-sounding earthly name, through brilliant warlike deeds and achievements, but whose closing days were spent in lonely exile upon the barren island of St. Helena, where no sound greeted his ears, save the wild clashing of the billows as they echoed their noisy eloquence over the sands of his solitary home: It was none other than the immortal spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte! I gazed with pride and exultation upon his receding form, - which was now passing from me, - and reviewed in my mind his many brave and noble deeds. Whatever personal ambitions he may have sought for, yet I cannot but feel, but at the foundation of them all, there laid the glory and honor of his beloved France! But he is again approaching, but not alone. By his side is a beautiful spirit, upon whose lofty brow is enthroned all the lovely graces of a true woman, - whose gifted mind blends with his in sweet Harmony and Love. The nobleness of her soul is read in every feature of her beautiful spirit-form. It is Napoleon's beloved and tender-hearted Josephine! Separation is known no more to them. Partly dissembling reaches not them now, to break that beautiful unity of soul which crowns their harmonised spirit-life! Illaudable aspirations cannot divorce that tie of Love which unites soul with soul in their glorified existence.

Many other resplendent forms flitted before my opening vision, some known and others unknown to me, - but each one crowned with the golden laurel of Immortal Truth and Love. But the appearance of two personages attracts my close and earnest attention. My Instructor informs me, that they are two who were antagonistic to one another in the earlier portions of their spirit-life, - arising, I believe, from some disputed earthly right or title. But through the genial influences of their beatified existences, and the salutary instructions of high and ennobling intelligences, their spiritual natures have become harmonized and united. They have been indwellers, I am informed, in the Progressive Spheres, some two or three centuries. They have done much good for mankind, made important discoveries and explorations in the mundane world, and opened mighty

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channels of navigation to a then unknown country, but now peopled with vast concourse of civilised and industrial life, who bless the daring spirit of the men, who crossed the broad and trackless ocean, to plant the first germs of freedom and civilisation upon a rude and barren soil, to be transmitted to unborn generations. Look, my brother, and you will perceive the manner they bore when they trod the scenes of mortal existence." I gazed upon them, and on the tablets of their minds, I found engraved the earthly titles, - Christopher Columbus and Amerigo Vesputius!

And here, Mr. Brigham, is another instance of spirit power, guidance, and direction. What, but the angels from on high, could have fortified and strengthened the heart of the brave Columbus against all perils and obstacles, and enabled him, and his intrepid crew, in the dark ages of inferior navigation, to cross the vasty deep, to fathom and explore the hidden recesses and mysteries of that extensive, but unknown world, which laid beyond the roaring billows of the mighty Atlantic? What, but the all-conquering influences of spiritual agencies could have disarmed him of all fears of an unsuccessful expedition, and encouraged him with buoyant hopes of a triumphant passage to undiscovered realms beyond the dark blue waters? What daring promptings could have influenced that noble spirit of the Age to leave the shores of the Old World, and launch upon the briny wave to seek new lands, - the existence of which was based on mere hope, - what, I say, could have thus roused him to action, but the beautiful inflowings of spiritual protection and guidance, which were urging him on to that decisive and important step! How strongly and beautifully illustrative of Angelic Ministration, is that sublime instance! That heroic soul despaired not, for he felt that the presence of higher powers was with him, speaking unto his soul heart encouragement and cheer! When far away from scenes he loved, with nothing around him but the wild upheaving ocean, threatening every moment to engulf his frail and humble bark, the Spirit of Love, from the Lake of Immortality, would move the inmost recesses of his being with brilliant and cheering hopes! When the

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hearts of his crew became turbulent and desponding, the still, small voice of Him, who rides on the winds of Eternity, would whisper, for our words of consolation, while his ministering, willing agents, would waft its heavenly echo, "Peace be still!"

The fact cannot be disputed, that guardian angels have consorted and watched the destinies of mankind, from time immemorial. The instance, which I have just related, is not the only one which stands recorded on the great calendar of the Past; numerous others might be cited, to prove and strengthen the faith in immortal and superior intelligences have ever guided and swayed the world with their heaven-born influences and powers; and in the course of these letters, I shall more fully prove and verify this important fact. No new principle in the Arts and Sciences, or in true Christianity, has ever sprung into active existence, but what might be traced to the intervention of overruling powers, - those heavenly and faithful Representatives of Love and Truth, employed by the All-Animating Spirit of the Universe, to subserve his wise and holy ends. But the hearts of mankind have been so strongly cemented to corporeal things, as to shut from their crevices the inflowings of the radiant beings of this land of Beauty, who have long yearned to speak to them from their Spirit-Life! The immortal soul has been so powerfully barred and clogged in the Gordians of Public Opinion, Sectarianism, Popularity, Superstition, and above all, a false and unhealthy Education, that the beautiful powers and influx of the ministering ones of Heaven have been unable to reach it with their inborn love, to cause it to leap the barriers which bind and fetter it, and stand upon the mighty foothold of Everlasting Light and Truth! Man has studied and endorsed the material, - and rejected the spiritual. He lays up for himself treasures upon earth, to gratify the cravings of a transitory mundane life, where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; but gives no heed to the hoarding of those imperishable treasures of Heaven, which bring with them the sure reward of Eternal Life, and unalloyed Happiness.

The so-called Salem Witchcraft furnishes a vivid example of the attempts of Spirits to manifest their presence to earth's children. So zealous and earnest were they to convince a benighted world of the glorious state of the soul after it had passed beyond the confines of mundanity, that they did not foresee the lamentable results which would ensue from ^{their} holy desires and loving wishes. They soon perceived, however, that the souls of man were not ripe enough to feast of the golden fruit from the Tree of Life Eternal. They analyzed the human heart, and found that the flower of Infinite Love blossomed not there, but that the whole interior nature was cankered by an unnatural ^{and perverse} education. And gladly did they wait till the dawn of that blissful period, when man's nature would be elevated above all prejudice, and they be enabled to bring to him their peace and love-offerings from the overflowing harvest of God, to render fragrant his life below. Ardently did they labor to purify the elements of his being, to impress him with lovely thoughts, and prepare his untutored soul for that brilliant day, when the veil, which shrouded the "Mystic Land" in darkness, should be drawn aside, and its untold delights and beauties be unfolded to his thirsting Spirit. Nobly did they set about their laborious task. Those loving hearts knew no discouragements or failures. Intent on doing their Master's will, zealous to wed Humanity to the Spirit-Life, earnest to educate man in the principles of his Progressive Soul, their heavenly natures covered not before obstacles and disparagements. Thus slowly, but surely, were the minds of earth's children being impressed and prepared for those glorious revelations, spoken of in the Bible, when the gates of the heavenly city should be opened to the "shrouded soul of earth," and it should penetrate the sublime realities of a transcendent Antiquity, and fathom the unending depths of the Ocean of Immortality. The Star of Truth, which guided that wise man to worship at the shrine of its infant germ, still brightly shines in the firmament above, to lead the soul from the ways of error, unto realms of Eternal Glory and Bliss. Around that resplendent Central Orb, revolve many brilliant Representatives, which derive alimant and lustre from its imparting

power. Its light will never quench or dim, but brighter shine unto the perfect day, until all shall ^{feel} its heavenly influence, infusing itself into their being. No opposition or prejudice will darken the glory of that beaming Star. The controlling agents of Spirits may be persecuted and reviled, "hung as witches," yet that crowning Light will unobscured gleam, until all shall acknowledge the truth, as revealed through the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth!

The crowning Star of Love and Truth,
Will brilliant ever shine;
To warm with life our "Sunny Youth,"
With Purity divine.
Its golden light will fall on man,
Illumine with joy each hour;
Attract his soul to Eden's land,
To deck our heavenly tower.

I have wandered somewhat from the history of my reception and meeting with the Pure and Faithful, to give weight and support to my subject, through illustrative arguments. I will now return to it. But before I proceed, I must state, that readers of these letters must not be surprised if, in any part, I seem to ~~seem~~ to assume the present tense instead of the past. There is no Past in Eternity, it is all a glorious Present.

After having been cordially received by the beautiful spirits of Columbus and Vesputius, they stationed themselves among the goodly number who had crowned me with their sincere congratulations and welcomes. Another radiating being is now approaching me, the light of Love and Purity radiating its glowing majestic and commanding is his figure! The glories of his winged reflect their brilliant scintillations on surrounding hearts, and fill them with angelic power. The noblest instincts of a generous soul beam forth in every outline of his celestial countenance. The glorious Orb of Earth, throwing its strong light on

a mirror, reflects its radiance on surrounding objects. So did that bright Orb of Truth, embodied in the effulgent form of a beautiful spirit, illuminate the souls of all with the resplendent coruscations which emitted from its mirror-mind. It approaches nearer unto me. It comes not decked in ^{the} garb of many of the immortal forms encircling me, but attired simply and unostentatiously. It wore the British uniform, - a dress identical to its life on earth, when it trod the bloody and scarred seams of the battle-field, and heard the thunder of the booming cannon, as it carried along the groans and shrieks of the dying soldier. The war-plans have resounded with his deeds of valor. But ah! the closing lines of his earthly existence were darkened by many scenes of war. His departure was ignominious. His name has dwelt on many a tongue in sorrow and pity, and yet, in admiration and praise of his noble and brave qualities, and his commanding, matchless eloquence. He is now by my side. He grasps my hand. Our souls come mingled together, and we become brothers in spirit. His exalted and gifted mind now echoes the following beautiful language:

"Brave and noble Champion of Human Rights: thy voice is no longer heard, in lofty strains of exalted eloquence, proclaiming exultant soul rejoices in this meeting of thy exalted spirit. Though thou wast not known to me in the earthly life, yet that beautiful tie of affinity, which has attracted so many of the just and faithful to you, draws my soul to communion with thine in a glorious union. Thou wast young in years when my word led forth on immortality. The bud of your beautiful childhood was just opening its fragrant petals into a harmonized manhood, when my spirit was called away from the scenes of active strife and contention below, to mingle in the lights of the better country. You will know the closing disengagement of my mortal existence. You have shed for me a pitying tear, - for one who meant no harm - who endeavored to prove himself loyal to his country, - though it might be wrong - you have felt, with many others, that I deserved a better fate. The only boon I asked, was denied, - to die a soldier's death! I craved not life, or worldly distinctions. I desired to die the death of the righteous, as becometh an honorable and up-right Man.

I have witnessed, with pride and exultation, your glorious earthly career. You have stormed, nobly, the citadel of oppression, and shown to the world a brilliant sample of a fearless Man. The threats of an unrighteous people did not cause you to cringe from your noble endeavors. Hempden cords and midnight assassinations startled you not. You feared your God, and strove to serve Him. Humanity and Progress were ever your watchwords and motto. You enlisted under their banners, and contended bravely against their enemies. The down-trodden and oppressed ever found in you a friend. In private or in forum, your voice was ever ready to engage, in noble strife, in the dearest cause which can enlist the heart of man, - Liberty! When the Star of Freedom darkened and grew dim, and heavy clouds ob- scured its lurid sky, all eyes were turned to one brilliant mind which glittered in the Galaxy of Humanity, to restore it to its pristine light and glory; - and that name was yourself, - John Quincy Adams, - rightly, appropriately, and nobly named, - the "Old Man Eloquent."

"The noisy disensions of an earthly Congress are forever over-ruled. A solemn stillness reigns in the lower world, because of the departure of thy noble spirit from its earthly tenement, to a better land. A glorious star has now faded from earth's constellation. All feel its light, and acknowl- edge with thine in a glorious union. Party men, who would have turned and broke thy exalted spirit, now suspend hostilities, and let fall a silent tear over the inanimate body which was called away from the scenes of active strife and contention below, to mingle in the lights of the better country. You will know the closing disengagement of my mortal existence. You have shed for me a pitying tear, - for one who meant no harm - who endeavored to prove himself loyal to his country, - though it might be wrong - you have felt, with many others, that I deserved a better fate. The only boon I asked, was denied, - to die a soldier's death! I craved not life, or worldly distinctions. I desired to die the death of the righteous, as becometh an honorable and up-right Man.

⁶⁸ deep-toned, thundering eloquence. All equipped and harnessed for the Battle of Right, thy immortal nature was elevated to its holier existence, to watch and inspire the hearts of man with glorious truths and revelations.

"Though an indweller in the higher spheres, yet thy soul will not be insensible to the delights and pleasures of the world below. The associations which twined around your earthly memory will lose none of their adorned beauties, now that you are an inhabitant of the Celestial Country. Your mind will still range and explore the sublime unfoldings of the works of Nature, will trace, in its wondrous laws of wisdom, the mighty handiwork of our Omnipresent Being, and discern, with greater glory and splendor, the developing germs of the Flowers of Harmony and Progression. Your soul will bathe in all, Elzian pleasures, which crowned your life on earth, now quickened and vitalized by the refining process, through which you have been called to pass. Your spirit will wander up the broad aisle of that Church, where you have been accustomed to worship in the earthly existence, and greet those familiar friends, whose affections twined, in holy communion, around your heart; like the vine unto the parent stem. You will still hear words of wisdom flowing from the lips of your former Pastor, and peradventure, be enabled to impress him of your ever-living presence.

"Nor will the musical strains of your eloquent voice be silenced. Be sure, they will not be heard through the medium of an aged body; but as time rolls on, and the souls of man become ripe for the glorious advent of Spirit Emanations, your voice, through human organisms, will utter forth its heavenly matins, drawing all hearts unto you, blending them, in holy and Christian unison. The "still, small voice" will also be heard in the Halls of Legislation, where a large portion of your valuable life was spent. It will speak, and plead for your oppressed brother in chains, and fill the hearts of the National Representatives with the love of God, mercy, and Justice. Its silvery tones will impress them with tender admonitions, - teach them to love righteousness, and hate wickedness. The voice which could not be hush-

⁶⁹ ed on earth, will never be silenced in Heaven, but reverberate unto man, in the grateful echoes, the same notes of joyous acclamation, which characterized it below. Thus will it ever be. Your immortal soul will permeate all those lovely delights, to which it was attached, when shrouded in the clayey East. It will roam at pleasure, over all those scenes and localities, where it first received the radi-
ments of Immortal Glory and Eternal Fame.

"The cultivation of the powers of thy spirit on earth has acquired for thee a sphere proportionate to its development. With the glorified of Heaven your unfolded soul wander, traversing, as its beautiful principles become developed into its New Birth, all those magnificent series of harmonies and progress which leadeth its aspiring nature to realms of Perfection and Infinite Goodness. The same graces which adorned thy resplendent life below, will be evidenced here in all their native splendor and glory. The active powers of thy effulgent mind will still throw their glowing rays upon the human heart, and lighten, with their reflective brilliancy, the unlearned and fettered soul. And may that golden diadem of Immortality which decks thy lofty brow, increase in splendor and power, as the transcendent gems of Truth and Love become engrafted in it. Thus onward will your enraptured soul progress, knowing no retrogression or sorrow, ranging the boundless expanse of Eternity, - penetrating the sublime realities of the Omnipresent Future. Where the sorrows and distresses of thy fellow-creatures attract thy Heaven-born sympathies, no matter how distant in the Eternal Realms thou mayst be from them, upon the exercise of the volatile powers of thy independent will, in a second's time thou wilt be with them, to bind up the afflicted heart with the healing balm of Spirit consolation.

"And now I will draw my greeting to a close. O! may your bright spirit be filled with kindred affections and heavenly affinities! May your glorious soul imbibe all the crowning beauties of this celestial Paradise! And as you roam through the Seraph Spheres of our Star-constellated Sky, may you learn its beautiful permeating laws which govern them, that you may be enabled to educate the souls of man in their lovely principles, when spirit communion shall dawn

70 upon the mundane world, to bless its inmates with innovating truths and influences. May the Holy Spirit of the Almighty Father shine upon your awakened soul, and his heavenly love crown your unfolded, celestial Birth!

And here, the beautiful spirit of John Anderson, - for all must have recognized him ere this, - ceased speaking to me, and seemed to be waiting for a new phase in his greeting. Presently, a brilliant and sylph-like form was seen gracefully moving towards us, - more splendid and glorious in its appearance and triumphal march, than any which had heretofore welcomed me, - because it bore along with it all the sublimities of a beautiful spirit-childhood. Its Barge of joyous innocence soon creaved into us, and its little aerial inhabitants glided along by our side, bearing in its hand a lovely wreath of spirit-flowers. Coming towards me, she, ^{gave} me the fragrant offering of love, saying: "From the bright realms of Innocence and Love do I bear to thee this simple garland of spirit-affection, - wreathed from the fairest flowers of our blooming garden of Eden. May it twine around your noble brow, - each flower encircling it as fast as thy own spotless fame. Wreathed by cherub hands, they have commissioned me to present it to you, as an humble testimonial of their high appreciation of your exalted character. The bright-winged angels of heaven have watched your illustrious earthly career. Their sweet-loved impressions have felt upon your beautiful soul, even as the gentle rain descends upon the parched earth, to water ^{it} with a Maker's love. When the spirit faltered in its noble work, they strengthened and inspired it with new vigor and action. Their angelic ministrations ^{threw} about thee a halo of glory, and they whispered to thy soul, "Fear not; do thy work nobly; and a glorious inheritance will be thine."

"Wouldst thou know, beloved saint of Heaven, my little earthly history, as it was imparted to me by my dear heavenly teacher. I was born of a slave mother. My father I never knew. I was only two days an inhabitant of the corporeal planet. God took the little budding plant home to Him, to bloom in his beautiful Paradise, where chains are never forged or life, new and evernew beauties will everywhere greet you, clothed in im-

71 for the limbs of the children he loves. The lovely ministrations of guarding that sorrowing parent of earth was my happy portion. When I became "affiliated" into my own home, my soul was drawn to that darling mother. And when that heart was bleeding from the cruelties of the oppressor, I would weave around it the sweet flowers of an angel's child's love. When brooding at night over her sorrows and trials, would I take my little harp and sing to her God's love and care for all his children. Their heavenly music would vibrate upon the cords of the heart, and fill it with joy and happiness. Then would I impress her with beautiful visions of my radiant home, where the North Star of a Heavenly Father's love brightly gleams, to guide the afflicted soul to port of Freedom and Eternal Rest. O! how I love that mother! Though my youth ^{and} soul could not appreciate her worth, during the little ^{that} while it dwelt upon earth, yet I fondly and fervently love her, because I feel she is my mother. And my spirit-power will ever influence that cherished, until her bright and loving, shall unfold into the sweet embrace of her cherub child.

My Heavenly Father crowned me with the golden diadem of his never-fading love, as my celestial teachers inform me, nearly sixteen years ago. My extreme youth prevented me from realizing the transition from material to spiritual things. But as the little germ, born on earth, began to develop itself into the beauties and harmonies of the heavenly sphere, I became aware of the pleasures and sorrows of the world I had departed. Through the careful tuition of my spirit-guardian, I became educated into those beautiful laws of Almighty Wisdom, which govern alike sublimity and heavenly things. I contemplated, with infinite delight, the magnificent unfoldings of the glorious works of God below, and witnessed, with equal pleasure, the rapid march of the progressive spirit, as it proceeded, in its winding course, through all those boundless, supernal spheres, which extend ^{which} to infinity, - and know no cessation nor termination. And thus, as your beautiful spirit, becomes harmonized into its bright or life, new and evernew beauties will everywhere greet you, clothed in im-

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mortal grandeur and sublimity. And may that lovely mind, which has imparted to mankind many jewels of intrinsic worth, still sparkle in all its words of greeting, other bright forms, from the spheres of Innocence and Purity, approached unto me, and placed in my hands angel flowers of immortal beauty. Each garland with which I was crowned, was emblematic of some sublime trait, such as Love, Goodness, Virtue, Mercy, Purity, Humility, Meekness, and so on. But one token was presented to me, which most especially pleased my receptive vision. It was a beautiful allegorical representation of a vessel at sea, undergoing all the calamities of an impending shipwreck. The clouds overcast the sky, the lightning flashes with fearful brilliancy, and the deep and heavy thunder reverberates o'er the briny deep, while the surging waves threaten every moment to founder that noble vessel. All the crew desert her in despair, and take to the boats, but are unable to withstand the fury of the tempest, and are engulfed, in a short time, beneath the rolling billows. But one brave heart refuses to leave her, determined to stand by, or perish with her. Faithfully he guides her, steering her from all shoals and quicksands, feeling assured that his Father is at the helm. For several days he drifts about on the wild, tempestuous sea, alone, and unattended, save by the mighty presence of an Overruling Providence, and the spirits of guardian genies. Suddenly his whole soul is animated with the liveliest emotions of joy, his countenance is lighted up with the purest gratitude to his Heavenly Father for his wonderful preservation. In the far distance, he discerns a light breaking from the clouds, which evidences to his mind a cessation of the raging tempest. Soon the appearance of the brilliant Orb of day delights the sight of the lone mariner, and he falls on his knees, and thanks his God for preserving him through all the protracted storm. Soon the clouds disperse, and the beautiful Sun gleams forth in all its meridian glory; and where the waters were discordant and rife with all the tumultuous passions of an angry tempest, were now without a ruffle, waving along in beautiful harmony. In a short time, that faithful pilot arrived at his destined port in safety, where a new and ready crew stood ready to follow his fate and fortunes.

And now, bright and beautiful spirit of John Quincy Adams, I crown you with my wreath of love. May your lofty soul rapidly progress in Infinite Goodness and Purity, and your noble nature aspire to those beatified realms, from which my own spirit-love now flows to you. I go from whence I came. Farewell, pure and glorified spirit. May you soon dwell with me in my radiant sphere, and the brilliant stars of the love revolve in glory around that fadeless Orb, whose light once shone in unspeakable splendor o'er a martyred life. To him I go, to repose in the faithful bosom of his love, who welcomes all to his fond embrace—the matured and advanced spirit with a 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord,' and the infant-born, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"O! may thy noble powers be given,
To lead the soul from earth to Heaven;
To draw the hearts of man to Him,
Whose brilliant love will never dim;
And through a noble life of love,
Thy soul will soar to spheres above."

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(Aug 1, '55) As soon as that beautiful Spirit-Child had uttered its joyous words of greeting, other bright forms, from the spheres of Innocence and Purity, approached unto me, and placed in my hands angel flowers of immortal beauty. Each garland with which I was crowned, was emblematic of some sublime trait, such as Love, Goodness, Virtue, Mercy, Purity, Humility, Meekness, and so on. But one token was presented to me, which most especially pleased my receptive vision. It was a beautiful allegorical representation of a vessel at sea, undergoing all the calamities of an impending shipwreck. The clouds overcast the sky, the lightning flashes with fearful brilliancy, and the deep and heavy thunder reverberates o'er the briny deep, while the surging waves threaten every moment to founder that noble vessel. All the crew desert her in despair, and take to the boats, but are unable to withstand the fury of the tempest, and are engulfed, in a short time, beneath the rolling billows. But one brave heart refuses to leave her, determined to stand by, or perish with her. Faithfully he guides her, steering her from all shoals and quicksands, feeling assured that his Father is at the helm. For several days he drifts about on the wild, tempestuous sea, alone, and unattended, save by the mighty presence of an Overruling Providence, and the spirits of guardian genies. Suddenly his whole soul is animated with the liveliest emotions of joy, his countenance is lighted up with the purest gratitude to his Heavenly Father for his wonderful preservation. In the far distance, he discerns a light breaking from the clouds, which evidences to his mind a cessation of the raging tempest. Soon the appearance of the brilliant Orb of day delights the sight of the lone mariner, and he falls on his knees, and thanks his God for preserving him through all the protracted storm. Soon the clouds disperse, and the beautiful Sun gleams forth in all its meridian glory; and where the waters were discordant and rife with all the tumultuous passions of an angry tempest, were now without a ruffle, waving along in beautiful harmony. In a short time, that faithful pilot arrived at his destined port in safety, where a new and ready crew stood ready to follow his fate and fortunes.

The lesson which this beautiful representation pictured to mortal life was fraught with the purest joys and pleasures; that the ties, which⁷⁵ my mind was: It mirrored to my admiring gaze, the Pilgrim of Truth were severed on earth, would be united in heaven, never more to be sundered starting on the ocean of life, with a few Apostles, to promulgate his teachings, and assist him in establishing the kingdom of God in the hearts of man. The wind and tide of Sectarianism threaten to dash the anchor of his sweet, fragrant flowers, which would be as tangible to the spirit touch, as hopes to pieces, but he sails majestically along, defying its angry tempest: the gathering of them from the ~~world~~^{verdant} fields of the lower world, or hear the At length, his followers despair, and desert him; and thereby become engulphed in the labyrinth of Popular Opinion and Prejudice. But the noble large joy, the beauty of which has so, gladdened and delighted my soul on of that Pilgrim, - whose name is Progression, - still glides along, piloted many a sunny morn of corporeal life. But the heavenly joys which wel- by a steady hand and heart. The waves of public discussions roll over it, the corned my aspiring soul, served to enhance its happiness and glory, and on- shoals and quicksands of cramped creeds and theologies threaten to shipwrecked me. To feel the strong necessity of entering the winds of mortals into the it, but its Hardy and courageous helmsman triumphantly overrides them. So principles and laws which govern the "Man within," to regenerate their the sky become clear, - the brilliant Sun of Righteousness radiates his way, hearts with exalted hopes and divine aspirations, and better fit and pre- the clouds of Superstition pass from the heavens, - and he arrives in safe-^{existence} pare them for the life to come.

Man's soul, from the foundation of his ^{the} life, has yearned for a more satisfactory knowledge of life beyond the grave, than that which has been furnished him, through the medium of creeds and dogmas deduced from Biblical authority. The theologies of the churches, - their wrangling discord-
ance and inconsistent faiths, - have not satisfied the ardent cravings of his
yearning spirit; but, on the contrary, they have sunk him still lower, if popu-
lar love passed from me to the ~~form~~ flower-valleys of the Upper Para-
dise, to watch, from the holy towers of their Zion, the advancing progress of
the human affections from all that is lovely and glorious in life,
into the fearful chasm of that cold and cheerless infidelity, which is-
lates the human affections from all that is lovely and glorious in life,
the advancing progress of the human affections from all that is lovely and glorious in life,
into the fearful chasm of that cold and cheerless infidelity, which is-
lates the human affections from all that is lovely and glorious in life,

(2) After each one had presented their love-tokens, they formed themselves into a brilliant circle, and sang the sweetest music of the hea-
venly spheres. Each Seraph hand bore a spirit-harp, from whose vibra-
tions were echoed the softest strains. Then slowly that rainbow of cele-
stial love passed from me to the ~~form~~ flower-valleys of the Upper Para-
dise, to watch, from the holy towers of their Zion, the advancing progress of
the human affections from all that is lovely and glorious in life,
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the advancing progress of the human affections from all that is lovely and glorious in life,
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lates the human affections from all that is lovely and glorious in life,

But the light and glory of their fragrant offer-^{is} the "end of man," that ~~earth~~^{earth} goes back to its Common Parent, Dust, - and the
soul, to complete obscurity and annihilation. He desires, that some friend-
ly citizen of the unknown country, would come back, and gratify his na-
ture with a knowledge of the joys and sorrows, the pains and pleasures, which
lay beyond "the vale of tears." He ardently seeks for the Philosopher's Stone of his
wish and desire, until, unable to find it, he abandons himself to a cruel
help, which robs life of all its purest enjoyments, pleasures, and delights.

78 to the agency of spirits departed from the flesh. It was also ascertained, that these powers were more strongly evidenced when certain persons were presented a platform, unbounded by sectarian limits, there is a larger portion who by consent, they were subjected to the most annoying experiments, to prove still adhere to its conservative doctrines and principles. Why, - the question has the truth of a great idea, which had made its advent into the world; but often been propounded, - if there is any good to result from this new form of all to no purpose. The phenomena increased in strength and the confidence of Faith, is not the Church more earnest and eager to approve and uphold it? the people, and bravely resisted and defied all contravention and prejudice. The interrogatory, - in this enlightened age of the mundane world, - would be a When the astounding revelation broke upon the startled ear of the excited foolish and ludicrous one, if the visions of mankind were not so blinded by public, men of science and theology taxed their inventive genius, to check the popular prejudices and old forms of theologies, as to render them unable to an onward advancement of a philosophy, which, if allowed to progress, would solve the important question. The Church, all are well aware, has done much in time level the fabric of their creeds into one common grave, - the grave of a correct, to retard the progress of Immortal Truth. Instead of heeding the great questions unshackled Public Opinion and enlightened Humanity. But it was of no of the day, studying the highest attributes of our "God of Love," and discerning avail. The philosophy spread far and near, and brought minds, which making the glorious principles of the immaculate Jesus, its closest attention has had long travelled in the darkness of a gloomy infidelity and scepticism, been attracted to the establishing of different radical creeds, - each one antagonistic to the light of a glorious Immortality. Individuals, - members of the most onistic to two great and heavenly ideas, - the Fatherhood of God, and Brotherhood of Man! The two great Reforms, - Anti-Slavery and Temperance, - found from the old formulas of Religion, - left their narrow limits, and search not their votaries and champions in the contracted boundaries of the Church, ed into the principles of the New Faith, with ^{and} earnestness and vigor, which but on the outside, in those hearts swelling with a true Humanity, and a becometh every honest seeker after the Well-Spring of Truth. And the result broad Christianity! If two such important enterprises do not come under the of their investigations, led them to a full and firm belief in the consoling immediate embrace of the Church, how can it be expected that it will sanction doctrine of Spirit Communion; their minds have been educated into the the principles of a philosophy, which strikes a death-blow at its dearest and laws of Wisdom which permeate the abode of angels; their hearts have been most cherished creeds! gladdened by sunny memories from loved and dear ones departed before them to the happiness of a brighter and purer life. The veil, which ~~had~~ ^{has} hitherto obscured their mental capacities, dwarfed their souls with narrow-con- sectarian creeds, and biased dogmas? Al! Such a dark word stains not the tracted conceptions, has been rent in twain, and the unfolded works and at- vocabulary of the Spirit World. Already has the Church begun to rise from tributes of "Our Father who art in Heaven," stand forth, to their unfettered its lethargic state, and to feel the necessity of a more decisive and thorough ac- rions, in their earnest grandeur and sublimity. Thousands upon thousands, tion on the momentous questions of the Ascending Age. The beacon-light of Love are rejecting the old popular creeds, and launching out upon the broad ocean and Truth shines clear in the heaven of Humanity, and, like Bethlehem's of unbiased Truth and Immortal Progress, - thus furnishing indubitable Star, will guide "the wise and faithful" over the shoals and quicksands of Sec- evidence of the soul's longing for a more correct knowledge of the existence larism, to the port of a nobler Faith, to return no more to the ways of error of an after life.

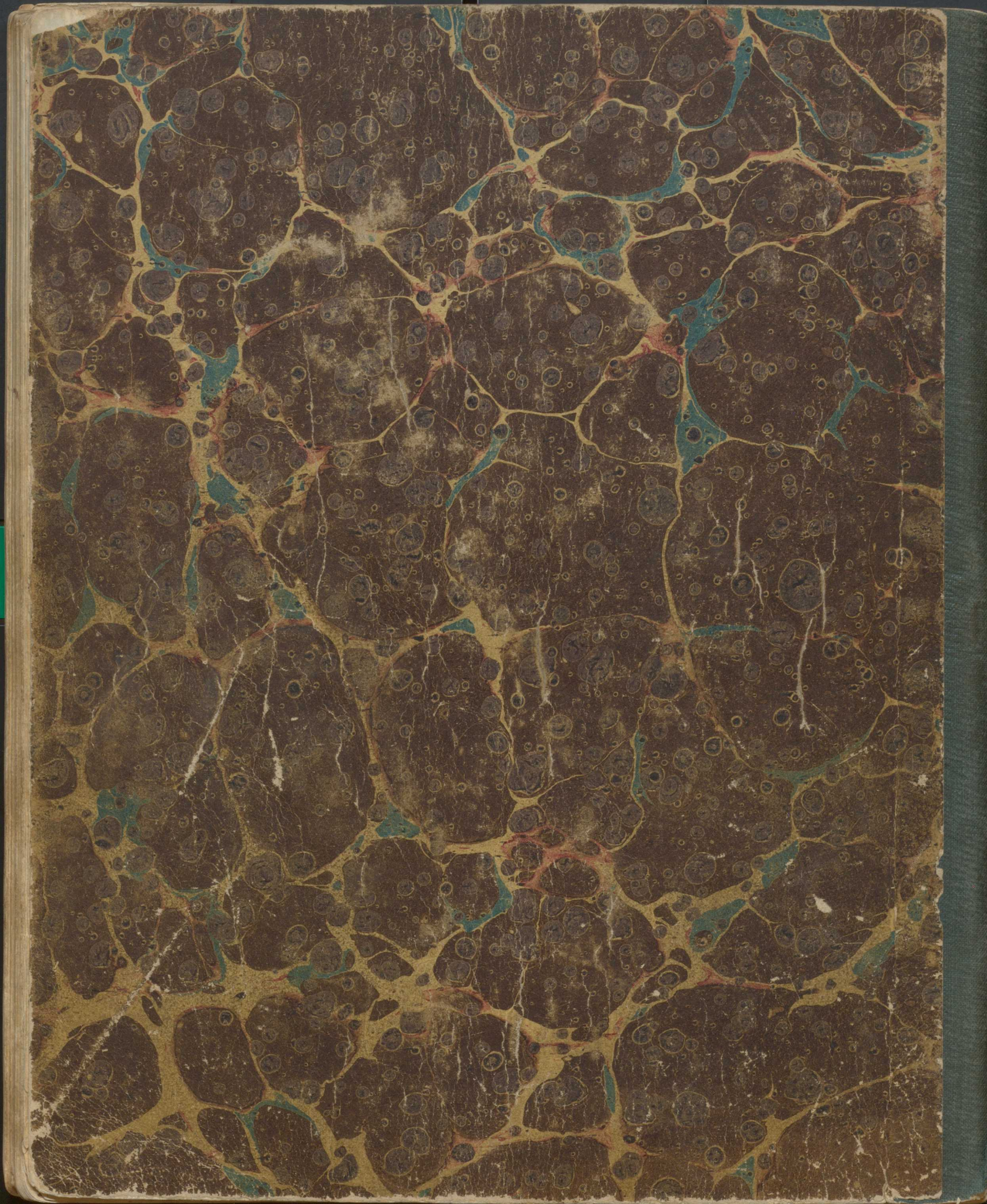
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79 But while many have come outside the Church, and embraced ^{yet} a platform, unbounded by sectarian limits, there is a larger portion who still adhere to its conservative doctrines and principles. Why, - the question has the truth of a great idea, which had made its advent into the world; but often been propounded, - if there is any good to result from this new form of all to no purpose. The phenomena increased in strength and the confidence of Faith, is not the Church more earnest and eager to approve and uphold it? the people, and bravely resisted and defied all contravention and prejudice. The interrogatory, - in this enlightened age of the mundane world, - would be a When the astounding revelation broke upon the startled ear of the excited foolish and ludicrous one, if the visions of mankind were not so blinded by public, men of science and theology taxed their inventive genius, to check the popular prejudices and old forms of theologies, as to render them unable to an onward advancement of a philosophy, which, if allowed to progress, would solve the important question. The Church, all are well aware, has done much in time level the fabric of their creeds into one common grave, - the grave of a correct, to retard the progress of Immortal Truth. Instead of heeding the great questions unshackled Public Opinion and enlightened Humanity. But it was of no of the day, studying the highest attributes of our "God of Love," and discerning avail. The philosophy spread far and near, and brought minds, which making the glorious principles of the immaculate Jesus, its closest attention has had long travelled in the darkness of a gloomy infidelity and scepticism, been attracted to the establishing of different radical creeds, - each one antagonistic to the light of a glorious Immortality. Individuals, - members of the most onistic to two great and heavenly ideas, - the Fatherhood of God, and Brotherhood of Man! The two great Reforms, - Anti-Slavery and Temperance, - found from the old formulas of Religion, - left their narrow limits, and search not their votaries and champions in the contracted boundaries of the Church, ed into the principles of the New Faith, with ^{and} earnestness and vigor, which but on the outside, in those hearts swelling with a true Humanity, and a becometh every honest seeker after the Well-Spring of Truth. And the result broad Christianity! If two such important enterprises do not come under the of their investigations, led them to a full and firm belief in the consoling immediate embrace of the Church, how can it be expected that it will sanction doctrine of Spirit Communion; their minds have been educated into the the principles of a philosophy, which strikes a death-blow at its dearest and laws of Wisdom which permeate the abode of angels; their hearts have been most cherished creeds! gladdened by sunny memories from loved and dear ones departed before them to the happiness of a brighter and purer life. The veil, which ~~had~~ ^{has} hitherto obscured their mental capacities, dwarfed their souls with narrow-con- sectarian creeds, and biased dogmas? Al! Such a dark word stains not the tracted conceptions, has been rent in twain, and the unfolded works and at- vocabulary of the Spirit World. Already has the Church begun to rise from tributes of "Our Father who art in Heaven," stand forth, to their unfettered its lethargic state, and to feel the necessity of a more decisive and thorough ac- rions, in their earnest grandeur and sublimity. Thousands upon thousands, tion on the momentous questions of the Ascending Age. The beacon-light of Love are rejecting the old popular creeds, and launching out upon the broad ocean and Truth shines clear in the heaven of Humanity, and, like Bethlehem's of unbiased Truth and Immortal Progress, - thus furnishing indubitable Star, will guide "the wise and faithful" over the shoals and quicksands of Sec- evidence of the soul's longing for a more correct knowledge of the existence larism, to the port of a nobler Faith, to return no more to the ways of error of an after life.

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and unbelief. The clouds of darkness are rolling away from the minds of the people, and the light of a glorious theocracy, superintended alone by the strong arm of an Almighty Father, is awakening the searching minds of mortals to a full and happy belief, of the blessed communion of the celestial in Paradise with the children of earth. Their ardent natures sought for the "truth as it is in Jesus," and they found it; and as each day rolls over their earthly lives, they receive fresh knowledge to enlighten their understandings, of the beauties which reign in the World of Progress. The golden stream of life flows on brightly and beautifully, while, from the shores of Eternity, they gather rich pearls of thought, to glitter in the casket of their hearts, to prepare the present for a glorious future!

(8) No Philosophy has ever dawned upon created Man, who is fraught with greater blessings and sweeter ^{hopes} than this one, - the Philosophy of the Harmonial Brotherhood and Divine Intercourse with Angels in the Spheres of Eternal Life! No Faith, I avow to say, has been more cordially welcomed and embraced, or found truer votaries to worship at its shrine, in the short space of time with which mankind has been acquainted with it, than this Faith, which teaches them, that Heaven is opened to Earth - that its celestial citizens are hourly in communion with the children below, preparing them for a purer and holier state of existence. The Church misuse its power to crush and nip this Bud of Promise, but it is destined, in contravention to its efforts, to blossom in the affections of the people, to make life fragrant with the aroma of Spirit Love, and the wilderness ~~the~~ to blossom as the rose. It will overturn all rotten doctrines and creeds, and build up an Ideal Church, - the Church of the Everlasting God; will annihilate all principles, not in strict harmony with the laws of God and Humanity. Its broad and liberal banner floats to the breeze, on which is emblazoned the couplet of words, Truth and Progress. The enemy may attack it, may strike it down; but its living standard will again be raised by its friends and champions, to wave o'er the ramparts of Error, wreathed with the brilliant laurels of a triumphal victory.

I beheld a thin line of clarified electricity emanating from the Spiritual Circle. - page 7th



NOTEBOOK TWO

No 2



Bequest of
Edmund Saint
June 30, 1943

A. D. R. C 164

* That there is no more to conquer,

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a triumphant victory. Friends of the Spiritual Cause must be fearless in the avowal of their sentiments; must maintain and assert an independent position, and exert their united efforts, to promote the spread and rapid growth of Harmonical Love and Unity. Organizations, which proclaim not the Love and Divinity of God, are, ^{becoming} effete and powerless, in this civilized century of Free Thought and Sentiment, and, like Samson shorn of ~~his~~ his locks, their glory and strength are departing from them. Man has too long been fettered by the chains of Church Slavery. He has placed too much reliance in the opinions of the priest, without acknowledging the spirit implanted within his being. He has not dared to override the popular creeds of the Church, - to avow a more glorious and heavenly belief, - for fear of the verdict of a cramped public sentiment. But, thanks to God be rendered, to Him be ascribed all glory and praise, for the dawn of a nobler and brighter Faith. The Church may now strive to enslave the human mind. It will break from its enthrallment, to think and act for itself. God's Immortal Truth is onward. Its broad banner is unfurled to the breeze. Emblazoned on it, is the glorious watchword, "Excelsior!" A mighty army has ^{we} enlisted under its powerful standard, has gone out to battle for Freedom and Right. Already have their banners been crowned with the laurels of a noble triumph. Bravely did they storm the strong citadel of Sectarianism. Many times were they repulsed by the fire of the enemy. The heavy guns from the spiritual battery answered their charges and over the heads of a vanquished foe waved the golden ensign of Truth. Thousands are adding strength to their ranks, and marching with them to achieve a glorious and honorable conquest over Error, to fight the good fight of faith; and they will not cease in their labors, until, like Alexander, they have conquered the whole world; but, like him, will they sit down to weep over their brilliant triumph, ^{not} but rejoice with exceeding great joy that earth is redeemed from error, while the arch-angel's trump will sound the song of praise and acclamation, - the voice of

angels will intermingle with theirs, and heavenly harps will be heard echoing their matins of celestial melody.

Man has ardently aspired to grasp this "pearl of infinite price,"—this precious gift from our Almighty Hand. He has desired to know more of the beauties of the Interior Life, the laws of wisdom which govern it, and the crowning glories which animate and inspire it. Ardent and fervent prayers have ascended from many a heart, borne aloft by the hovering angels of light and love, to a great and good Father, that He would grant them the blessed boon of Spirit-Intercourse. Their prayers proved not unavailing. God pitied the creatures he created, and granted their earnest requests. A channel was opened, and the stream of Time found an inlet to the ocean of Eternity.

God grants the creatures of his love,
A knowledge of the heavenly spheres,
Which lay, in realms of bliss above,
Beyond the gloomy "vale of tears."
His ministring angels hover o'er,
To bless the children he has made,
With visions of that endless Shore,
Where Youth and Love will never fade.

O! treasure well each sparkling gem,
Which angels bear thee from above;
Adorn thy spirit's diadem,
With each remembrance of their love;
And when the film of death shall hide,
Each earthly beauty from your sight,
Your souls, prepared, to heaven will glide,
To reign 'mid scenes of pure delight.

(Aug. 14, '55)

In the course of human events, this Spiritual Philosophy is destined to be the ruling Faith and Hope of the Nations of the world. The last six years of earthly time proves this conclusively. In the early stages of its infancy, there stood many to embrace it, as the darling hope of their life. Since that time, thousands, hundredth of thousands, yea, even millions, have endorsed the heavenly precepts of ^{this} God-given gift. Not the illiterate and unlearned, merely, have enjoyed its numberless blessings, but the Senator, and the Judge, and the refined, of all Nations and Clases, have felt its soothing power influencing their daily walks of life. Now and then, a clergyman is heard avowing its principles as identical with those advanced by the martyred Jesus,—as direct inspiration from the mind of Deity, flowing to the children He loves, through the blessed ministrations of his appointed agents in heaven. And to such, all honor be accredited, for their noble independence. May they still continue to labor in the expansive field of Spiritualism, and verily, their reward shall be an hundred fold. It will give joy to each moment of sorrow,—inspire the heart of the mourner with ^{away} blissful visions of that "better land," where tears are wiped from off all faces, and glory irradiates the countenances of the loved and blest. Many will strive to dash this treasure from your grasp, but cling to it, as you would your own life; for it is a treasure that moth and rust will not corrupt. And as you journey on your pilgrimage of life, each scene will be beautified, by spirit gems of wisdom and truth. The sweet voices of loved ones will be recognized,—their gentle intonations will fall on the enraptured soul, and lead it home to the blissful spheres of the ^{I will be united} Holy City.

The strong arm of Science and Theology, to level the fabric of this Progressive Philosophy to the ground. It has already endeavored to crush and annihilate it. But has it succeeded in its insane attempts? Where one stone was loosened from its foundation, twenty more were added to perfect and strengthen it. The Spirit's chief corner-stone of this Spiritual Edifice was laid in the time of Christ, and the Apostles,—without giving much

supposed

credence to the Divinity of the Old Testament, - and since the departed ^{are} of the martyred saints, it has been adding continually to its own power, until its golden Spire now reaches far above the head of an expiring cramped Theology, where the waves of popular opinion and sectarianism cannot disturb or harm it.

(17) And may all hearts be attracted to a full and firm belief in the glorious ministrations of angels. May they lift their souls in adoring rapture to the great Spirit above, who has opened the windows of Heaven, and permitted their interior visions to penetrate the indescribable glories which await them in the life to come. May the Church be mindful of its duty, in the advocacy of the benign precepts of the Saviour, holding fast to that which is good, and rejecting all doctrines which deny the sovereign goodness and love of God towards all his children, both the virtuous and the erring. And may all mankind blend in Christian Unity and Harmony, acknowledging one mighty Father, and the whole Human Race, without distinction of sect or color, as their brethren. Then will the glorified Kingdom of ^{our} Father come upon earth; the Spirit of God will be enthroned in each soul; the ^{land} will lie down together in peace, and heaven will reign in each human heart; and the material world will be a Paradise of fragrant memories, and ~~be~~ angelic ministrations.

Thus, I have pursued my remarks, relative to the Church and Spirit Communion, to a greater length, than it was my purposed intention ^{to} at this time. But I trust they will not be devoid of interest to the reader. I have given, as far as lay in my power, a true statement, ^{of facts} always giving credit where credit was due. Many will wonder at my change of opinions, since my entrance to another life; but they must remember, that, since my emancipation from corporeality, I see things in a much clearer light, and am better enabled to distinguish the Truth from Error. The Spirit of Progress marks my destiny in the Eternal Spheres; and as I acquire a more accurate knowledge of each Ascending Circle, my spirit becomes puri-

fied, in proportion to that knowledge, from error, and harmonized into the beauties of my heavenly existence. I have not, as yet, done with this portion of my subject; and, in the course of these letters, shall more fully refer to it. I will now return to the glories of my reception, knowing that many hearts are anxiously waiting to hear more of the beauties of my greeting with the "just-made perfect."

(18) After the lovely Spirit-Child, and her beautiful innocent companions, had ascended to their Garden of Eden, Andrew spoke to me further in the following few words: "My brother, may they ^{be} sweet tokens of angel innocence serve to remind you how faithfully and truly your glorious earthly career has been watched and guarded by the good and pure of our fragrant Paradise. May the sweet conviction, that your actions have merited the approbations of the celestial citizens of the Eden Country, further invite you to labor for Humanity, - to work out for yourself a brilliant and glorious immortal destiny. The purity of thy life below has rewarded thee with these many manifestations of spirit love and benediction. That you may ever retain their love, and the approving favor of our Heavenly Father, will be the humble wish and prayer of the spirit friend and brother who now addresses you."

To which I briefly replied: "I thank you, my brother in spirit, for the beautiful reception which you have tendered to me, - for the many kind regards you have manifested for my humble self. Though not personally acquainted with you when a sojourner in the flesh, yet it is none the less pleasant ^{to me} to form your acquaintance and friendship in the Spirit-Life. - to associate with you in a holy companionship, and assist you in your labors for good. May the crowning graces of your exemplary character fall upon my spirit; and all who shall tread the golden shores of Eternity. And as I travel onward and upward to higher spheres, may all the virtues of a Christian spirit adorn my unfolding soul in each phase of ^{its} immortal life. Thanking you for your eloquent address

in my behalf, and for the warm greeting which you have extended towards me, I shall ever remain your faithful friend, and hope for a ^{more} perfect blending of spirits into a beautiful and harmonized friendship. "God be with thee, and crown you ever with his love."

As soon as I had pronounced my brief reply to his beautiful address, the bright spirit of Andre flitted from my sight, and another cloud of celestial beauty was seen moving towards me, high colored with brilliant rainbow tints. My soul yearned to know the next immortal citizen, who was to greet me to the bright fields of Paradise. I did not long wait. These radiant clouds of effulgent glory slowly separated, and to my wondering and admiring gaze was mirrored the form and features of a well known and dearly beloved friend. And, friends, enjoy with me in memory the glories of that happy recognition. That spirit which came forward to meet and welcome me, was none other than one who has often broke the ~~the~~ Bread of Life to you and me, and whose earthly title was, Rev Peter Whitney!

(20) How gratifying and pleasant was it to me, to meet those loved friends once more who had departed before me to the joys of an Eternal Future. How happy was my spirit to greet those whose earthly lives were interwoven with mine own, to mingle with them in the unfolding glories of a brighter sphere, to form anew their acquaintanceship, and enjoy with them the blessed realities of a happy spirit friendship! Judge, then, my friends, if you can, the boundless happiness I experienced in this joyful reunion with my beloved Pastor, - the intensified pleasure I realized, in meeting face to face with this "good man of God, after his own heart and fashioning." The purity of his life is indelibly recorded on the souls of his followers, in lines which time can never erase; and although somewhat sectarian in the promulgation of his doctrines, yet he recognized the whole Family of God as his brethren, bound together by one common tie, - one common Brotherhood. Pleasant and affable in all his relations of life, he won the high

love and veneration of those congenial spirits of earth, which moved in his enrolling sphere of influence. A kindly smile was ever ready for all, and a friendly bow of recognition would greet even the humblest of God's creatures. But his lovely ^{spirit} is by my side. He grasps my hand in deepest friendship and love, and extends to me a sincere and heartfelt welcome. "My brother," he says, "before I proceed to address you, let us humbly bend the knee to God, and pour out the deepest gratitude of our hearts to Him, for this blessed reunion of kindred spirits, and invoke his divine blessing to rest on all our future labor." Then meekly bowing the heads, our souls communed with the Father of all Good, the following sublime prayer being uttered by my brother in spirit, the beauty of which is a proverbial characteristic of his brilliant ministerial career: Listen to it. And may it exalt and elevate your own immortal nature, even as it did mine:

"O! thou Omnipresent Being! I thank thee for the glorious privilege which thou hast granted thy child of Heaven at this time, in welcoming this minister of Truth to the folds of thy almighty love and goodness! I thank thee, gracious Father of Love, for this brilliant acquisition to our celestial country, - for this priceless gem of wisdom, which thou hast seen fit to pluck from the sparkling mine of earth, to glitter in that shining coronet of glory, which adorns thy immortal brow. Adorn, O God, his awakening soul with all the meek and lovely graces of thy Holy Spirit, and cause him to feel the high and momentous importance of that heavenly mission which devolves upon him, and which thou requirest of him to faithfully fulfil. Elevate his soul, Father, with a knowledge of the intrinsic beauties and glories of his Interior Life, that he may be incited to noble aspirations, - to work out for himself a sublime and refined destiny, and assist in the redemption of that world, from whose borders he has recently departed, from the trammels of error and sin. Inspire him with a love of that Spirit of Progress, which gilded, with such terrestrial grandeur, the closing years of a valuable earthly existence, and which inscribed on

the monument of a noble and princely fame, the immortal tribute of a fearless and independent Man! Expand his soul, O Omnipotent Father, with all the generous impulses of Humanity, bedewing it with the heavenly humanities of that great and good man, who suffered all things, and endured the ignominious death of Calvary's Cross, that thy holy Kingdom might be established in the human heart. And, Divine Father, may the sparkling fountains of his rich and well stocked mind continue to refresh earth's children with the pure streams of wisdom flowing from it, which shall be to each thirsting soul, as a well of water springing up into everlasting life. Assist us, Immortal Being, to depict to depict him the glories of his appointed mission, that he may more fully realize the beauties of his high calling in the world of everlasting enjoyments. And while we would invoke the choicest of spiritual blessings, Father, to rest upon the beautiful immortality of this thy devoted servant, who has recently entered upon the joys of his ennobling Birth, ^{we} would not forget those dear kindred who are bereaved by his departure from earth to the Shores of the Better Land. We would ask thy blessing to fall upon them in this, (to them) their season of sorrow and affliction, and that the Gospel of thy dear Son may be revealed to them in all its beauty and sublimity, to sustain them, in each trying moment, with its rich promises, and heavenly hopes, of a bright and happy re-union. ⁽²²⁾ May they lift their hearts above the lifeless casket, resting in stately grandeur in those Glories, where the silvery echoes of his eloquent voice have often been heard pleading the cause of Right and Justice, to the bright and sparkling jewel which once adorned it, but which now besteds thy Flaming Garment of Love. May the mantle of his many virtues enshroud their souls, and the light of his brilliant example guide them into paths of wisdom, truth, and endless progression, and lead them home to again enjoy the blessed privileges of his instruction and counsel, in a land radiant with the sweetest of pleasures and enjoyments. And, finally, Father, let thy blessing and divine favor crown that great

Republic, which has been deprived of the services of a valuable public servant. May its chief rulers emulate the adorning graces of his beautiful character, - imitate his noble, heroic adhesion and devotion to the eternal principles of Right, amidst sternest trials and disparagements, and seek, like him, the welfare of their country, and the whole world, and win the golden reward of an approving conscience, and the smiles of thy approbation and love; and thus may they realize a glorified life below, and feel, in the beautiful language of the Poet, that

"The lives of good men all remind us,
How to make our own sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of Time."

And enable ^{all} them, Being of Beings, to be guided by the glory of his wisdom, the sagacity of his counsels, the prudence of his actions, and the fearless independence of his spirit; that they may gain, like him, the imperishable laurels of a victor's triumph and conquest over ^{sin} and ascend homeward to thee, wreathed in fruitful earthly honors, ripe in the goodness of thy Holy Spirit, ready, in the last expiring stages of mortality, to exclaim, "This is the end of earth, I am prepared." And now, Almighty God, I commend the glorified spirit of our brother to thy eternal service. May his soul, exalted with all the intrinsic adornments of a purified and immortal life, cast the glory of its resplendent power over those who dwell in the spheres of probation below, and guide them upward to the Beacon-Light of Everlasting Truth and Progress. And may the brilliant Sun of Righteousness irradiate all hearts, and fill them with the lovely influences of thy all-potent Spirit. Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in Heaven. May thy children inculcate a spirit of forgiveness, - forgiving those who

trespass against them, even as they hope to be forgiven of thee for trespassing against thy holy will. And to thee be ascribed, forever and ever, the glory and power, for this blessed re-union of kindred spirits. Amen."

(25) As soon as this beautiful prayer was uttered by the spirit of my beloved friend and brother, a cloud of high and intelligent immortals encircled us, robed in all the shining habiliments of angels from the upper realms, while on the heads of each was a brilliant crown of glory, which bespoke the exalted purity and loftiness of the gifted who dwell within. The most perfect harmony existed, all natures being blended in a sweet and happy union. I had noticed, that each spirit which welcomed me, ^{as} was accompanied by others, of the same degree of affinities and sympathies with them. Thus, the immortality of Mr. Whitney was surrounded by a circle of celestial agencies, as pure and holy as his own immaculate spirit. And I found, that, as my own soul became more and more spiritualized into the harmonies of the Love-Spheres, that I was pre-^{par-}ing to an elevated and social order of angels, in proportion to my own purification from materialism. Mr. Whitney is now preparing to speak to me. Listen to the beautiful language which ^{his} exalted spirit-mind is about to utter to me, and learn the sublime manner, which the chosen Disciples of God require the services of those who "doeth the Father's will:"

"Blessed Spirit of John Quincy Adams: Adoring rapture fills my heart and soul, in being enabled to welcome a dear, a devoted friend and brother to the realms of Truth and Beauty. Glorious is this greeting to me, because our earthly lives were intermingled, our associations were blended together, and the harmony of our spirits was sweet and congenial. We worshipped in the same church together, drank of the ^{pure} waters of Truth from the same limpid stream, and eat from the same loaf, the Bread of Eternal Life. We communed in spirit below, and enjoyed all the happi-

ness of a congenial friendship. And in this connection, my brother, will I briefly relate a few pleasing incidents relative to my entrance to realities of my spirit-life, which I feel would gratify your unfolding soul.

"When the physical sight was dimming, and the soul was slowly leaving its tenement of clay, my interior vision was opened, and beheld the dawn of those eternal joys, which were soon to greet my emancipated spirit. A radiant glow, surpassing in brilliancy all earthly beauties, encompassed my whole immortal nature, whose light and lustre exceeded the shining glory of the great Orb of Day. My soul drank in, with sweet delight, the fragrant aroma which was wafted from the Flower-Valleys of Paradise, and bathed in all those infinite pleasures which makes Heaven a glorious and desirable abode. Bright, celestial ^{beings} ~~forms~~, arrayed in shining garments of angelic loveliness, flitted across my expanding vision, who beckoned me to join them in their immortal country. Passing ^{by me} onward and upward, each one left behind them some brilliant emblem of their purified life, to enhance my vision with a heavenly foretaste of that world, which was soon to embrace me within its boundless space. And as I gazed on that vast assemblage of angel forms, clothed in their robes of dazzling whiteness, I could not but feel, and exclaim, that "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Soon that mighty concourse of gay and resplendent beauty passed away from my spiritual sight, on the golden Lake of Harmony and Love, and ~~passed~~ ^{converted} into a magnificent cloud of light in the far distance, presenting, to my rapidly awakening vision, the appearance of a splendid rainbow, streaked with ^{I am} innumerable hosts of stars, of various hues and colors, and of great grandeur and sublimity. But the trail of their light did not depart with them, but remained behind, to guide my soul, when it should emerge from its mortal body, to their spheres of Goodness and Purity.

(30) "After those bright seraphs had separated from me, I became more and more sensible to the unfolding realities of a brighter existence.

The glory of the heavenly spheres increased in brilliancy and splendor, as my immortal soul emancipated itself from its earthly casket, and entered into the portals of the Holy City. Soon I realized that I was breathing a purer atmosphere of love, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the Spiritual Country.

I had now disengaged myself from mortality, with the exception of a small fibre of light, which connected Time with Eternity, as if the spirit was loth to part from its material form, which had so long ^{enriched} and beautified it with the immortal principles of Love and Truth. That connecting ligament, however, grew more and more diminutive, until, by a gentle effort, it separated from the outer form, and I became an immortal citizen of the realms of glory. The time of six hours was occupied in the perfect development of my soul into heaven. When I became aware of the transition from material to spiritual things, I perceived, with joy, that the interior sight could still penetrate the pervading glories of the animated world below. Attracted, as if by an innate desire, my spirit, regenerated in glory and happiness, stood by the side of the lifeless body, which had sheltered and protected it so long from the rough billows of an earthly life. I beheld it clad in the funeral habiliments of the grave, ready to be deposited in the "gloomy darkness of the narrow house," while faithful friends were weeping over it. Gazing upon it, I indulged in the following brief soliloquy: "Poor, worn-out body: Thou hast subserved thy holy purpose - hast done thy Master's sovereign will. Thou hast perfected the bright jewel, hast adorned it with the princely gems of wisdom and love, and prepared it for its refined state and place in the diadem of God, through thy own purification. Thou wast sown an earthly body, - thou hast raised a spiritual body. I will treasure the remembrance of thy gifts; will love thee, as an ~~old~~ child of mortality would love ^{and treasure} a gift, which had been rendered valuable by the sweeping hand of Father Time, - for the good which thou hast done. And as thou descendest to the gloom and darkness of the tomb, my spirit, arising in the scale of

progression and duty, will bear along with it, the grateful memories of thy good intents and purposes. Go, then, clad of mortality, back to thy original, - thy kindred element, - dust. On the earth's cold bosom wilt thou pillow thy head. The green grass, and the fragrant flowers, will wave their gentle foliage over thy grave, watered, perhaps, by the falling tears of sympathy and love; while the solemn winds of Autumn and Winter will chant their ^{melancholy} requiems, and the snow will kiss it with its lips of virgin whiteness and purity. And now, farewell, inanimate clay. Thou art forever released from the nightly struggle of life. In the grave thou wilt find a calm and quiet repose, while the radiant spirit, which thou treasured in thy ^{now} rugged casket, will hover over these ^{it loved} in mundane life, and bless them fearfully ^{and} dearly with dew-drops of celestial goodness and love. Let none disturb thy hallowed eternal slumber."

"I then, my brother, turned from that relic of mortality, and directed my attention to the expanding delights which had begun to dawn upon my regenerated vision. I beheld before me, a wide and boundless realm of un fading glory and bliss. A flood of ethereal light was continually pouring into my spirit - the elements of a regenerated life. A wide field of action was open before me, wherein I might till, and sow the seeds of Everlasting Goodness and Truth. I felt that I had a great and mighty work to perform, - that my labors for good did not expire with the corporeal things below. I gazed around upon the wide expanse of Eternity, and viewed, with admiration, the wondrous sublimity of the immortal creation, - discerned the magnificent glories of this living universe of Eternal Life. I felt, from the pure surrounding influences, and the fragrant atmosphere of love in which I was enveloped, that I was breathing an exalted state of spiritual existence. That the spirit-world was composed of certain spheres, - each one divided into so many circles of development, - of course, I was totally ignorant of. I had that yet to learn.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed, since my spirit was ad-

ded to the "innumerable caravan of angels," before I fully realized the divine beauties, attendant upon a regenerated soul into Paradise. During that time, I ~~had~~ ^{did} not behold a single messenger of the Seraph Land. No kindly hand was offered, - no friendly voice gave me greeting, no welcome smile gladdened my heart with its cordiality and friendship. No one came forward to open ^{the} gates of heaven, to admit a new-born spirit to its portals of delight and joy. At first, I thought that I ~~should~~ ^{was about to} live an isolated life. But pardon me for entertaining such ^{an} erroneous idea.

"Like yourself, I beheld, in the distant realms of glory, a moving cloud, of celestial radiance, rapidly approaching me. Bright and resplendent beings encircled it, - each countenance animated with the joy and happiness. My exultant soul longed to know and recognize the dear friends who were preparing to receive and welcome me to their society. I did not wait long. Two brilliant forms glided from that sparkling ocean of un fading beauty, and approached me. The first one, a male spirit, bore in his arms an anchor, - the beautiful emblem of Hope. The other, a female, carried in her hand, an humble lily, of snowy whiteness, with a small twig of evergreen encircling it, - appropriate types of my purified immortality.

"They were soon near enough for me to recognize, even in the stately majesty and grandeur of their celestial habiliments, the familiar countenances of two well-known and beloved friends, ^{some years} departed, before me, to await my coming, to the land of pure delights. And, Brother John Quincy Adams, will not your glorified soul thrill with exultation and joy when I pronounce their earthly names, - around each one of which is entwined the noblest and purest laurels, fragrant with the ^{of a name} ~~normal~~ wreaths of worldly honor. One had worn all the glories, which it was in the power of a grateful people to crown him with, - had presided over all the councils of a great Republic, - and guided the tottering ship of State over the rough billows of political contention and strife. The Diadem of a President had

glistened on his lofty brow; and his earthly life was spared long enough to see the same gilded crown adorn the fair frame of a beloved descendant; then, ascended home to God, on the glad return of the anniversary of that day, which, fifty years before, gave birth to a great Confederacy, whose cause had justly engaged his mighty efforts, leaving, on his dying lips, a last token of his love and reverence for his country, the animating motto and watchword, - "Independence forever." It was the spirit of John Adams, thy beloved father, who came forward to give me "a first greeting" in the Spirit Spheres.

"Coming forward, he saluted me in a happy and friendly manner, and proceeded to address me in the following beautiful language: Dear friend and brother: Happy and agreeable is the task, which is assigned me, at this time, to salute a beloved minister of Truth to the abodes of the just-made perfect. Ripe and rich in the fruits of the Holy Spirit, thou hast ascended homeward to the bosom of thy God, to labor with his children, in this heavenly mansion and sanctuary, to promulgate the everlasting principles of Love and Progress unto the darkened minds of man. ^(13 Sept) Full in the fruition of a life devoted to the service of God, rich in the incomparable attributes of his ever-loving Spirit, thou hast crowned the hearts of man with thy brilliant example, - and thrown the mantle of thy virtues around the dark forms of sin and error, and revealed to thy surroundings the radiating light of Truth and Life Everlasting. During thy earthly ministry of nearly forty-four years, in the town, dear to me by many lively recollections of the past, you ever adhered to your firm convictions of Right and Duty, - never swerving from that "path of peace" which God had ploughed for thee in the great thoroughfare of life. Though pastor of a church, whose doctrines were professedly sectarian, yet thy wise sayings and teachings ignored the principles of a narrow contracted belief, and thy lips proclaimed the boundless goodness of a God of Love,

presenting, in immeasurable grandeur and power, the sublimest features of his ever-expanding character. You felt, that the whole Human Race were your brethren, allied together by the one common tie of Gathering Love and Affection, created and endowed with certain sublime prerogatives, - all capable of working out a refined salvation of Immortal Goodness and Purity. You sought to impress upon the souls of men their respective relations to Deity and their fellow-creatures, to walk humbly with God, in the paths of virtue and peace. You taught them through the reflective light of thy matchless wisdom and genius, how to win the "golden opinions" of an Heavenly Master, and acquire an elevated station in His Celestial Kingdom. Thou scattered the seeds of Truth broadcast in the waste places of earth; thou hast now reaped the bountiful harvest of thy toiling labor below.

"Thus prepared, hast thou entered upon the duties and pleasures of thy higher ministry. Thou wilt still be a Pastor in the Church of the great Shepherd, with proclamation from its Pulpit; in thy wonted eloquence of thy mind ^{and} heart; the living precepts of Eternal Truth, and be a bright guiding star to direct the prodigal ones of sin ^{and} error back to the merciful folds of a Heavenly Father's arms. The ^{flowing} virglet of thy mind will still pour its pure streams of wisdom into the hearts of the inhabitants of earth, - refined and purified in its ingress to the fathomless Lake of Immortal Life and Light. The fervent orisons of thy soul, in behalf of a fettered community, will float on the balmy air of the Celestial Realm, ascending aloft to the throne of Him, who ever answereth sincere prayer. The oracles of thy mind will fall on the desert places of man's life, and plant therein many oases of Beauty, to make the wilderness of his heart to blossom as the sweet-scented rose. Thou wilt labor with us, to ostracize error and wickedness from the material planet below, and give to its children a more thorough and accurate knowledge of the beautiful, consensual

laws which govern spiritual and corporeal things, and instruct them into the Christian precepts of the Religion of Jesus Christ.

But I will not attempt to analyze the vision pictured to your opened vision. On the moving panorama of this Celestial Universe, are mirrored thy duties and avocations. Go forth, dear Pastor of God, into this unending field of Spiritual Nature, and pluck from its vernal Gardens, the perennial flowers of Love, Truth, and Progress, which blossom there, and transfer them to the luxuriant soil of thy regenerated spirit, to enrich it, in its upward advancement, with sparkling gems of Wisdom and Purity. And when God, in his infinite love, shall see fit to open the great gates of Heaven, and permit the residents of earth to penetrate its indescribable glories, and to know more of the life which awaits them, may thy bright spirit, unfolded in the perfections of a radiant immortality, be prepared to minister unto them the Bread of Eternal Life, and to impart to them the waters of Truth, when in they shall thirst no more.

"And I mayst thou ever be ready to comfort those who mourn, even as thou wert on earth, - to extend ^{with the ransomed hosts} the right hand of fellowship to every immortal child of God, and to sit, at the communion-table of our Lord and Master, in the holy bonds of Christian Unity and Love. May thy march to higher realms be attended with unspeakable glory and grandeur, each link of existence revealing to thy brightening vision the beauty and wisdom of God's immutable, never-varying laws. In your sublime "Ascension to your Father," there will be innumerable clouds of brilliant, white-robed angels, ready to greet thee, to follow thy pathway to the Divine Throne of God. Once more, then, my dear friend and brother, let me urge on ^{you} in the new and important work which has, at this time, been given you by an Almighty Gland. Gird on thy armor of Truth; - enter the battle-field, resolved to enter fight heroically and manfully, that Right may gain a pow-

erful supremacy over Wrong and Error. Let thy voice be heard pleading the cause of the oppressed of all Nations and Castes of Society, - those bound and fettered in the galling yoke of servile slavery. Arise in breaking their chains and fetters, that they may enjoy the God-given birth-right of Liberty and "Independence forever." Raise high, then, your standard of Duty, that all may see its folds flying to the Spirit-brazen of Love, Youth, Progress, Right, Justice, Humanity, and Freedom, and thereby, attract many to enlist under its prismatic rainbow colors. God be with thee in all thy labors for Humanity.

(Go forth, thou minister of Light;
And labor for the Just and Right;
Go forth, and let thy voice be heard,
Proclaiming God's Almighty Word;
Let Earth's and Heaven's remotest bound,
With thy celestial truths resound.

Go forth, and preach that Love divine,
Which now upon thy soul doth shine;
Let its resplendent, golden light,
Dispel the gloom of sorrow's night;
That all may feel and know the worth
Of this great gift, when given to earth.

Gird on thy armor, and thy shield,
And enter now the battle field;
Strive manfully to win the fight;
And gain the victor's crown of Right;
That Youth's broad flag may nobly wave,
O'er Error's foul, dishonored grave.

And may the tones of thy sweet voice,
Bid the afflicted heart rejoice;
Lift up the soul to heavenly spheres,
Where e'er no pains, nor falling tears;
Where joys unending never dwell,
And holy anthems sweetly swell.

And may thy sympathizing soul,
The sorrowing, fettered Slave, console;
Raise high thy voice, and plead the cause
Of Justice, and her sacred laws;
Let on thy banner be enshrined,
"Peace and good-will to all mankind!"

Sustain thy Father's holy cause,
Esouse his never-changing laws;
And haste that time, when man shall know
The joys of Spirit-Love below;
Whose power he'll feel, when God has risen,
The Lock which binds the gates of Heaven.

My brother, I now consecrate
Thy Spirit to its higher state;
Exalt thyself in doing right;
Inhaling Progress, Youth, and Light;
And onward, upward, will thou move,
Through boundless realms of Bliss and Love."

was I
So "overpowered by the brilliant salutation and greeting of this
Patriarch of God, that some moments rolled away on the "swift

winds of Eternity," ere I could venture to reply to his Address, - so replete with true eloquence and beauty, - so redundant in good and friendly advice. At length my humble powers enshrined on the scroll of Immortality, the following feeble answer:

"Noble and chivalric Defender of the Rights of Man: Again has the great and good God of Justice and Love permitted our spirits to commingle together in the social ties of friendship, a friendship more enduring than those of earth - one whose foundation is the Rock of Ages. Again has our Father granted us the inestimable boon of worshipping together in spirit and in truth, not in an earthly temple, but in one not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where God is Justice and Love, and whose Minister is Truth and Salvation. Once more are we brought together in the great House of God, to hallow his name with the homage of our hearts, and to sing songs of everlasting praise. Again are we called together, to recount the bright reminiscences of the days flown by into the laps of Time and Eternity, to enliven and make joyous our Present and Future Existence with the brilliant and happy memories of the glorious Past!"

"In a happy hour of my earthly life, my Maker called me away to the serene skies of the Spirit-World, there once more to enjoy the society of those whose companionship below rendered my ministry of Love sunny and happy. The ideas I entertained in my earth-life did not lead me to believe, that the immortal sphere of existence was divided into certain circles of grades of happiness, as you have stated in your address to me; but I did enjoy the cheering Faith and Hope, that all would eventually be holy and happy, and come to a correct knowledge of the truth, as their souls became spiritually harmonized and developed in the elements of goodness and perfection. I ever believed in the infinite progress of the soul after the dissolution of the Body; that it was as capable of expanding its inborn powers, of re-

ceiving into its receptive nature the light of Truth and Life Immortal commensurate to its various susceptibilities and orders of interior development. I could discern, through the grand arrangements of the immutable laws of God, the beautiful progress of the spirit; after it had absolved itself from the mortal, and put on the immortal, - could witness, through the same governing powers, ^{the} sublime ascent to the Divine Throne of the King of Kings, whose still, small voice of Love, is ever echoing to his children, a gentle "Come up hither!" I felt the inward conviction buoying up my soul, that all would be saved; that none would be exempted from a seat in the holy kingdom of our Father; that he loved all his children with a Father's love, and endowed them with equal powers and privileges to work out the same glorious destiny. ⁽²¹⁾ That cold and terrible belief and doctrine, Endless Torment, found no welcome place in the recesses of my soul. It was, and is still, a Faith extremely repugnant to the finer sensibilities of my heart, and one which, if entertained, would ignore all the gentler humanities of Christ, and transform the noble prerogatives of a Merciful God into those of hate and revenge. I knew Him to be the Being of all Beings to love and to reverence; discerned the glorious attributes of his character in their sublimest aspects, clothed in all the grandeur of Love, Mercy, and Goodness. Whether on the high mountain-top, admiring the magnificent unfoldings of each work of Beauty, linked on the great-spreading canvass of Nature before me, or in the fertile valley beneath, gathering the tiny fragrant flowers, or gazing at the wondrous majesty of the star-throned sky, I saw, in each varying scene, the typification of his never-changing character written in living letters of fire, and sealed by the Hand of Affection, - "GOD IS LOVE!" I ever endeavored to impress upon the minds of man, that the sublime developments of the Laws of Nature and Conscience contravened the idea, that a "God of all mercy was a God unjust." I strove to uproot that giant of unbelief, and supplant, in its place, the Faith of Love and Union

sal Salvation. My aims were ever directed to the improvement of society, - to the enlargement of the heart of Humanity, and to teach man the right idea of God, - to present his loving attributes before him in their clearest light and grandeur.

I saw his character displayed,
In beauties that ^{could} never fade;
Discovered the glories of his love,
Emblazoned in the Heavens above;
From giant tree to tiny flower,
I traced a Father's loving power;
Each glory given to man, to prove,
That God is good, - that "God is Love."

I felt that He would not forsake,
A single being of his make;
That not a child would He restrain,
From Heaven's expansive, vast domain;
That none would be consigned or doomed
To Hades' dark and fearful tomb; -
I felt, that all would be enrolled
Within a loving Father's fold.

^{God}
I realized, that, would save,
Each erring child, beyond the grave;
That all within his fond embrace,
Would find a warm, and welcome place;
And in that gentle, sweet care,
Would every soul in love progress;
Advancing, in their upward flight,
To brighter realms of pure delight.

(22) "The lamentable fact cannot be contraverted, that the unchristian doctrine of the soul's total annihilation in hell, and the destruction of its identity from a state of perfect happiness and heavenly enjoyment, has done much to retard the purity of the Christianity of Christ; - hindered the beautiful progress and reception of those Reforms which represent the humanities of Christ and God, our Universal Father, and isolated the affections of man from all the glorious and sublime attributes which compose the great character of the Divine Ruler of the Universe!

Oh my brother, I can conceive of no faith fraught with greater mischief and siver evil, than that ^{the} which blasts the brightest hopes, and noblest aspirations of the human heart; - which sears the soul's purest affections with the icy frost and wildness of a cruel and unsocial belief, and transforms the God, which all Nature teaches us to love, into a Being of malignant hatred, cruelty, and revenge. Even that cheerless and unpromising belief in the extinction of the God-given powers of the spirit with the material body, is ranged ^{to} compared with this black Infidelity. Because, in the entertainment of such a doctrine, he feels, that his loved ones, who have passed away from the trials of the "vale of tears, are beyond the endurance of suffering and pain, and his life flows on in comparative ease and happiness, with this forlorn faith and belief to solace and comfort him.

But how different is it with the other class of believers! With no cheering ray of hope to light their darkened course along the stream of life, - with no golden sunbeams pouring into their hearts the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness, whose gleaming glory will eventually attract all to ^{the} its supernal enjoyment of its radiant power, - with no finger of Faith pointing to the Rainbow of Promise above, to teach them the Divine Truth of God's great Word, that all will finally be saved, - they pursue and wander in the thorny, beaten

track of mischief, - the temple of existence desecrated of the jewels of God's
Impartial Love, Mercy, and Goodness.

"Viewing these things, then, my brother, in their proper light, I truly feel, that my glorious ministry of love ^{is} ~~does~~ ^{is} close with the dissolution of the body; that it will here be evinced, all its heavenly purity, in teaching the soul its high and holy destiny, lifting it up above the dark clouds of despair which envelop it, to the bright, blue sky of a nobler Faith and Hope in God's superintending Goodness and Love. I sincerely feel the weighty responsibilities devolving upon me, and faithfully will I exert myself to fulfil them. Earnestly will I labor in the celestial vineyard of my Lord and Master, endeavoring, with all power, to uproot the thorns and weeds which choke the sweet flowers of Virtue and Holiness. My ministry shall be extended to all, - knowing no sectional limits or bounds, - but embracing the great Family of God, from the least unto the greatest.

Also, will I labor in that sacred cause, which early engaged the sympathies of thy master mind and heart, and which has won ^{for thee} a bright, undying fame, to live through Time and Eternity. Earnestly will I struggle for the bleeding liberties of my country, and the whole world, to secure for all the blessed enjoyments of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Ardently and zealously will I toil to hasten that period, when the bright Sun of Liberty shall no longer be eclipsed by the black clouds of Slavery and Injustice, to desecrate the noblest works of God, but urge on that golden era when its resplendent glory and light will shine over a world of redeemed from the thralldom of tyranny and oppression. Sacred and dear shall ever be the holy cause of Freedom and Independence forever!" And when shall dawn that brilliant day, when the ponderous gates, which divide Time and Eternity, shall be thrown open to the mighty public below, no messenger shall wing its way quicker from the endless shores, to earth, to proclaim the immutability of the Laws of

God and Humanity, than the humble spirit friend, whom you have, this time, consecrated to the eternal delights of heaven. My efforts shall ever be given to crush and annihilate Error, - to promote the onward spread of the cause of Truth and Right.

O! zealously I'll work to win,
The conqueror's golden crown of Right;
To crush each error, quench each sin,
And plant in man the Truth and Light.
In every just and holy cause,
My heart and spirit shall unite,
That I may gain the sweet applause,
Of Him who rules in power and might.

The voice of mind shall loud proclaim
The glories of that Upper World,
Where Justice's bright, immortal flag,
To spirit breezes is unfurled.
Its streams of love shall peaceful roll,
Across each desert place of earth;
To brighten every heart and soul
With pearls of pure, intrinsic worth.

And gladly will I haste that time,
When man's untutored mind shall know
The beauties of those realms sublime,
Which hover over the world below;
When all shall realize the power,
Of those who've gone to spheres above;
Infusing into every hour,
The elements of Truth and Love.

(27)

And may our souls in love unite,
 Progressing on to higher spheres;
 Advancing to that Throne of Light
 Where God in glory bright appears;
 And there, in never-fading life,
 We'll range the realms of Zion's Hill;
 Engaging, in heroic strife,
 To do ^{our} Heavenly Father's will.

And in the presence of the True,
 Of this celestial world above,
 I consecrate myself anew;
 To God's eternal work of love;
 I'll enter his great field, and sow
 The seeds of Holiness and Life;
 And joyful labor to overthrow
 The bulwark of sin and strife.

O Father, give me strength to do,
 The work which thou to me hast given;
 That I may faithfully pursue,
 The path laid out for me in Heaven;
 And when shall break the golden seal,
 Which hides this land from mortal eyes,
 O! grant me power then to reveal,
 The glories of our Paradise.

And now, my beloved friend and brother, I solemnly swear faithfully to the service of my Heavenly Father. In his great field will I till, devoting my developing power to the furtherance of every cause of Justice and Humanity. In this expansive House of God shall my voice be

his and Godness,
 raised, to plead the Justice of God, and to present the glorious attributes of his unequalled character in their finest and purest features. Here will I zealously strive to represent and delineate the life and example of Christ to man's receptive mind, that he may understand his God-given powers and characteristics, and be led to follow in his brilliant and heavenly pathway, to be guided ^{by the} beauty of his Christian teachings and unexampled wisdom.

The impressions of my fast-unfolding mind shall silently fall upon the inhabitants of the world below, to ripen their hearts for that resplendent millennium day, when the bright rays of glory from the Spirit-Life shall find its way into their ^{souls}, to gild with splendor the transient mundane existence. I will go forth into highways and byways of life, and hasten that time, when man shall realize the glorious ministrations of angels, - shall feel the cooling zephyrs of love wafted to him the fragrant memories of the loved and lost, from that refined sunny clime, in which are engrafted all the elements of perfect happiness, progression, and enjoyment. My labors shall be unceasing, never growing weary of well-doing. Upon that beautiful anchor, which you have presented to me, will I recline my fondest and dearest hopes, praying for strength and encouragement to perform my Maker's Divine Will! Thus onward to higher and purer realms will my delighted soul progress, drawing lustre and light from those shining Stars of Glory, which illuminate each constellated sphere of Angel Existence. In the happiness of others shall I ever reap the warmest and sweetest pleasure. My ministry, like to the earthly one, shall be to lessen and soothe the pains and sorrows of those bowed down in affliction, - to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, - to sever the heavy chains which bind the human mind in the shackles of mental slavery, and to prepare the spirits of man, through the Divinity of a harmonious and ennobling life of Christian precept and practice, for a brilliant regeneration into an eternity of Love and undying Bliss.

Thus, with my duties plainly pictured before me, will I enter the grand arena of the Spirit World, and labor with its glorified hosts. And as I ascend to loftier spheres of Duty, will I impart a knowledge of my Presence to those reigning in the circles of Existence below, that they may be benefited by it, and know the Way to the Throne of God and Immortal Salvation.

And now, bright and purified Spirit of John Adams, do I tender my fervent thanks to you for the beautiful salutation which you have extended to me in this meeting on the shores of Celestial Unity and Love. May our labors be firmly united in a harmonious alliance, never to be divorced by the various degrees of Opposition and Prejudice, feeling that what God has joined together, no power can break asunder. Thus, by forming a bond of Unity and Fraternal Discipline, our spirits will become companions in the great Cause of Truth and Progress, - their congenial affections a Garden of purest delights and social affluence, fragrant with the blooming flowers of God's Love and Goodness. And thus, through the heavenly sympathies of our harmonized natures, will others be attracted to spheres of congeniality, to learn of us the bright pathway to Happiness and Joy. That our souls may be exalted to prayerful duties and aspirations, let us invoke the blessing of God to rest upon our future continued labors of usefulness and glory:

(28) Father in Heaven: We present our offerings and thanks-givings to thee, at this time, as ^{an} humble and feeble return for thy many crowning acts of goodness, showered upon us, both during the short period we sojourned upon earth, and since our entrance to the bright joys of thy Kingdom. We thank thee for this unity of spirit in thy heavenly Paradise, - for this happy co-operation of labors in thy living temple of Holiness and Love. May we, O God, be mindful of thy many redundant blessings, both temporal and spiritual, and cherish, in holy and sacred haping, the rich and glowing attributes of thy exalted character. May we treasure in our hearts the brilliant jewels of thy immaculate Love and goodness, preserving

them in their pristine purity and beauty, by the sanctification of our lives and actions. We accord to thee the gratitude of our souls, for this glorious and blissful realization of a joyful reunion in Heaven, - for this bright transition from sublunary to celestial enjoyments and pleasures. O! Father of our spirits, may our labors be united, - our purposes one and the same, - the promotion and furtherance of thy Everlasting Truth, - the spread of that Gospel of Glory and Good-Will, revealed to the world through the blessed Mediator, Jesus Christ. May we exemplify to thee the sincerity of our gratitude for conjoining of spirits, in the faithful dissemination of thy Immortal Truth, and in the zealous promulgation of thy Divine Word. Give us, Radiant Being of Love, the strength of thy strong Arm in every endeavor to promote the well-being of mankind, and to advance ^{the} ^{of duty} holy work of Humanity, that we may not falter in our course, by the counteracting influences of those minds enveloped in the black clouds of Ignorance and Prejudice. Envelop us with refreshing streams of wisdom and purity from thy ever-flowing Fountain of Love, that our souls may be watered with righteousness and holiness, and the germs of thy character firmly planted within, to yield, in thy own good time, the glorious fruits of ^{perfect} godliness and virtue. Assist us, Holy Father, in hastening that brilliant era, when the Archangels' Trump shall proclaim the millennium dawn, when the clouds, which have long wrapped the Mystic World in obscurity and doubt, will be dispersed, and the heavenly citizens of the Celestial Home will fly to those they love on earth, to bring them glad tidings of great joy, and enshrine in their hearts the treasured remembrances of their glorified Spirit-life. May the down-trodden and ^{faithful, devoted friends,} enslaved, both physically and mentally, ever fixed in us, ~~and~~ ^{and} earnest sympathizers and champions, that our efforts may aid in unshackling the bond, and letting them go free. And, Father, may our souls imbibe the glories of all thy lovely characteristics, that we, rapidly advance in the grand scale of Progressive Existence, and near unto thy Divine Throne. And may we speedily acquire ^{all} the elements of Spiritual Knowledge, that we

the
may be enabled, when joys of Heaven are revealed to earth, to impress upon the minds of man the soul's eternal destiny, and thus better prepare him for an unfolding Eternity of Bliss and Happiness. And may he be attracted ^{as} to thee, as mundane life draws to a termination, through an exemplary existence of usefulness and love, to live in un fading glory and light, in a being, which shall never know an end. Amen.

(29)

"After the utterance of this humble prayer by myself, the beautiful spirit of thy beloved father beckoned the approach of the bright and celestial being which ^{had} accompanied ^{him} in his magnificent passage from the mortal and Upper Spheres, to salute the entrance of a Minister of God to the supreme delights of their glorified society and companionship. And how shall I describe to you the glorious beauty of that resplendent immortal, as she neared herself to me, to greet my exultant spirit to the wide and heavenly Fold of the Great Shepherd? I feel, that no human language can be employed by me to sufficiently delineate to you the splendor of her countenance, the effulgent brightness of the garments which enshrouded her form of dazzling purity, all being counterparts of the immaculate purity of her lovely spirit. Around her head was wreathed a golden Aureola, whose great light and brilliancy revealed all the crowning virtues of a noble and exemplary character. A life of devoted service to the interests of mankind, an existence of Christian precept and practice, - aiding ever to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and earnest endeavor to aid the cause of Universal Freedom, at the sacrifice of life and worldly goods, acquired for her an undying earthly Immortality, and an Eternal Being of Happiness and Glory in the Highest Spheres of the Kingdom of our Father. Her fame is wide-spread, - her deeds of goodness and her patriotic are recorded on the pages of her country's history, and her glowing example is written on the tablet of every true woman's heart. By the side of a faithful partner, whose name is immortalized on the Scroll of Fame, - did she labor, - giving counsel and advice when needed and required, and assisting him in establishing the liberties of a country, which was

bleeding at every pore from the tyranny and wickedness of Britain's power. Her efforts were ever lavished on where most needed, and her aims were ever given to accomplish good among her surroundings. And after a happy unity of body and soul with her dearly-beloved partner for many years, her ever-joyed Christian spirit disengaged ^{it} her hold on earthly things, and soared away to the great Assembly of God's Redeemed, to take its place among the Ransomed Host, there to await the bright coming of those it had left behind in the world below, and guard their glorious destiny and march to the Throne of Seraphs. And no fairer and nobler example of Christian Holiness and Love, I venture to say, was ever given to man and woman for imitation than that embodied in the life and character of thy patriotic mother, the heroic bosom-companion of John Adams, the Fearless Advocate of the Rights and Liberties of Man. I do not eulogize too much in saying what I have said, for all know how worthy of this feeble tribute is the brilliant and happy spirit of the ever-to-be-remembered Abigail Adams.

(Oct. 16)

"Surrounded by a high and ennobling circle of spirit intelligences, each one adorned with the heavenly virtues of their Divine Master, the bright and joyous form of thy sainted maternal parent approached me, and, in the following brief communication, saluted me to the Shores of Eternal Being: 'Faithful Laborer in the Vineyard of the Great Shepherd: With joy and exultation animating my immortal spirit, with the gratitude and love of God beaming in my heart, do I, in the presence of this brilliant circle of the citizens of Heaven, welcome you to the higher ministries of your pastoral life. Intently have I, with other immortals, watched thy pathway of earthly existence, witnessed, with joy and pride, thy rising star of ministerial glory, as it ascended the horizon of Humanity, and which shone, in majestic splendor, over a laborious life of Duty and Honor. Sacredly and faithfully have the spirits of the Eternal Country guarded your heart from all prejudice and bigotry, and enlarged it with the expanding, impartial humanities, of Christ, the Man, and

God, the Father. Beautifully have our radiant impressions felt on your soul when you knew it not, to beautify it with the vernal glories of a purer and happier life, and cause you to realize the high importance of that sacred mission, which engaged the noblest energies and capacities of your mind and heart. If, at any moment, you faltered in the arduous and responsible calling to which you were summoned; if you despaired to effect the will of Him who had sent thee to thy holy mission, "there would suddenly flash a ray of light across your soul, and "the still, small voice" would echo, "Despair not in the cause of thy God. Enter still His vineyard, and prune the vines of all the dead limbs of Error, and engraft thereon the precious germ of Truth and Love, that they may take deep root, and yield, as a recompense for your zealous labor, a bountiful harvest. Let the life and character of Christ be your pattern and guide, and endure, like him, if required of thee, martyrdom for the sake of thy Heavenly Father's Kingdom. Bear his cross faithfully, suffering for the holy cause of Christianity, that it may work out for thee a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But thy shoulder to the plough, and uproot each noxious plant which blights the beauty of thy lovely mission; resolving to be a hero in the strife of Humanity. Bear patiently the lot which Providence has marked out for thee, remembering, that the martyred Jesus transmitted a brilliant example of heroic fortitude, and devotion, to future unborn generations, that you, and all mankind, might do the will of the Father on earth, even as it is done in Heaven; and thereby win the glorious reward which he won, - a princely crown and seat in the Celestial Kingdom of an all-wise and benevolent King of Kings."

"Then thy soul would be inspired and elevated, at these whisperings of the still, small voice, and thy heart would take fresh courage, from oft-repeated evidences of Divine Love and Wisdom, and thou wouldst more firmly pursue the duties of thy noble ministry, resolved to win the fight of faith, or die to gain the victory." In thy great

work below, thy mind was not cramped or fettered by the chains of sectional prejudices or differences, but it ever ranged above a narrow and limited belief, and sought to enhance the glory of God, through an enlarged and widely-extended field of labor. Like the good Samaritan, thou never passed coldly by on the other side, from thy fallen and erring brother, bleeding from the wounds which a perverted nature had inflicted on him, but the hand of thy generous sympathy was ever lifted, to raise him from his degradation and sinful state, to the paths of rectitude and honor. In the pursuance of thy Godlike mission, thou never retracted from thy rule of right; never deviated from the honest convictions of thy soul, but went on thy way rejoicing in the fullness of thy ministry of love, - ever relying, for strength to carry you through the popular storms of Error and Bigotry which assailed your noble efforts, and to achieve for you a glorious result, - the laurels of victory and triumph!

"The poor outcast from society ever found in thee a warm and devoted friend. In thy ministrations to the wanderer from the paths of virtue, thou never asked, "What persuasion art thou," - never sympathized with that cold, unchristian feeling, "I am holier than thou art," but thou saw in these fallen ones the "noblest work of God, created in His own image," and from the vial of thy deep-toned love and sympathy, didst thou pour into their wounded and suffering hearts the oil of consolation and cheer, and bade them, "Go and sin no more." With a pleasant and kind glance of encouragement for every child of God, - affable and impartial in the associations with thy surroundings, tender and loving in thy relationships with the world, yet loving thy affections from it, as thy pure soul flowed Heaven-ward to Him who gave, devoted to the cause of every Christian at tribute and virtue, thou won for thyself a congenial circle of spiritual affinities, and transcribed on the immortal Cenotaph of Time and Eternity, an enduring memorial of thy heroic adhesion to the omnipotent principles of Eternal Justice and Truth, - that "what thou preached, thou practised."

I rejoice, dear Pastor of God, that, through the wisdom and impartiality of my Heavenly Father, I am enabled to raise my humble voice, and greet thee to the intensified joys of this world of everlast-
ing progress and happiness. Here will the noblest sentiments of thy soul be ratified in all their glory and majesty, that God has created of one blood all nations of the earth, and cemented them together by the com-
mon tie of Equality! Here, in the mighty Congressional Halls of our Fed-
eral Legislature, is woman's voice heard pleading the crushed liberties of her sex; here, the brazen ^{serpent} ~~snake~~ of Conservatism can no longer poison or stifle her noblest efforts for Humanity; here, the iron heel of despotic man no longer crushes her rights and energies, - no longer retards the beautiful development of her educa-
tional and social capacities. But here do the bravest energies of woman, crush-
ed, fettered woman, shine forth in all their conspicuous splendor and love-
liness, as she earnestly defends her sacred cause with impassioned fervor and
eloquence, and pleads for the restoration of those high gifts and rights which
God has made immanent in her soul. Here is she faithfully represented, - herself,
her bravest, her noblest Representative!

(18) "When a dweller in the mundane life, I was an active
participator in its various chequered scenes, mingling in the service of my
oppressed country, and strove, with all the power that a woman could com-
mand, to enhance its happiness and prosperity. I lived in a time when wo-
man's noble efforts were ardently demanded by man in restoring the fallen
liberties of a country, whose soil was being saturated with the precious blood
that flowed from the veins of the martyred descendants of the Puritan
Fathers and Mothers! And her faithful endeavors, in those days of trial and
suffering, were rightly appreciated. Fearlessly, by the sides of those they loved
dearer than their own lives, did they zealously labor, to accomplish the great
ends of their illustrious existence, the planting, on the virgin soil of "Young
America," the infant ^{seed} ~~germs~~ of Freedom, that all, both man and woman,
might enjoy the result, - a rich and glorious fruition!

"I sincerely feel, beloved Brother in the Cause of Humanity, that
woman's sphere and influence is ^{not} ~~merely~~ confined to the narrow limits of
the domestic fire-side at home. I feel, that the clarion notes of her gentle voice
should pour forth their eloquence from the pulpits of the so-called House
of God, discoursing on man's relations to Duty and his fellow-men, the
high and important duties incumbent on him, and pointing his soul the
way that leadeth to the Living Throne of Grace. Her lips should there pro-
claim the Divine Word of God, - pleading for His Holy Kingdom, and a-
rousing the Christianity of Jesus Christ, that the gentle mantle of his love
may shed its radiating power over the hearts of benighted man, to light
him onward to realms of glory and peace.

"In the Legislative Halls should her voice also be
heard, defending her dearest and most sacred rights, with a resolute and
determined mind, resolving, that "We ^{will not} ~~would not~~ be taxed, unless we are represent-
ed." By the side of man should she labor, giving counsel and advice in all
the complicated and embarrassing questions which afflict a Congres-
sional Body, endeavoring to overthrow all those giant evils of oppres-
sion and injustice, which pollute the fair fame of a country, whose
cause he pretends to espouse. There should she loan the eloquent powers of
her God-given genius, in the framing of wholesome and humane law,
which breathe of the fragrance of God's character and love, and demand
the passage of every statute, repugnant to the gentler humanities and sus-
ceptibilities of her heart and soul.

"At the Bar of the Judicial Tribunal, should
the bright star of woman's genius shine in all the blaze of auroral splen-
dor, undiminating to the grand central focus of Humanity and Jus-
tice. There should the gentle echoes of her voice plead for her fallen and
degraded Brother and sister, inviting them back to the embrace of a for-
giving Shepherd, to stray no more from his loving fold and flock. There
should her "charge and verdict" be rendered against every system of wrong

"Push forward, brother, in the work,
Which God to thee hast now assigned;
Let thy unfolding life reflect,
The bright effulgence of thy mind;
Shrink not from duties summoned here,
Before thy now enraptured sight;
But bold resolve, with heart and soul,
Go triumph in the cause of Right.

"Within this temple of thy God,
His Word Divine wilt thou declare;
And breathe the fervor of thy soul,
In lofty praise, and earnest prayer;
And every good and holy cause,
Which interested thee on earth,
Will still engage thy noblest powers
In thy unfolding angel birth.

(25) "May God's rich blessing on thee rest,
In thy Progressive life above;
And crown thee, in thy onward march,
With His bright coronet of love;
And when the clouds of Heaven shall open,
To "mortal" man's enchanted gaze;
And God shall grant him power to see
The glories of His Throne of Grace;
Oh may thy soul, enfolded with love,
Fly on the wings of joy to earth,
And plant therein the germs of truth,
The offspring of a nobler birth.

"And, that you may be strengthened in your appointed mission, and be enabled to pursue the heavenly work imposed upon you by the Giver of all Good, let the voice of woman now offer to the Eternal Throne of Grace, an humble orison, - a feeble testimony of the gratitude of our hearts, for this happy unity of spirits on the Everlasting Shores:

"O! thou Giver of every good and perfect gift, - thou God of Impartial Love, Mercy, and Goodness! We pour forth, to thy Eternal Throne, the fervent supplications of our souls, for this brilliant unity of soul in this World of Glory and Everlasting Progress. We offer to the homage and gratitude of our hearts, for the multiplied favor, with which thou hast crowned our spirits both during their stay on earth, and the period of their existence in thy Immortal Realm. May our souls be elevated to thee in adoring rapture for the unspeakable glories which thou hast unveiled on the ever-widening panorama of the Heavenly Creation, to beautify the inceptive visions of thy immortal children with scenes of radiant joy and happiness, and invite them upward to a Higher Seat in thy peerless Kingdom of Love and Truth. And may we behold, in each unfolding beauty of the Celestial and Material World, the glorious work of thy Divine Hand, and adore thee, in spirit and in truth, through their sublime, harmonious laws. Give us, O God of Love, a thorough knowledge of those unchanging, immutable arrangements of thy Mighty Mind, that we may not retrograde from their laws, which thou hast instituted in thy sublime works of the gorgeous Temple of Nature. And may we feel, Father in Heaven, that infinite distance cannot separate thee from the children of thy love, but that thou art everywhere, above, beneath, around, and within us, that thy tender mercies are over all thy works, purifying the hearts of the creatures of thy make, and drawing them to thee, to form component essences of thy own glorious Self! And enable us, Divine Mind, to compass upon the wretched souls of those who are bowing down to the strange idols of Ignorance and Idolatry, thy sovereign goodness and mercy, that the Spirit is progressive, and

will, in proportion to its interior development, inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. And Oh! Omnipotent Being, May our labors be fruitful in with good deeds, our aims, to advance thy Kingdom of righteousness. May our hopes be centered in thee, who art the Great Anchor of our Hearts, the faithful Pilot, to guide us to thy throne. May we plant in our spirits the germs of thy Infinite Character, that we may nearer approach thee, who art all Divine and Perfect. And, Father, may the reflex of our purified thoughts cast their impressions upon those residing in the clayey tenement, and awaken them to the convictions of Right, to the necessity of improving their higher natures within, and exalting their Interior Life to one of cloudless beauty and unequalled splendor. O may they, with the strengthening powers of angels to aid them, dissolve the chains of Error, which enslave the finest sympathies of the soul, and stand forth free in the enjoyment of those higher liberties which ~~God~~ ^{they} have imbedded in the life-giving Principle within... May they behold thee as thou art, not through the dark glass of Sectarianism, as a Being revengeful and vindictive in thy punishments, but through the light and grandeur of those divine attributes, recorded on every unfolded page of thy great Book of Nature. Hasten the time, when Ignorance, which has so long clogged the wheels of Progression, will be removed from the minds of man, and be accessible to the Truth as it is in Jesus; when Prejudice and Bigotry, and their collateral evils, will be swept away by the tornado of Enlightened Education and Opinion; when all grievous sins, which desolate thy noble works, will be swallowed up in the victory of Right, ^{or} now more to desolate thy Temple of Goodness. And, O! thou Impartial Being, give us aid and support in every laudable undertaking. Assist us to elevate woman to that proper Sphere of Influence and Action, to which thou designed her, and from which man has de-throned her. May she be exalted to an honorable position in society, free to ~~now~~ ^{cherish} her own cherished sentiments and rights, free to move in the public circles of life, and to give countenance and opinion on the national and sectional questions of the day, and to declare, from the earthly pulpits, the truth of thy

vine Word. Eradicate Slavery and War from every portion of thy corporeal Planet, and urge the period, when the gentle Dove of Love and Peace can wing its flight over the vernal fields of an earthly Paradise, uncorrupted by the warring of human passions. And, Father, I now commend this, the unfolded being of thy immortal child, to thy eternal care and service. May he have strength imparted him, in the discharge of each mission of Humanity which thou may see fit to confer upon him, - to establish the glory of thy Kingdom among the Nations of the Earth, - to destroy the strong ~~foundations~~ ^{foundations} ~~stone~~ ^{stone} upon which rests the mighty pinnacle of old forms of theology and creed, and rear up, out of their dishonored ashes, an edifice of Truth, whose towering dome shall reach the heavens. And to thee be rendered the homage and gratitude of our spirits for every good and perfect spiritual gift, now and forevermore. Amen. *(Left off reading to a circle of friends.)*

(Nov. 5.)

"After the utterance of the Address and Prayer by thy beloved maternal parent, so enrapturing and sublime in their character and tendency, I proceeded to reply to it in the following language, very brief, but, I trust, expressive: Dear friend and sister in the Spirit-Life: The emotions of my soul cannot be described to you in language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an adequate idea of the rapturous delight which permeates my unfolded being, in this glorious meeting with thy sainted spirit, and the joy which has attended it, in listening to the eloquent reception, which you have tendered to me, - your former earthly Pastor and Friend. Gladness and pleasure indefinable are pictured, in vivid colors, on every fibre of my soul, for this brilliant salutation by the children of Immortality, and gratitude, deep and overflowing, ascends the Throne of Grace, from a heart, regenerated and purified in the elements of Love and Goodness. Transcendently beautiful and sublime is the conservation of my spirit by thee, to the courts of the Progressive World, because our earthly existences commingled in unity and friendship, and enjoyed all the hallowing influences of a congenial society, - a happy affair

ity of Holiness and Religion, in its sacred relations. Often, in the earthly life, have wandered by that mansion, venerated and endeared by a thousand associations, memorialised on the tablet of mind, and reviewed the sullied brightness of those animated spirits which once inhabited it, and who gave character and tone to many a noble deed of Humanity and Virtue. My spirit would catch the flame of their heroic devotions to the principles of Right and Justice, and consecrate itself anew to the service of every cause, which is the cause of God. A live coal from the altar would touch the heart-strings, and tune them anew to the melody of those angel spheres, to whose bright enjoyments those purified spirits had departed. In the waving grass, or the sweet-flower-beds, around this antiquated Castle of Happy Memories, I could still trace in vision the moving forms of its "ascended" occupants, pursuing their accustomed avocations, plucking, in the luxuriant soil, the germ of a noble Industry, that others may reap the reward of their toils, and cherish, with fond pride and pleasure, their bright, transmitted examples. Then I would pause in my reflections of the bright memories of the past, and, as if inspired by the spirits of the departed ones, I would wend my way to the hospitable mansion, which still contained the beloved form of one dear to your heart, and allied to all, by the tenderest ties of veneration, love, and impartial friendship. I well remember once calling upon him, some little time subsequent to the physical dissolution of a cherished son, and engaging in conversation with him upon subjects which must, of natural necessity, be dear to every true and Christian heart, and which are, at this time, closely identified with our spiritual state of existence, and to which I now revert with intensified pleasure. The topics were, Religion, and the Immortality of the Soul. Before, however, answering to the earnest inquiries of his soul, to the best of my feeble ability, as was our usual custom, we bent the knee, and poured forth the homage of our hearts to the Throne of Grace. Rising from our prayerful posture, your treasured son, John Quincy Adams, turned towards me, and propounded the following interrogatory:

Brother Whitney: Often, when in my study, free from the embarrassing perplexities of legislative duties, and other complicated avocations, would my mind dwell upon the great question of the Immortality of the Soul, - whether the spirit, after it has separated from its temporary abiding-place, is permitted to hover around those loved ones it has left; a vigilant witness of ^{their} every action, of ^{their} joys and afflictions, of ^{their} pleasures and pains, and inspire them with ennobling truths and aspirations, through their impressive powers; or whether the Spirit-World is isolated, by immeasurable distance, from the material one, situated in some far-off corner of the Mystic Land, involved in impenetrable doubt and despair, with its inhabitants not cognizant of their sorrows or their happiness, - not ever-present to minister to ^{their} spiritual needs, or to elevate ^{their} souls with glorious hopes, and inspired words of comfort and joy. These are subjects which have much engrossed my thoughts in the calmer moments of my life, and to no satisfactory conclusion can I arrive. What are your opinions, Brother Whitney, on these momentous questions, and which, to my mind, are of the highest importance? Can you present a solution to these great interrogatories?

(7) Brother Adams: The questions which you have asked me, are indeed, as you have said, of high and momentous importance, and which have occupied my mental capacities many an hour of my life. I feel that the Spirit-World is not separated from us by impenetrable space, - that inward convictions of my soul teach me that it is near us, and that our hearts are ever receiving its pure and refined elements of divine inspiration; that its immortal elements are ever eye-witnesses of our deeds, and that their happiness or misery is enhanced by the measure of our virtues or iniquities. The Recorded Word of God, and the glorious life and unexampled character of Christ, sustains me, I think, in the advancement of such an idea. For, if we are to credit the truth of the Bible, or view it in either a historical or an inspired light, we are to believe that angels once hovered over the haunts of men, and again conmingled in former associations and delights. And what once possible, is not, in my

humble opinion, at the present time, improbable or impossible. On the contrary, it is reasonable to affirm, that guardian genii are continually hovering over us, and that our souls are constant recipients of their hallowing impressions and elevating instructions; that they are with us to solace our hearts when bereaving the loss of dear friends, and to bind up each tender, aching chord, with the soothing balm of consolation. That they are near us, though perhaps, unconscious to ourselves, inspiring us with hopeful visions of a glorious and happy Future, and embalming on our souls the irradiating light and splendor of a holier and better life; that their sanctifying influences are about and within us, harmonizing our natures with melodies of Love and Unity, and embellishing each page of existence with many pictures of angel goodness and purity; that divine thoughts are unceasingly flowing into our minds, though we know not the grand source from whence they originate; that the strong chains of sympathy which united their hearts with those they love on earth remain unsevered even after they have passed beyond the confines of Time to sojourn in the Realms of Eternity, and attract them to us to mingle again in our society, and soothe our infirmities with their healing presence.

It is said, that when the body dies,
The Spirit soars to upper skies;
To watch, from its celestial birth,
O'er those it fondly loves on earth;
And brighten, with angelic power,
Each passing day, each fleeting hour;
That every soul may well prepare,
To sit in light and glory there.

To believe otherwise, brother Adams, would, I feel, be approximating to a narrow and selfish infidelity. Holy Writ convinces me, that the laws

of God are one and the same, now and forevermore, and cannot, for a moment, be diversified or suspended, without ignoring the Divine Immutability of his character. And if the angels once glorified the souls of man with their inspired presence, and strengthened them with bright revelations of Love when faltering amid the stern duties of active life, is it not consistent to believe, that, through the same beautiful power, through the same harmonious laws of Nature, they can guard and solace our spirits in the trials of the day, and keep holy vigils around us during the peaceful slumbers of the night?

Often, like yourself, when retired aloof from the discordant din and bustle of the outer world, would I reflect upon the Immortality of the soul, the various degrees of happiness which it would enjoy after its triumphal passage over the dark waters of death, and picture upon the canvass of my mind the magnificent beauties which everywhere line the golden streets of Eternity, and the imaginary scenes of splendor which adorn and glorify its celestial inhabitants. And, during my reflective moments, beautiful and elevating thoughts would flow athwart my mind, inspiring words of love and consolation would roll their harmonious influences across my soul, gentle voices would utter joyous whispers of hope to my heart, each congenial thought and word, as I felt, were but the heavenly echoes of angelic minds. My whole nature would light up, at these superior inflowings of divine intelligences, with the love and glory of God, and I would acknowledge the proximity of the Spirit World.

The ardent desires which we feel, brother Adams, to know whether our departed friends are near us, and witnesses of our comforts and distresses, are sufficient evidences to my mind of the close affinity of the Angel Spheres with the Material World. The innate longings which we experience, to know of the happiness of our ascended loved ones, furnish to me satisfactory proof of their blissful guardianship, of their watchful presence; and the interrogatory, so repeatedly asked, Are our spirit friends near us, and cognizant of our earthly affairs, is often, unconsciously to ourselves, answered in the silent depths of the human soul. Purified thoughts are inflowing into our minds are ever the

gushing outpourings of superior intelligences, - the grand reflex of the Divine Mind. And they will continue to speak to us in their gentle intonations, - in that still, small voice, which quiets every discordant feeling and sentiment ^{rising} in the heart, and attune its chords to the heavenly harmonies of Love and Affection. Let us feel, brother Adams, that the spirits of the just ^{are} ^{ever} with us, and that they are exerting upon our ^{salutary} influences; that they rejoice with us in our prosperity, and sympathize in our adversity; that they are near, to comfort us when we mourn, - to bind up the wounds which the stroke of Death has inflicted, and prepare our souls to unite with theirs in one Common Fraternal Union, to chant unceasing praises to the Lord of Hosts. And let us hope, that this daily communing and interior secret communion with those passed away, will serve to disengage our hold on the things of earth, - rob death of all its terrors and its stings, and make us holier and happier during our continued pilgrimage below, and better qualify us for a high seat in the Kingdom of God. Let our lives be conformable to the blessed assurances of their beatified presence, that our deaths may be glorious, and our entrance to the holier duties of another existence, to greet the loved and lost, sublime and beautiful. Re-
 size, then, dear brother, that the spirit of your beloved son, whose recent departure from earth has wrung your heart with unutterable anguish, is present with you, and will ever be, until your soul shall burst the bounds of its mortal tenement; and ascend heavenward to join the society of that dear one, whose loss you now deeply feel and lament.

"Ah! brother Whitney," he replied, "could I but realize the force of the beautiful truths to which you have given utterance, I should be the happiest man existing. And yet, the arguments which you have employed to support the fact of Angel Messages, is, to my mind, very rational and conclusive, and in perfect harmony with the pre-ordained laws of God. The Bible, as you have said, proves that Christ, and his Chosen Apostles, were grand receptive agents of for the control and guidance of guardian angels,

and that their soothing and congenial influences strengthened and aided them during many a dark and troubled hour of their ^{martyred} life. And if they were thus watched and guided by the holy angels from the towers of their celestial Zion, it is consistent for us to believe, that we ^{also} may be controlled by their divine ministrations, through the same harmonious laws and arrangements. And could my heart, brother Whitney, but realize and accept the fact of angels' ever-
 ful presence, Death, to use your own language, would be divested of all its fears and terrors, would lose that hideous aspect with which an unnatural education has invested it, and present itself to the mind in garments of unspeakable sublimity, - as a golden key which unlocks the shining gates of Immortality to admit the soul to brighter and purer abodes. The thought, that Heaven's Immortals are daily accompanying us in our passage over the rough billows of life, and inspiring our hearts with holier thoughts and higher ambitions, is indeed a very beautiful one, and cannot fail to exert on ourselves a divine and consolatory influence. And could I but feel, that the spirit of my departed treasure, - and here the strong man wept like a child, - ^{was} with me, noting my every act and impressing me with lovely views of happier home, the heavy weight of grief which now afflicts my soul would be removed, and the aching void would be displaced by sweet and happy memories of a glorious Future Life. But I will treasure the bright idea, for its beauty and sublimity, and the many hours of happiness and consolation which it brings with it, and endeavor, through careful research and vigorous study, combined with the assistance of others, to firmly establish it on the Foundation-Rock of Eternal Truth."

"This is the sum and substance, dear sister, of that memorable interview with thy beloved son. Though it cannot be supposed, that the language which was employed at that time is identical, in every particular, with that which I have just recited to you, yet the ~~same~~ principles and the ideas embodied in that conversation are one and the same, as those which I have related; for the time which has intervened between that and the present, has eradicated, from memory, in a great measure, the exactness of the language uttered on that occasion, though the thoughts and sentiments advanced are securely sealed on the throne of mind. That happy consultation

occupied little over an hour's earthly time, and was a fruitful source for profound study and reflection in after years. ⁽²¹⁾ I parted from him but the lovely memories of that beautiful conversation lingered in the deep recesses of the heart; to mould its character for everlasting good. I now revert to it with great pleasure, to substantiate the force of the truths which were then uttered, and which to our minds were as brilliant hopes and blissful anticipations, and which to one is now a joyful realization.

"I thank you for the eloquent eulogium you saw fit to pass on my earthly labors, both public and private. I rejoice that they are thus approved by the celestial of Paradise, and that my ministry below has been guaranteed by their divine presence; that they have strengthened me in my faltering moments, and cheered me when trouble and sorrow disturbed the serenity of life; that they have been ever near, when tendering consolation to the mourning ones of earth, and inspired me with elevating and solacing hopes, that I might better minister them to the afflicted soul; that they walked by my side, as watchful attendants of the day, and hovered over my head, as bright guardians of the night; that they have unflinchingly assisted me in every good and perfect work, and blessed my heart with the inspiration of the Ascending Spheres of Love and Duty; that they have prepared the soul, through a refined and godly life, to tread, without fear, the dark valley of the shadow of death, and to land triumphantly ~~and~~ on the Shining Waters of Infinite Being, there to anchor my weary barque in the Port of Truth and Progress. For all these blessings, dear sister, do I thank the good angels.

"But the grand source of all these manifested favors, - our Heavenly Father, must I most especially direct the deep homage and gratitude of my overflowing heart. For, through the wisdom and perfection of his inscrutable laws, and the Immortals of the Celestial Country brought in immediate contact with those who sojourn in the life below them. Let us adore Him for the unspeakable privilege He has granted to us, in permitting us to hover over the loved and dear of earth, - to wander in those beautiful haunts of our childhood, and render each unfolding scene more glorious and sublime by our inspired presence. Let us thank Him, in the earnestness of our progressive natures, for the impartial love and wisdom

He has displayed in each work of His Bountiful Hand, - for the splendor and beauty of each scene which he has invested in the Material Landscape, and still more magnificent glories with which He has clothed the Abodes of the Just and the Good, with the brilliant Rainbow of His Love and Promise sparkling in the Heavens, and tinting each joyous picture with the seven unfolding Spheres of Happiness and Progress. Let us acknowledge our dependence to Him for every good and perfect spiritual blessing; that we are sincerely grateful for all the manifold favors of His Hand, of which our souls are the willing recipients. Let us worship Him in spirit and in truth, and ever acknowledge as the Divine Father of the Whole Human Race, - as an Impartial Father, who will attract all His erring children in repentance and contrition to His Throne, and in forgiveness bid them sin no more, - as the Great Spirit, who is everywhere, all in all, infinite in His Paternal character, - whose glory shines round about like a pillar of fire, warming and subduing all hearts unto Himself, - and whose love and wisdom is made manifest in the countless myriads of Stars which illuminate the galaxy of Heaven, in the wild and discordant hearings of the ocean, as well as in its calm and harmonious placidity of temper, and in the forked lightning and the echoing thunder, in the expanding loveliness of the Vegetable Creation, and the deep-treasured wealth of the Mineral Kingdom, - all at the command and will of a Superior Being, before whom all Nations must bow in reverence, and worship Him as the only True God. To such a Benignant Parent, my sister, must we tender our sincere obligations for all the rich spiritual gifts which we are constantly receiving, to improve and benefit our immortal natures with their harmonizing influences. Let us award to Him the thanksgivings of our hearts, for his unnumbered blessings, and ascribe all glory and honor to His Hallowed Name. And let us offer up to Him our unceasing oblations, and pray, that the inhabitants of the world below may acquire a more accurate and tangible knowledge of the laws and affinities of the Inner Life, that he may know more of the Happy Land to which Christ the Saviour of Men, has ascended, and thus better prepare the genius of Immortality within for a beautiful unfolding into a state of Perfect Bliss and

Enjoyment. Let us bide, then, that rapidly approaching eve, when our prayers will be answered, and hail, with adoring rapture and joy, the first few rays of lights which shall proclaim its glorious advent.

(27/)

To the beautiful sentiments which you have avowed, in reference to the proper sphere and influence of woman, do I cordially assent; and my endeavors, to place her in that position from which she has been dethroned by a popular prejudice, shall be cheerfully loaned, until that happy period shall dawn upon the world. And in every good work, whose object is to ensure the well-being of mankind, and to advance the principles of Humanity, and the Higher Ordinance of God, will I engage, and employ the active powers of my Regenerated Being to secure Harmony and Love in all hearts, and hasten the era when the Kingdom of our Father will come, and His will be done on earth even as it is done in Heaven. Gladly and willingly will I girdle on my armor, and go forth into the field, and battle against the foes of Truth and Progress, firmly resolved not to sheathe the sword, until our arms have achieved a glorious victory. With the mighty Army of Spirits arrayed in lines of supernal majesty before my unfolding Receptive Vision, will I struggle for Right and Justice, and to implant on the barren soil of Freedom and True Democracy the star-spangled Banner of Peace and Good-Will. And in every cause, whose tendency is to ameliorate the deplorable condition of suffering humanity, and to develop the higher Initiatic Principles of the Immortal Soul, will I labor with true earnestness and vigor, and endeavor, thereby, to add a crowning light and glory to the Shining Diadem of my Lord and Master. All this will I do, with the help of the Divine Power.

And now, beautiful Spirit, will I draw this feeble answer to a termination, poorly expressed, I am aware, but yet serving as a fervent illustration and testimony of the gratitude which I feel for the sublime reception, the cordial salutation, which you, and the dear partner of your happiness and enjoyments, have, at this time, extended to me. Your sublime teachings and counsels shall be treasured as bright pearls in my heart; and act as living incentives to aid my unfolding spirit in its ethereal progress to the boundless Abodes of Infinite Love and Perfection, to sit in glory with those bright Stars of Purity and Holiness, whose light once animated the dark night of Error and Superstition, and

whose trail is still left behind, to guide other souls to brighter realms of Immortal Existence. Let us labor, dear sister, to improve the means which God has bequeathed to us, to harmonize more perfectly our inner natures, and to divest ourselves of every feeling of prejudice, prejudice such may have found an accidental entrance to our hearts. Thus shall we move on in the Spheres of Eternal Progression, our souls perfecting in knowledge and goodness, as they become qualified to enter on the more ennobling and exalted duties of the Higher Orders of Harmonial Truth and Wisdom, and ripening in all the Adorning Excellencies which crown the Paternal Character of the Divine Parent, as they near to His Celestial Throne! And in return for the kindness and interest which you have manifested for me, I will wear the bright garlands of Affection and Friendship for thy virgin brow, that their fragrance may descend upon other hearts, and beautify them with the Sweet Flowers of Harmony and Virtue. May the crowning excellencies of thy Immaculate Character leave their holy impress on the memories of those descendants which thou hast left on the shores of Time, and invite them to emulate thy many virtues and heroic deeds, with which thy soul was truly eloquent, and thus preserve unsullied that bright, Immortal Parent Name, which has been transmitted to them, through the stainless life and example of their honored, illustrious Parent! Go forward, then, dear sister, in thy holy office, and labor vigorously in the cause of God, to dethrone Error, and enthrone Truth, feeling assured, that Right not Might will in the end triumph! Unfold thy glorious banner to the ^{brave} world, and hasten the World's Redemption from Sin! Let it not be withdrawn from the field of action, until all mankind shall exist under its folds of Peace, and Universal Love.

May God, sweet spirit, crown thy life,
With roseate beauties rare;
And leave, upon thy lovely soul,
The Impress of His care;
May glory mark thy upward flight,
To Spheres of Cloudless Joy;
Where Happiness and Endless Light,
Shine forth without alloy.

May holy angels wreath for thee,
 Their chaplets, fresh and fair,
 And place them on thy virgin brow,
 To bloom forever there;
 And may their gentle influence,
 Cast round a fragrant glow,
 Descending on the hearts of those,
 Who dwell in Spheres below.

(Duet.)

And may the Star of Truth and Love,
 Diffuse o'er thee its rays;
 And draw thy soul to God on high,
 In everlasting praise;
 And may our Father speed the day,
 When thy Immortal Mind,
 Shall utter forth to worlds below,
 Good-Will to all mankind.

Urge onward, then, that hallowed work,
 Which God to thee hath given;
 And aid the panting soul to find
 The path which leads to Heaven;
 And may thy Father's crowning smiles,
 Thy Spirit ever bless;
 That it, in knowledge and in truth,
 May rapidly progress.

May the light of God's spirit shine evermore on thine own. Amen and Amen.

Thus, dear brother, closes the memorable interview with thy Father and mother, on my entrance into the glorious delights of Immortal Being. I have

been somewhat loath in my recital to you, of the brilliant reception which I
 lived when I launched my barge on the sparkling Lake of Eternal Progression,
 but I am sure it ~~will~~ ^{has} not proved irksome to your regenerated spirit, as it is closely
 identified with your own immediate interests. On the contrary, the just-recited narrative
 has been pleasing and instructive to you, and thrilled your ^{ambitions} ~~beautified~~ soul with unutter-
 able joys, and elevated it with grateful emotions and heavenly. You now more keen-
 ly realize the bright reward which awaits to crown the faithful labors of those who
 vigilantly work in the vineyard of the Heavenly Master. You have discern pictured be-
 fore you the eternal glories which are to deck thy unfolding Immortality, and lead
 thee on to those more beautiful and sublime joys which glitter in the brighter fields of
 God's Refulgent Paradise of Bliss and Happiness. The nobler duties of thy earthly pil-
 grimage have won for thee an Immortal Recompense here, in the Celestial Home, while
 the mourning hearts of thy countrymen wreath eternal laurels of Fame and Gratitude
 for the dead brow of thy material body. All animosities and feelings of revenge now cease,
 and all vie to honor thy lifeless remains, and to sprinkle tears of Affection and Love o'er
 thy consecrated bier. The roses of Remembrance, ^{strewn by} ~~from~~ fair hands of Gratitude and Sympa-
 thy send forth their eternal fragrance as incense to God, but none so vernal or fragrant as
 that undying Fame which thy virtuous deeds have wrought on thy country's history, and
 embalmed on thy Monument of Time and Eternity. Why, my brother, this suspension of
 antagonisms, - this withdrawal of hostile feelings, where they but a short time previous
 existed? It is because memory is at work reviewing the eloquent deeds of the brilliant
 Past, and flowing back to those hallowed days when earth was blessed with thy endearing
 presence, when the radiant ^{light} of thy bright Star illuminated the world with its mellow
 lustre, now fasted away to sparkle in glory around the Great Central Sun, the Throne
 of the Divine Intelligence! And thought is lost in profound admiration and wonder at
 the sublime, unwavering fortitude and heroic virtue which characterized the illustrious
 life of a man, who preferred the simple adornments of a meek and quiet spirit, who
 sought to fear his God, and serve his country, - to all the splendid pomp and pageantry
 of official distinctions and worldly honors. Proud and ennobled at fearless indepen-
 dence of thy spirit, exalted in their own characters, through the immaculate virtues of

thine own, dazzled by the light and grandeur of thy matchless mind, and the brilliancy of thy unclouded Star of Fame and Honor, guided by the purity of thy wisdom and integrity, and the power of thy resplendent example of Truth and Progression, thou wreath around thy memory the fragrant offerings of their Devoted Love, entwine thy honored brow with roseate garlands of Human Affection, and resolve to imitate the adorning excellences of thy departed soul, that they

May faithful serve like thee, their country and their age,
And leave an honored Name on History's gilded Page.

(18) Thus, revered and loved by thy countrymen, and remembered with tears of Affection and ~~and~~ Gratitude by the whole world, hast thou journeyed homeward to Heaven and Glory, where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling. Thy spirit hast sought the haven of Peace, the Port of Eternal Happiness. At the Post of Duty, where thou hast bravely stood in danger's dark hour, didst thy soul burst its mortal cements, and soar above to join the Representatives of a Higher Congress. Sitting place for the Old Man Eloquent to take His last look of the perishable things. In the seat where thou so long and nobly battled in thy country's cause, didst thou fight life's greatest battle, and won the victory. Wreathed with thy country's proudest laurels, hast thy spirit found the Happier Shore, to receive the immortal crown. And may the bright memories of the Past be the brilliant standards of the Present and the Future! May the Immortality of the Past be the faithful guardian of the Immortality of Heaven! And may thy happy soul develop in knowledge and truth, and thy Future Fame be as sublime and brilliant, as thy Past has been bright and beautiful.

From the fetters of earth hast thy soul ascended above,
To meet in glory and joy those whom thou most dearly dost love,
Where contention's rude billows can no more dash or mar,
Thy soul's deepest energies, - thy bright rising star.

Here, on the pages of Eternity's translucent chart,
Are recorded the thoughts and the deeds of thy mind and thy heart;
Which now thy bright spirit ^{happy} around seat doth assign,
Within the realms of Love and Peace, around the Throne Divine.

Thy country mourns for the star which has faded from earth,
Sighs again for the pure jewel, of great value and worth,
And imploringly calls upon God to give back once more,
The precious unfolded soul, which has found the Happier Shore.

(22) Hark! the cannon's deep thunder its booming echoes send forth,
O'er the high mountain tops, and the lowly dales of the North;
While from the fair South there comes a low sob and a wail,
Because Freedom's brave Defender has passed the "dark vale".

Behold! brother! thy country entwines around thy earth-crown,
The proudest of laurels, and garlands as spotless as snow;
Unwilling therefrom to pluck a single flower or gem,
Which enwrathes its translucent Fame, its gilded diadem.

And see! with what noiseless footsteps each friend and each foe,
Passeth by thy honored dust, lying in peaceful state below;
See Gratitude's deep tribute, and Affection's sweet tear,
As they silently fall upon thy unburied brow.

Hear now the rich encomiums passed on thy fair fame,
The eulogiums pronounced on thy unclouded name;
Hear the rich, thundering eloquence, which reverberates forth,
From the Representatives of the South, as well as the North.

The Halls, where thy eloquent voice has so oft won applause,
In defending thy country's proud fame, - fair Liberty's cause;
In darkness and gloom is now shrouded, - in drapery hanging black,
For the bright spirit departed, which they fain would call back.

See your grey-haired Senator, as he rises to proclaim,
The virtues of that soul, which he could not break or tame;
Hear the exhortations, which roll from his heart and his mind,
About following the example which thou hast left to mankind.

Hear the beautiful instructions which fall from his tongue,
From the silent chords of gratitude unobscured and wrong;
How undivided the attention which to him is lent,
As he records the bright deeds of the "Old Man Eloquent."

The sons of Carolina will no longer strive to bind,
The fervent ^{now} gustings of thy heart, and thy high, gifted mind;
For, ^{soul} hushed and still is that voice, whose all-charming power,
Made Tyranny to tremble, and despots to cower.

Those, who once on mortal earth were thy vindictive foes,
Now forget past hostilities, and finer feelings disclose;
And all strive to vie in showing homage to the man,
Who has fought life's great battle, and measured its brief span.

But listen! there cometh again over mountain and dell,
The booming notes of the cannon, and the slow tolling bell;
A large concourse is gathered beneath the Capitol's dome -
Ah! they are leaving the mortal to its New England home.

(26) O! how silent is their march, and how muffled their tread,
As they wend on their way with the illustrious dead;
How sad is each countenance, as they look the last time,
On him who has passed to joys immortal and sublime.

A fitting place, noble spirit, for thy soul to ascend,
From the mortal things of earth to life which knows not an end;
'Twas well that grim Death should dissolve Heaven's tie from that form,
Where undauntedly it has stood amidst sunshine and storm.

Fitting season for thy soul to soar upward to Heaven,
On the eve of that day when to earth a Washington was given;
Appropriate time for thy spirit to mingle with his,
In a life of endless love, - and Eternity of bliss.

But hark! there soundeth o'er ocean, and hill-top, and plain,
The deep-rolling thunders and echoes of the cannon again;
They have now reached Massachusetts with their much treasured dust,
And are about to deliver up their most sacred trust.

And see the fast-rolling tears, as they course down each cheek,
Which their love and their gratitude doth silently bespeak;
See how fervent the affection which glows in each face,
As they bear the cold cove to its last resting-place.

Look! in good old Faneuil Hall thy mortality lays,
That the sons of the Bay State may take their last earthly gaze,
Ere it shall depart from these walls to the home of its birth,
With parent dust to commingle, 'neath dear Quincy earth.

The banners of Liberty wave their folds at half mast,
 Drooping for the loved spirit, whose earthly days are now past;
 While the wide, surging ocean, in its heave and its roll,
 Chant forth a solemn requiem for thy ascended soul.

Behold! the symbols of mourning are everywhere hung,
 And thy fame, so resplendent, is pronounced from each tongue;
 All honor thy example, and thy virtues proclaim,
 And ^{will} teach their posterity to reverence thy name.

They cherish thy fame and thy memory with fondness and pride,
 And make thy bright example their pattern and their guide;
 They pray, that the mantle of thy life to them may be given,
 To lead them upward to God, to glory, and to Heaven.

But hark! the deep muffled cannon, and the sad tolling bells,
 Are echoing forth once again their funeral knells;
 And with slow and measured march they are bearing the earth,
 To the scenes of its childhood, - to the home of its birth.

That consecrated House, where, in lofty prayers and praise,
 Thy soul's pure devotions have so often been raised;
 Its arms now again cloth ^{at} extend, and wide opens its door,
 To receive John Quincy Adams to its portals once more.

(Jan. 1, '56) The hallowing memories of the Past now flow back to thy mind,
 As thou looketh down from thy Home on that Faith's holy shrine;
 Where thou so oft hast bowed the head in worship and in prayer,
 And invoked on thy labors God's blessing and care.

That loved House of Worship! O! how dear, how sacred to thee!
 Where in deep veneration thou hast oft bent the knee;[†]
 How joyful the remembrances which round thy soul twine,
 As thou callest to memory those hours so divine!

But see! a well-known form rises from the pulpit to pray,
 For those left behind who mourn for the soul passed away;
 And asks of his Father that the example which he hast left,
 May descend on those hearts of his presence bereft.

How eloquent is the language which from his lips roll,
 As he engraves that example on the tablet of each soul;
 How honest are the tears which o'er thy dead body are shed,
 As he portrays the high virtues of the soul that has fled.

The hands which to thee hath oft the Bread of Life given,
 Again breaks it for thee now thou hast passed on to Heaven;
 And cleaveth out to others, whose love with thine sweetly blessed,
 That they may seek the bright Port to which thou hast ascended.

But see! they're preparing to remove the inanimate form,
 To its mortal resting-place, from life's sunshine and storm;
 Friends thickly gather round, to take a last look of the clay,
 Ere it is borne from their sight forever away.

(2) [†] The phrase, "bent the knee" is employed by Brother Whitney, in a figurative manner, as it was very usual custom, in the earth-life, to stand during the delivery of prayer. It is here used merely as a strong reference to the deep homage of the heart and soul, and to denote sincere reverence and devotion.

The sad countenances upturned to the bright heavens above,
 Denote the strength of their affection, and the depth of their love;
 While the trickling tears, which from the moistened eyes fall,
 Tumbling, like dew-drops of the morn, on thy funeral pall.

They mourn with sincerity o'er thy cold and clayey corse,
 And deeply feel thy departure - their sad earthly loss;
 But pray, that the mantle of thy fame on them may e'er rest,
 That they, too, with thy virtues, may abundantly be blest.

Slowly and sadly they're moving onward to the tomb;
 To deposit the mortal beneath its darkness and its gloom;
 Another fearful look their tender feelings arouse,
 And the body is committed to the dark, narrow house.

They leave that much hallowed spot with sadness and pain,
 But feel, that what is their loss, is thy ^{high} happy gain;
 And hope, that, when the day of life with them is no more,
 They will meet thy bright spirit on the Immortal Shore.

O! couldst they but deem that thy soul, unfolded and free,
 Could still look down from its home, on things of mortality,
 And watch the footsteps of those who so sorely do weep,
 E'er the form which now slumbers in its eternal sleep;

With what exceeding rapture would their spirits be fired,
 With what joy and what beauty would their hearts be inspired;
 How their affections would rise to the Divine Throne of God,
 To which thou hast soared upward, to receive thy reward.

And couldst they but believe that thou still to them can impart,
 The sweet impressions of thy mind, - and the lessons of thy heart,
 The tears which ^{now} courseth their cheeks in mourning for thee,
 Would quicken into gladness and rapturous glee.

But the era will soon come, when, from thy unclouded skies,
 Thy living Voice will chant forth the glories of Paradise;
 When the earth will again smile with thy wisdom and thy power,
 And grasp the bright gems which fall from Zion's Holy Tower:

We will turn from things below, to the beauties of this world,
 Where thy bright banner of Truth its broad folds hast unfolded;
 Where happiness eternal, and pleasures most refined,
 Now await to bid welcome to thy Unfolding Mind.

The matchless eloquence of thy voice will thunder no more
 To make old Congress Glad with its deep echoes to roar;
 For that soul, so noble and so just has aspired to a life,
 Beyond the storms of contention and political strife.

But ah! forgive me, dear Brother, for thus speaking so, -
 The beauties of thy mind will still reflect themselves below;
 The world will again know that John Quincy Adams doth live
 And is still Truth's brave champion and Representative.

^{of thy love}
 And those haunts which thy fearless voice has oft blest,
 In proclaiming freedom to the captive, and joy to the oppressed;
 Will still its all-conquering power give forth to the world,
 That Liberty may triumph, and Slavery to ruin be hurled.

(12) And those, whom thou hast left on the mortal shores of Time,
To mourn thy departure to the spheres of duty sublime,
Will still thy encircling presence feel hastening them on,
To the bright portals of bliss, to which a parent has gone.

Every noble cause, which thy mind engaged on the mortal earth,
Will employ its gifted powers in thy high, celestial birth;
To guide the soul from the darkness of error away,
To the mansions of the just, where shineth unclouded Day.

The beauties of the lower world thy eye will still see,
In all their unfolding grandeur, and pristine purity,
And wander through each secluded haunt, each delightful shade,
And plant there the germs of thy love, which earthly time cannot fade.

Impress on the hearts of those who wander from the light,
To hate vice and ungodliness, to love Virtue and Right;
And leave to that path, which pointeth to glory above,
To the courts of the Redeemed, to Salvation and Love.

Proclaim, in a voice of thunder, that to them will be heard,
That they God's Holy Truth must revere, and keep sacred His Word,
That they, His Divine Requisitions, cannot disobey,
But what they most assuredly, the penalty will pay.

And thus may they feel thy encircling presence near,
To lead them on through the mortal to the Immortal Sphere,
And comfort them with thy influence in sorrow's dark hour,
And soothe each affliction with its all-potent power.

And O! may they seek, like thee, to win an undying name,
To preserve, unspotted and pure, their country's fair fame,
And strive, with all power, which they can summon to command,
To wipe out sin and error from their dear native land.

And may thy countrymen thy fame and thy memory cherish,
And follow thy brilliant example, which never can perish;
That, when the last earthly sands in life's hourglass are spent,
They may say, "This is but the end of earth, I am content."

Go forth, then, bright-Immortal, in thy errands of love
And disseminate to the world thy teachings from above;
Shrink not from the duties which to thy mind are mirrored here,
On the fair panorama of each celestial sphere.

Advance onward, in thy mission, my brother and friend, -
Celestial beings thy pathway forever will attend,
To commingle their labors of Redemption with thine own,
And follow thy unfolding soul to the dear Father's Throne.

Did in advancing that era when the lower world will feel,
The beauty of that heavenly power, which all afflictions will heal
When to man will be expounded the Light and the Truth,
Which directeth to Heaven, to an Everlasting Youth.

Now, brother, once more I pronounce God's blessing on thee,
On that new ^{work} ~~labor~~ of love, which crowns thy Immortality,
And will pray, that thy labors for good may meet with success,
And thy spirit forevermore in harmony progress.

Amen.

(15) With this poem, so beautifully and eloquently delivered, closed the brilliant reception of Mr. Whitney. Through the whole of its recital, there were present many millions of the glorified Redeemed, who were as intensely ^{interested} in it as my humble self. It awakened in my unfolding being the holiest emotions, and brought to vivid memory the bright and joyous recollections of the past, and crowned with new and holy delight my developing nature. It was indeed a happy season to my soul, as you may well suppose, to be thus honored and welcomed to the Spheres of Harmonious Progress by those who had passed on before me to their unnumbered beauties. It was a pleasure too bonnetless to be described, to be enabled to greet again the presence of dear parents and children, and to receive a cordial and sincere welcome by their sanctified spirits; to again behold friends, whose earthly labors were conjoined with mine, and to listen to the hearty approbation which they bestowed upon my efforts to establish in the mundane world the lofty principles of Humanity and Truth, and to make the human heart an altar, at whose shrine Love and Justice may worship. And O! if I felt happy and pleased in these evidences of Spirit-Consecration and Love, how much more was that happiness augmented, in feeling that perhaps I was not wholly unworthy of them; that I could safely retrospect the past, and indagate every action of my life, and realize, that they bespoke the truth of one glorious sentiment, Progression! I do not desire to convey to my readers the selfish and erroneous idea, that I consider myself free from the frailties and imperfections of the mortal existence, or that I was exempt from those errors which are ever lurking in the way-side of man's chequered being, and especially in those whose peculiar situations of life were and are identical with mine own. But I wish to be ^{convinced} stood in my remarks, as conveying the impression, that I feel the Book of my Mortal Life may be closely scanned by the world's inhabitants, and that no false or deceptive colorings will be found there engraved on its humbly embellished pages; but, on the contrary, that they will there discover many truthful pictures, all of which are tinted with golden linings, radiant with the halo of Progression and Immortal Truth. To have one feel sensible of their faults, is it not a high mark of virtue in such to acknowledge them? And if they are possessors of intrinsic quali-

ties, why is it not equally a mark of wisdom in such to let them shine forth, that others beholding their light and power, may be led to imitate and pattern after them. I am aware, that it is not generally the case with persons to attempt their own defence, except when extreme circumstances urge such a step, but I think that the old adage, "Credit to whom credit is due," is as strikingly applicable, in its force and meaning to Individual Self, as it is for one who applauds and gives credit to the justly-deserved merits of another. And under the operation of that rule, have I departed from usual customs, and feebly inscribed here on paper, what I felt to be the virtues of my corporeal life; not because I felt or thought that there was any need of such record, for the noblest monument of a man's character is that which is erected on the foundation of exalted actions and heroic principles, - but because there was an indefinable pleasure in reverting to past deeds and enjoying the conscious pride that they were deserving of promulgation, even by the humble individual, whose life they adorned. And as I now reflect, from my present Sphere of Existence, on the incidents through which I was called to travel in my Outer Life, through the harassing difficulties and perils of a political career; when I review the perplexing embarrassments and obstacles which everywhere surrounded me, and the secret conspiracies which were held to undermine my efforts for Humanity, yea, which threatened the destruction of my very existence, I am struck with unutterable astonishment at the firmness of mind and purpose, and the strength of determination and independence which were imparted to me, and which enabled me to surmount all impending dangers, and ultimately to achieve the victor's laurel of triumph; and I ask myself, in view of all these things, How was it, that I overcame those appalling difficulties and encroachments on the rights of man, and secured the highest wishes and aspirations of my soul? It was the voice of the Lord speaking to the nobler faculties of the inward nature, through the divine ministrations of His celestial agencies, imparting strength and encouragement to the tried spirit, and bidding it rejoice in the fullness and joy of the Holy Spirit. That silent voice I heard, and responded to it in the many deeds of humanity which a somewhat martyred life echoed forth. I can

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account for the great power which I possessed to overcome the many trials and difficulties which encompassed my earthly labors, and to achieve the ardent desires of my heart and soul. I can now see and realize the means which were employed by my Heavenly Father, and the divine agencies imparted to me, to assist in that mighty and responsible work which engaged both my mental and physical capacities, and which enabled me to perform, in a measure, the duties which devolved upon me. Surrounded by the enemies of Humanity, environed by numerous difficulties and embarrassments, pressed, on all sides, by the foes of Republican Equality and Universal Liberty, denounced and stigmatised as a Disunionist and Agitator, I would ask, how was it possible for me to surmount these huge barriers and seemingly insurmountable obstacles, without the aid and help of those superior intelligences, whose harmonizing influences are ever extended to give strength and nerve to the arm of the weak, and whose gentle voices of Love are ever whispering words of encouragement to the faltering spirit of earth, and to those who vigorously and earnestly seek to do the Father's Holy Will! I would ask, what power but the Divine, made manifest through his angels of Immortal Birth, could have sustained me in those dark hours of tribulation, and led me triumphantly on in my way rejoicing, and enabled me to beat back those dark and angry waves of tyranny and sectionalism, which so threatened to check the life-current of Progressive Humanity! What Power, but the All-Potent, could have dismantled my soul of all fears and discouragements, released it from perplexing doubts and disturbances, and imparted to me the ability to aid in rolling back the black clouds of oppression and injustice which obscured the illuminated sky of Freedom, and to start the ever-rolling car of Progression on its sure and heavenly track! Under the guidance of these unseen Celestial Beings, is it to be wondered at, that I should be prepared to fight the great Battle of Right, and nerved to honorable Duty and Action? Though unacquainted, when on earth, with the fact of invisible guidance and direction, yet how rational does the thought appear to me now! A multitude of fancies and ideas roll athwart the mind, - the mirror of the Past, is as with its pictures of joy and sorrow, of triumph and defeat, is again upheld to view, - dangers and trials surmounted, and temptations overcome, all come rushing back to vivid memory, and I firmly, truthfully acknowledge the guiding control of Superior Power, who walked unseen by my side, and instilled in my soul strength and encouragement from their Immortal Life! Now do all things appear plain and intelligible to me! Now do the trials of the Past rise up before me, - the clouds of opposition again roll their blackness across the surface of memory; but in how different a light do they present themselves to me at this time. How brightly and vividly stands forth the illuminating picture of the Living Past, revealing to my ^{now} unclouded vision the transcendental loveliness of that Power which directeth all things wisely and well! Now do I thank my Creator for His wondrous display of Almighty Wisdom and Love, and render the homage of my heart to Him, for the manifold blessings showered on my humble earthly life; thank Him, that my soul, through the fiery furnace of affliction, was better enabled to pass the dark valley of the shadow of death, to refine its interior principles, - and to enter on nobler fields of Duty and Enterprise! Now are the tribulations of earth divested of their deceptive colors, and appear in garments of light and glory, - as refiners to purify the spirit of its grossness, and lead it to those shining realms of Peace and Happiness, where its watchful guardians of its interests stand ever ready to accord to it a joyful welcome! And O! could I have, ^{but} realized in the earth-life the guardian presence of the beautiful and loved of Heaven, and felt that they were ever present to me to inspire my soul with newer hopes and diviner thoughts, how would my soul nature have been exalted and elevated to that celestial world, where the weary are at rest; and the wicked cease from troubling! The heavy, lowering clouds of animosity which encompassed my labors, would have appeared as so many brilliant stars, all-radiant with the light and love of Him, who permits his intelligent heavenly agents to watch over and guide the destinies of mankind; or as purifiers, to more beautifully draw out and develop the intrinsic virtues of the interior man! And as I traverse the fields of mortality, and gaze, from my spirit home, on the errors of poor Humanity, - and view the sins which abound in the high and low places

of earth, ~~how~~ my soul longs to find a way into the dark recesses of the human heart, to light them with the glory of God's Love and Truth! - to tell the world's inhabitants, that a cloud of invisible witnesses are daily and hourly hovering over them, to bear attestation to every deed done in the body; that no act, however trivial and minute in its character or tendency, escapes the eternal vigilance of those watchful eyes, which never slumber; that every virtuous quality which crowns the corporeal being will be stamped by the Recording Angel on the pages of the ^{from} Immortal Book, - the seal only to be broken, on the glorious resurrection of the Body, - when the soul, unfettered and untrammelled from the bondage of the corruptible form, will stand before the Supreme Tribunal of Heaven, to be judged in mercy and righteousness, by the ever-presiding Judge! And when I gaze around, and behold villainy and wickedness cloaked under the sacerdotal robes of Religion; when I scan the soul and read the iniquity therein existing, and behold the sins of monstrous growth which draw nourishment and strength from the bosom of an assumed Christianity, O how do I long and pray for that day, when the veil of ungodliness will be torn from public eye, and the true state of the heart be revealed to the world! Verily, I can safely say, the assumed garb of the Religion of Christ hides a multitude of sins!

If the inhabitants of the Celestial Realms possessed the power, at the present time, to unmask, to the Material World, the many vices which stalk abroad under the specious guise of virtue, what a hideous picture would be presented to the vision of mankind! What a fearful array of sins would stain the dark category of crime! How would the hearts of the pure and good be pained and shocked by the lamentable spectacle! Could they but go with me into the secret parlours of unbridled passions and low, grovelling sensuality, descend into the dark dungeons and avenues of crime and debauchery, and witness the black and evil deeds there extant, methinks they would feel with me, that there was great need and necessity of angels coming from their blessed abodes, to lift the sin-corrupt-

ed soul from the shackles of wickedness and despair, into the light of Holiness and Purity; and more especially so, when the clergy, of professedly Christian denominations, refuse to obey those Divine Requirements which would seem to be imposed on their ministerial professions. Could they but follow me in vision to that section of the terrestrial globe, when the poor Slave groans beneath the heavy yoke of oppression; when human beings, possessed with immortal souls, are sold from the auction-block like articles of merchandise; when the social and sacred relations of the Family Tie are annulled, and the wife is separated from the husband, and the children, yet in budding beauty and innocence, are torn from the mother's breast, at the bidding of tyranny and injustice; when the marriage-tie is dissolved, and weak, helpless woman, is made to bow to the lust of the lecherous tyrant; I say, could they but follow me, and behold this humiliating spectacle in nominally Free, Republican America, O! I feel certain, that they would desire the benign presence of Celestial Powers, would invoke their precious aid, to assist in wiping away this stupendous, God-defying sin, which so foully blots the fair escutcheon of their beloved country, and renders it a "hissing and by-word" to all the Nations of the Earth! Could they but view, with the interior sight, the fearful scenes being enacted in the Old Dominion, where the demon of War is desolating, with his blighting influence, many lovely spots of Nature, and carrying nothing but wretchedness and misery to human hearts; where the noble image of God is transformed into a hideous fiend of passion and revenge; could they but behold their brother-man mowed down, like grass of the field, at the bidding of the arch-demon, O! if their hearts were not steel'd against all the nobler impulses of Humanity, they would fervently, ardently pray, that the Angels of Peace and Love might descend to earth, with healing on their wings, and plant once more, in this bequeathed heritage of God to Man, the fragrant olive branch; the implements of battle might be beaten into implements of industry, and Nations learn war no more. And

to which a large portion of our fellow-creatures are subjected, and the "iron chain" in view of all the sin and iniquity which abounds in the lower world, is there not urgent need of the assistance of angels to aid in working out its salvation, and to point the soul to that better life, where it will meet, face to face, with those it loves? When we witness the degrading servitude, and physical bondage, which binds so many of the children of "our Father" in together in human shackles, we realize the extent and capacity of our great, but glorious mission, and feel, indeed, that we have a mighty work to perform. The War, which has desolated so long the earthly sphere, needs but the gentle powers of angelic love to sweep it forever away.

In the former part of this letter, I cited a few instances, to prove, that Superior Powers, more or less, have exerted their influences on the labors of mankind; the manifestations, which have so lately startled the world with their wonderful evidences of Spirit Communion, are not of modern birth, but can be traced back to many centuries, in fact, to those dark ages of martyrdom, when earth was blessed by the sanctified presence of a Christ, a Socrates, a Plato, a Melancthon, a Luther, yea, a Pericles! Nor, as I stated before, was it necessary for me, ^{in order} to verify the truth of my assertion, to dive into the depths of the obnoxious Past; and drag up the recorded proofs which the Herald of History has faintly chronicled on its pages; but to keep more in the immediate vicinage of the present time, - the age which breathed into being such noble spirits as Washington, Napoleon, and a host of others, equally as noble. And in this connection, let me very briefly allude to again to the first-mentioned personages, - the Washington of America, and the Washington of France.

Probably, there has never existed, in the lower world, or at least, in the present age, two men more universally beloved, or more universally lamented, than were Washington and Napoleon. And yet history chronicles no instance of men who were more devoid of selfish interest or ambition, who studied more the high advancement and progress of those beloved realms, which a grateful people had confided to their guardian care! Follow-

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following the bent of war, engaging in all its various trials and bloody scenes, both strove to gain the same object, - the future welfare and prosperity of their then-oppressed countries. And yet, with what malignity, has our corrupted Press, on both sides of the water, pursued their innocent victims even beyond the confines of the land, invaded the sanctity of Heaven, and sought to throw the garb of calumny and misrepresentation around the fair form of a pure and matchless Reputation! With what ingenuity has it endeavored to control the public mind, and alienate the affections of the people from these noble spirits of the Present Age! Particularly has the inspiration of the mercantile world been aimed at the ever-offending head of the great, and I can truly say, the good Napoleon! How has his good intents and purposes been misconstrued! How black is the picture, which a revengeful, jealous public, has embellished on the pages of History! How dark the character which it has outlined to human gaze and perception!

The compulsory divorce from Josephine has been much condemned and lamented, even by his most intimate historical friends. But when we reflect on the sad consequences of that much-deplored ^{and loved} act, we are compelled, of necessity, to throw the mantle of charity even around it. For when we review the long and sleepless nights of agony which he endured, the many torturing days and hours of remorse and misery which he suffered; when we think of the motives which actuated him, tinged, perhaps, with a little of the spirit of self-ambition, we are disposed to drop our prejudices, and, like Christ, "forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven." For no one, who is, in the slightest, acquainted with the history of Napoleon, will pretend to doubt, but what he was governed by purely disinterested motives, without that special regard to private advantage, which has ruled and swayed the actions of so many earthly warriors, situated in the peculiar, but embarrassing positions, in which he was placed. Every one, who has given any thought or study to his po-

life, knows, as well as I do, that no alienation of love and affection was intended in that heart-rending "severance" of the holiest of human ties. But to secure an heir to the throne of France, and thereby, as he thought, ensure its future prosperity and happiness, was he drawn into a commission of that sorrowful act. No heart can truly sympathize with the mental anguish which afflicted him; no soul can faithfully realize the hours of deep distress which that noble heart experienced. To him alone who endured them, could their extent be felt and known. Let us forgive him for that and other erroneous acts, treasuring his virtues, and forgetting his faults.

But the reader may ask, What have these brief details to do with my immediate subject? I reply much; as I shall endeavor to show, that Napoleon, in his revolutionary life, was guided, more or less, by the superintending influences of Higher Powers. And in so doing, I shall not confine myself to knowledge gleaned in the earthly existence, but draw my inferences from some beautiful incidents and facts obtained during my brief residence in the Seraph-Realms.

Subsequent to my entrance to the Spirit-Life, and after the loved and dear had extended to me their many cordial welcomes, I felt a peculiar sensation creeping through the life-currents of my renovated being, and a chilly feeling, amounting almost to icy coldness, came coursing through every fibre of my spiritual frame. The resplendent beauties and translucent glories of the Celestial Land all suddenly disappeared, its lofty mountains and lowly dales, its sparkling streams and shining lakes, its everflowing fountains and warbling rills all receded from my interior view. The beautiful Birds of Paradise ceased caroling their harmonious notes of joy and love; the flowers

had undergone, to my mind, a complete revolution. But the beautiful spirit of Lafayette, my still-faithful Instructor, who had not quitted his post of Duty by my side, during the whole of my brilliant reception, turned to me, and said:

(16) "Dear Brother: Set not fear take possession of thy enraptured soul: Thou art to behold one of the most sublime spectacles which it is in the power of either mortals or immortals to witness. At the same time, your interior sight will be opened to all the honors and enormities of a bloody battle. But they will lose somewhat of their hideous aspect, when you become aware of the good purposes of that mighty army, marshalled under the command of a brave and noble leader, who is marching them forward to glorious and triumphant victory. Now, will your "enchanted spirit" behold the faithfulness, with which Heaven's Celestial Agents guard and protect those who are vigorously laboring to establish the happiness and well-being of their fellow-creatures. Now, Brother, witness the scene prepared for thee:"

Lafayette, then, for a few moments, disappeared from my interior sight; - the light and splendor of the Immortal Realms faded from my entranced vision, and, for a brief period of time, the glory of Heaven was hidden from view. On looking round, I beheld, ^{myself in the} middle of an extensive plain; before me, in the distance, towering numerous hills, or more properly speaking, high mountains. The sun shone clear in the calm blue sky above, with the exception of a few clouds intervening to obscure its radiant light, as if the heavens were alternately smiling and weeping over the scenes which were about to be enacted on the mortal stages of life. Soon my attention was drawn to a large body of men, with anxiety depicted on their countenances, moving to and fro, in solid phalanx, across the field, while a man, of noble bearing and majestic mien, was surveying them, with a

worthy and faithful army is at his immediate command. For thee, O beloved France, does thy Napoleon strike. For thee do I go forth to battle, to ensure thy future permanent prosperity and happiness, and to firmly plant the seeds of liberty in thy fruitful soil. For thee, O endeared country, does thy Emperor and thy Son bare his breast to the ruthless fire of thy vindictive enemies, willing to lay down his life and fortune, to preserve immaculate thy glory and fame, - the integrity of thy Crown, and to secure to thy unborn children the common blessings of peace and prosperity. And thou, whom art the Supreme Ruler of the universe, the Great God of Battles: Thou, who canst read the worthy purposes of thine humble child, O give him the strength of thy Almighty Power, to work out the salvation of his too fondly-beloved country. Spare the effusion of blood, and give to me that spirit of love and mercy, which alone can conduct me to the Divine Portals of Immortal Glory and Bliss. May thy Holy Spirit rest within me, and disarm my soul of all selfish considerations. May the welfare and happiness of France be my only desire and aim. And O! Father Omnipotent, shouldst thou see fit to strike me down, lift up my spirit to that heavenly habitation not made with hands, beyond the strife and turmoil of battle life, where peace and joy reigneth eternally. And now do I commit my spirit, and those of my beloved companions, to thy guardian care and protection, and ask thy divine blessing ^{to rest} on them and me, and to crown our arms with triumphant success."

As soon as these beautiful impressions had ceased inflowing into my spirit mind, I turned my eyes to their illustrious author, and beheld him standing on my right, clad in all the accoutrements of war, ready to engage in all the many perils and dangers of a rapidly-approaching battle. And as I surveyed his noble, majestic form, and the fine expressions which were engraved on his well-moulded features, and read the manly, virtuous qualities, which were reflected from the silent depths of a still-roller soul, I thought, in the ardor and sincerity

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of my nature, that man would ne'er look upon his like again. O! mightily generous, thought I, how little does the world know and appreciate thy true character! Regardless of life or fortune, losing all consideration for self, thinking only of thy country's future good, thou leavest the sacred endearments of private duties and responsibilities, launcheth forth on the troubled sea of battle, to release thy enthralled France from the monarchical grasp of a time-serving, tyrannical aristocracy! O noble soul! how hast thou been misjudged! How have thy generous motives been construed to represent the worst phases of cruelty and injustice! How hast thy noble nature been wronged, - and thy well-meant actions wildly aspersed and calumniated! And as my unfolded, entranced vision, descends into the inner recesses of the Inner Divine Man, and discerns the true nobility of soul therein abounding, I exclaim, in the fullness of heartfelt joy, O Nature! here art thou faithfully personified in this, thy noble handiwork. - This Son of thy Divine Creating, fashioned in the clear Image of thy God, thy Supreme, Eternal Author! How art thy sacred mandates obeyed by this, thy most illustrious child! O Prejudice! how like the caterpillar wouldst thou strive to eat at the very vitals of a Reputation so honored and able, so justly aspired! But, exalted spirit, time will try ^{thy} worth, but Eternity will prove. Future ages will know thee as thou art. The mirror of thy life will be held up to public view, from which will be reflected thy many heroic virtues, - thy laudable and holy aspirations. The whole world will love and revere thee! Nations will acknowledge the greatness of thy character, and avow its purity and goodness! Historians will impartially record thy brilliant deeds, and embellish thy life with truthful pictures. The past has reared thy monument, the future will engrave the inscription. Acting under the impulses of an exalted nature, swayed by an honest determination to work out the redemption of thy idolized country, influenced by the imperative promptings of an unsullied conscience, the whole world will enshrine for thee a

noble epitaph, will embalm the virtues of thy heart and soul on Stemo-
ry's Tablet, and inhale the fragrance of thy much-cherished character-

As I finished my monologue, a deep and roaring sound came thundering o'er the battle-plain, and Napoleon started from his present position, - as I saw him, - mounted his war-horse, marched up to the front of action, rallied his men, and prepared them for the bloody engagement which was to ensue. "My comrades," he said, "you are on the eve of a great and important battle. 'Tis for you to determine, whether we shall enjoy victory, or suffer irremediable defeat. The cause is noble for which you contend. Remember, it is for your country you fight; yea, for your God, - for your country's future welfare! Let not despair fill your hearts; for it will begot defeat and ruin. Let the thought, that your cause is a just one inspire you on to complete victory, and nerve your souls with renewed vigor and action. And He, who is ever on the side of the just, will, I feel, give the strength of His Right Arm, and lead us onward to glorious and honorable triumph. Onward, then, comrades, to victory or death!"

When Napoleon had concluded this stirring appeal to his beloved companion-in-arms, shouts of exultation rose from every quarter of the French Army, intermingled with loud cries of Vive le Empereur! The boomings of the cannon came louder and more frequently o'er the battle field, and all hearts were ready for the contest! Then were exhibited to my spirit's sight all the horrid paraphernalia of war. Louder and still louder the heavy thunders of battle artillery came reverberating o'er lofty mountain and lonely dale; thicker and thicker grew the cannon's smoke, until the azure dome of Heaven was nearly enveloped in its huge mantle of blackness. With desperate ferocity, the contending armies rushed forward to mortal combat, regardless of danger or peril. The sides of the Death-Angel fell profusely around, carrying woe and

destruction in their fearful train, and bathing the eager, thirsting earth, with the life-blood of many a noble heart. The groans of the wounded and dying commingling with the shouts of the living and the battle-roar of the cannon; the lurid flames of desolated towns and cities, and the horrid yellings of nearly-subjugated slaves, all formed as fearful a tragedy as is possible to be enacted on the stage of human life. Closer and closer do the mortal foes gain upon each other, until they engage hand in hand in combat. Now was the battle to be decided. With anxious and intense interest did I watch the scene of strife, fervently hoping, that Right and Just would achieve a sure and speedy triumph. With terrible carnage do they pursue the warfare, suffering severe and heavy losses on both sides. The army of Napoleon began to despair of success; but their exalted commander appears in their midst, exposes himself to the hottest of the enemy's fire, to rally and encourage his men with thoughts of home, of separated wives and children, fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters. Again do they re-unite, freshly recruited with strength by the encouraging words from their beloved and adored chieftain, and march forward to "victory or death." Twice have they been on the point of being routed; but the words of Napoleon, of thoughts of the sacred emblem, of "Glory, sweet home," inspired them with renewed vigor and energy to fight for their country and their firesides. With great eagerness of heart and spirit do they push on the bar of battle; and again and again are they repulsed, and nearly defeated. The flying bullets, and other weapons of death come coursing through the murky air, and many a faithful heart is made "to drink the bitter dregs of death, to save his Emperor's life! Once more does the insidious, cankerous spirit of despair creep through the strong currents of their being, to coil its poisonous folds of defeat

around their brave and noble souls. Then came a rushing sound, as of a mighty wind, invigorating my Ethereal System with a sweet and hallowed influence. A halo of light and glory pervaded my Celestial Nature, - a holy and sanctified feeling diffused itself through my being, and instinctively casting my eyes above the Terrestrial to the Supernal World, I there was a silent spectator to one of the most beautiful and gorgeous spectacles which ever fall to the lot of human perception to witness. Situated in the blue heavens above, and not at great distance from the boundaries of Time, might ^{be seen} a large assemblage of the choicest of Eden's Immortal Spirits, hovering over the just-reviled scene of contention and bloodshed, watching with deep and sympathetic interest, the movements of the belligerent powers. Among that gay and brilliant collection were the Spirits of the beautiful and loved, the just and the pure, the noble and the godlike, armed, cap-a-pie, with the sword of Right and Justice, with the helmet of Truth and Salvation, with the shield and armor of Eternal Love and Virtue! A glorious and mighty army was that marshalled, in holy phalanx, on Zion's Golden Plains, under the command of a Divine Leader, the great God of Battles!

My Interior Perceptions were now opened to behold like the joys and pleasures of the Celestial Universe, and the fruits and wisdoms of the Terrestrial Globe. And with ardent and sincere interest did I view the motions of that glorified Body of Immortals, as they hung over ^{the} blood-stained field of battle, to cheer the drooping, fainting spirits, of the, as yet, unconquered men of Napoleon's Faithful Army! Again my eyes beheld ^{the} rapid strides of war, my listening ear is awakened to frightful din and clash of arms. Towering above the heads of his beloved compatriots, is seen the majestic, stately form of Napoleon, discharging

himself to the heat and burden of the day, while over him were hovering the angels of heaven, urging him onward in his great career of glory and triumph. Surely, thought I, that cause must indeed be a just and worthy one, that can enlist the aid and sympathy of those dwelling in the Seraphic life. I strained my vision to the utmost of its capacity, with the hope, that I might catch a glimpse of some familiar countenance among that beatified throng. But, as yet, I was unable to distinguish a single face, that was recognizable by me.

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Deeper and deeper grew the scene of desolation and carnage; and hundreds, who, a few moments ago, were in blooming life and health, were now a mutilated mass of disfigured and unrecognizable cores. The fatal shafts of death most faithfully performed their murderous work, and many a brave and noble victim resignedly laid down his valuable life for the good of his country. But this bloody battle is ^{soon} to close: casting my eyes upward, I still perceived that Beatified Galaxy of Angels keep-
ing holy watch over the undefeated Ranks of Napoleon. My attention, however, attracted to a peculiar movement in that Celestial Army. That gay concourse of Assembled Beings are dividing itself into two distinct parts so as form a complete road, similar to that referred to in the earlier portion of this letter. In the far distance, my spiritual sight is drawn to a moving form of shining beauty, gliding down this ^{the} Eternal Passage with great rapidity of thought. Harmoniously does it sail along in its beautiful course, until it stops in front of Heaven's Congregated Spirits. My power of vision enable me to discern even beneath the accoutrements of war with which it is clothed, the form, features, and movements, of a female. As soon as she had reached her destined point in front, that beauteous throng of Celestial Love and Light, collected, in a complete circle, around that Seraph

form of Immortal Glory, to listen, with attentive silence, to the glowing words of truth, to which she was about to give utterance. Standing erect and majestic, she proceeded to address the Heavenly Authority in the following few words:

"Beloved Citizens of the Celestial Heavens: Through all your kind regards for me, and the strong interest and sympathy which you severally feel in the fearful scenes which are now being enacted in the mortal sphere, have you conferred upon my humble self the honor of leader and champion, to advise and counsel you in the important task which you have undertaken, and aid in directing the full tide of our High Inspiration to those hearts who are heroically struggling to establish truly Republican Institutions in their dear native land. With joy and pleasure do I accept the arduous, but holy office, feeling as I do, that the cause which we advocate is a just and noble one, though the measures to be employed to gain it, may be deeply painful to our Christian, - peace-loving natures. Realizing a true sense of our respective, imperative duties, convinced of the superior calling to which we have been summoned, assured of the sacred responsibilities which individually devolve upon us, - let us urge on our redeeming influences, that Right, Justice, Freedom, and Humanity, may triumph, remembering, that God often requires means painful and repugnant to His Holy Spirit, to justify noble ends and attainments. Through the Divine workings of His Immutable Laws, which are full of wisdom, mercy and love, has the power, to govern, control, and subdue the Belligerent Nations, been conferred upon us by him. With a heart ever open to the wants of suffering, frail Humanity, with an eye ever vigilant to the struggles of Liberty and Right, has he permitted the supernal agencies of the Progressive

Heavens to hover over the field of battle, to inspire, with strength and courage, the many anxious souls, struggling for the freedom of their country. Acknowledging, as we do, a Fraternal Brotherhood, recognizing a God of Impartial, Universal Love, a Father who earnestly for all His children, - holding to the eternal principles of peace and good-will to all mankind, - it is extremely obvious to the finer sensibilities of our souls to thus behold, from our Celestial Skies, the war which is now desecrating the beautiful hamlets of Deity, and sorely repugnant is it to our spirits to give countenance, in any shape, to all antagonisms, opposed to the Divine Principle! But when we reflect, that we are bestowing our guardianship in behalf of a down-trodden and oppressed people; that we are striving to eliminate tyranny and injustice, and assist a justly aspiring Nation to gain its inalienable rights; - when we reflect the great and incalculable benefits which this battle, - at present, seemingly disastrous, - will work out in the future, we feel that, in lending our impressive aid, it meets the unqualified approbation of our Heavenly Father. ⁽²⁶⁾ Let us strive to work out good to those living below us, - to establish harmony and love in all hearts at war with each other, and augment the glory and happiness of our celestial life, through the elevating influences of our fellow-creatures. Let us realize our deep obligations to Deity for the divine blessings we enjoy, and do naught that will expel His Holy Spirit from our midst. Let us cheerfully obey His sacred Laws, and govern our actions by their wisdom and purity. And while we thus hover over this field of mortal strife and anxiety, while we are permitted to witness this wretched and much-to-be-deplored state of antagonism, while the Overruling Power thus enables us to behold this sorrowful spectacle, O! let us bear in mind, that it is not men we war against, but against men's bad principles; that we come not to bring the sword, or

may one against another, but to crown each contending soul with the Diadem of Love and Peace, and hasten this bloody battle to an amicable close; that our purposes are actuated by purely disinterested and unselfish motives, aspiring to establish the Spirit of God in this desolated portion of His Terrestrial World!

O then! beloved Citizens of the Heavenly Home, let us inspire, in our undertakings, the Harmonial Principles of the Ascended Hero of Calvary, - the Martyred Prince of Peace! Let us draw nourishment and inspiration from the bosom of his Paternal Love, and imitate the mighty heroism of his unequalled character! Let us be guided, in our upward march, by the teachings of his unexampled life, and instructed in the grand, moral excellences, which crowned him as a Peace-Maker! Let us act under the exalted impulses which influenced his labor, and study the elevation and improvement of our brother-man, and endeavor to undermine the strong barrierment of war, to implant the Angel Dove of Peace in every child of God! Let us, like him, know no line of demarcation in the advocacy of our Godlike principles, but extend to all the purifying influences of our coördinate exertions, and work all things to the good of frail Humanity, and to the everlasting glory of God, the Supreme Father! Let us realize, that above and around us, are hovering the celestial Representatives of Higher Spheres of Truth and Morality, guarding with earnest-faithfulness and intensity, our Progressive Beings, and among that bright-winged number, the star-crowned spirit of the Risen Jesus of Nazareth! - but towering above all, the never-slumbering Eye of the Infinite One! And let us govern our motives for the good and noble according to the sanctified presence of those hallowed powers; and let not their holy nature

be perjured or distressed, by witnessing the slightest retrogression on our parts, from the glorious paths of Duty and Holiness! O! let us perform faithfully our individual duties, that they may look down upon us, and feel assured of our determination to sacredly fulfill our holy offices in all the various exigencies of our Spiritual Life! May our souls be divested of all inharmonious feelings, - our highest purposes being to elevate and ennoble those below us, and to concentrate our purifying sympathies in those hearts now raging with unhallowed passions.

And now, cherished ones of the Immortal Country, let me again enjoin upon you the necessity of earnestly pursuing your great and responsible avocations. Let us wave our bloody battle-plain the golden scepter of Peace, and cease not our valuable exertions until harmony shall be restored between the existing Belligerent Powers, and the Love-Angel again allowed to repose in the sacred domains of Man's Immortal Spirit! Then, let us onward to Duty! Everything breathes propitiously for success and triumph for our common Cause! Unfold our noble Banner of Truth and Love, and let it wave over a disharmonized, contentious world! Let its ample folds float above the heads of a war-stricken people, and let them not be furled, until peace shall reign again on earth, and its gentle Representative be enthroned in those hearts, now usurped by the demon of war and anarchy! O! let us then realize the importance of our great undertaking, and resolve to be true to our selves and our God, reflecting, that He is ever on the side of Justice and Right, and will cheerfully and willingly give the strength and power of His Holy Spirit to assist those who assist themselves. And in this, and all future time, may we look to the well-being of our brother-man, and seek to unite the One Aligh-

by of God in that land of peace and goodwill, which will endure through the interminable ages of Eternity. And thus, by advancing the highest interests of Humanity, we shall exalt our own superior natures, and derive inward satisfaction, in knowing that our labors have not been bestowed in vain, but been productive of everlasting good to those, upon whose hearts the refreshing showers of our regenerating influences have fortunately descended. And also, we shall be better qualified and prepared to ascend the Progressive Scale of Spiritual Development, to sit at the shining footstool of our common Lord and Master. Then, once more, and for the last time, let me conjure you to obey the imperative callings of the Voice of God and Conscience, and cease not in our Peace Enterprise, until we have gathered all the Nations of the Earth under the spreading wings of Infinite Love and Protection, and brought them to the Throne of the Divine One, before whom all knees must bow, and every tongue confess."

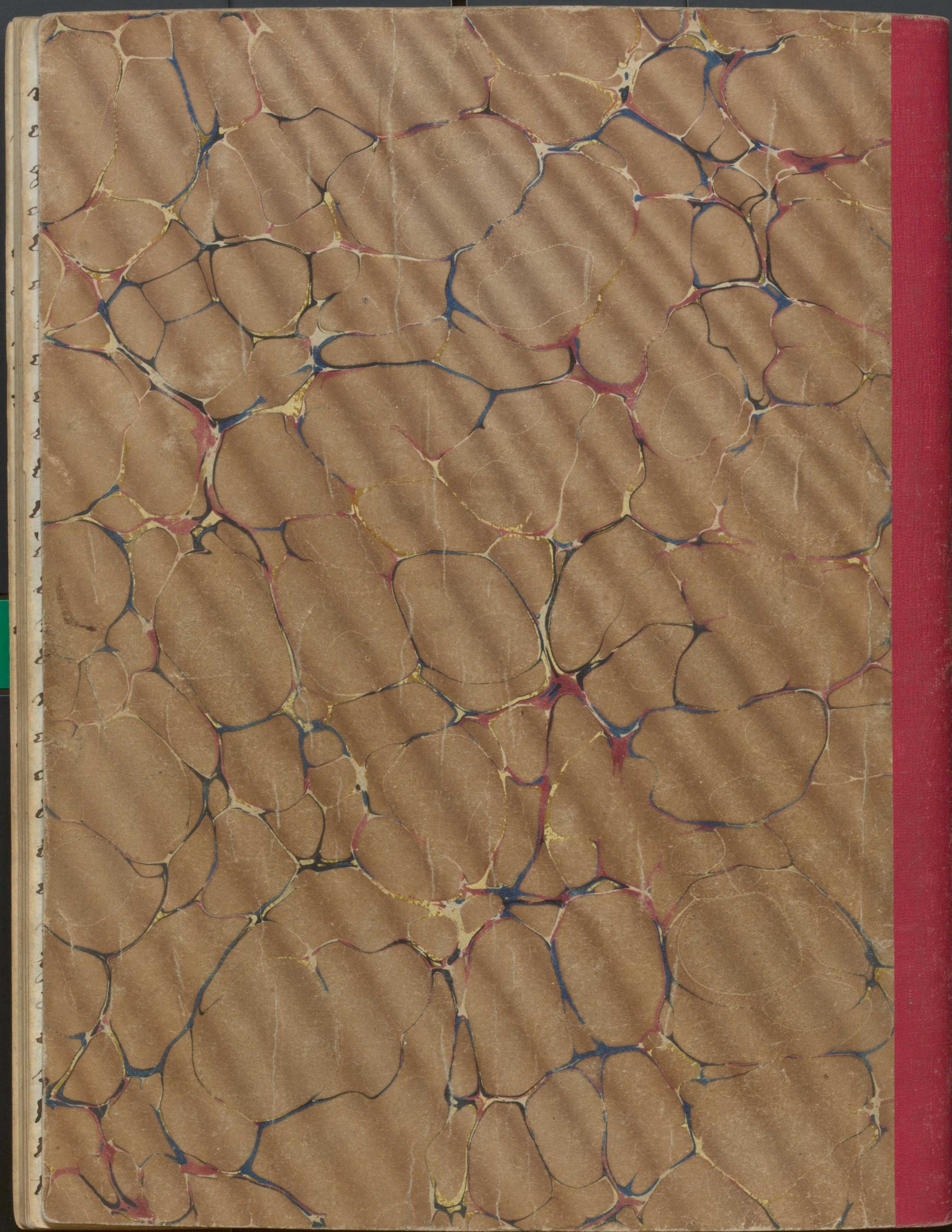
As soon as these sublime impressions* had ceased flowing their heavenly currents of thoughts into my celestial vision, I turned my gaze to the Supernal Spheres, and there beheld the Immortal Assembly disposing itself into two separate bodies, and marching forward, in beautiful harmony and order, to take their appropriate appointed stations over the contending Armies. All the Spheres, with the exception of the Sixth

* I will here state, in this connection, that the impressions which have been transferred to these pages, are not fancy-drawn pictures of Ideality, but those deduced from real and veritable facts. And I have learned, since my residence here, that the actual circumstances here related by me, transpired on the Theatre of mundane life, and which were revealed to my vision,

the Seventh, and the three higher circles of the Fifth, were most faithfully and impartially represented. The purified inhabitants of the more advanced Spheres of Perfection and Happiness could not approximate to those scenes of bloodshed and desolation. They stood afar off, and wept, like the lovely Nazarene, over this fallen Jerusalem of Error and Sin. But their congenial powers were lavished on their subordinate Representatives, to give them "aid and comfort" in the accomplishment of their heaven-born designs. O! sublime was the spectacle presented to my enchanted sight; - glorious was the scene painted to my enraptured, awakening soul! In the Celestial Spheres were seen the Angels of Peace and Glory hovering over the war-blighted field of revenge and passion, striving, with all the holy influences which they can summon to action, to impede the devastating progress of battle, and enshrine the lovely principles of the Prince of Righteousness and Truth in the hearts of the Antagonistic Parties! O! it was a sight that would make every humane soul weep fountain-tears of joy, and harmonize the contending elements of the Inner Nature, and make human life a celestial garden of fragrant pleasures and sweeter memories! What an imposing contrast between that congregated Army of Heaven, and those opposing Armies of Earth! The one, rising for peace and goodwill, - and the other for temporary fame and emolument! Let us prefer that good part, which shall not be taken from us!

My spirit eyes again bent to the Geminal Planet, and still beheld the Demon of Destruction sweeping the war-field with his blighting wrath. Horribly, do the Battle Powers continue their carnage, manifesting a zeal and ardor worthy of a nobler cause! Bravely does Napoleon's Ar-

my scene the "eager fight," now retreating and now advancing. The battle raged long and bloody. The plain was sanguine with the life-current of many a child of God. Gleams of both dead and dying were piled in one confused mass together, and the groans which rent the air from the wounded were harrowing in the extreme, uttering, to the God of Peace, their united protestations against this avenging process of settling national disputes! But hark! shouts of exultation rent the blood-red plains of battle, and Vive l'Empereur ring from the ranks of the French Army! Confusion and dismay are visible in the subjugated party, while the heroic, ^{and} victorious army are inspired with gratitude and joy. Three more shouts were given for their beloved commander, and the laurelled wreath of conqueror was placed on the lofty brow of the Imperial Napoleon! Again raising my eyes heavenward, I beheld the glorious ranks of the Celestial Army unite themselves in one glorified Body, while joyful echoes pealed along Zion's Peaceful Plain, over the cessation of these fearful hostilities. And amidst that beatified throng still appears the chosen leader of the Ethereal Assembly, no longer clothed in warlike accoutrements, but enrobed in the habiliments of Peace and Purity, with the crowning Halo of glory and triumph enwreathing her spotless brow of innocence! And O! judge of the pleasure which thrilled my soul, when on her shining mind I read the immortal name of Joan of Arc, the heroic Maid of Orleans! Beautiful did she appear to my entranced vision, standing there, in her celestial robes, waving over the defeated, as well as the victorious armies, the olive branch of Peace and Love. No



NOTEBOOK THREE

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longer does she appear to my mind clothed in her warlike armor, but as an Angel of glory sent from the heavenly abode, to bring joy and happiness to her erring brother-man. With an air of triumph, she again turns to her beloved brethren in the spirit life, and says: "Dear brothers and sisters: It is gratifying to my soul to inform you of the cessation of hostilities, for a time, in the lower sphere. The bloody battle, which, for many hours, has inundated a portion of the outer world with the life-current of God's children, has now ceased raging, and victory crowns Justice and Right. The Belligerent Armies have now withdrawn from the contest; the foes, Republican Equality have been subjugated, and the arms of Napoleon have achieved a triumph, and planted, on the soil of France, the primordial germs of Liberty and Independence. O! while we thus rejoice in the overthrow of tyranny and oppression; while we thus behold the triumphant supremacy of Right over Wrong, of Virtue over Vice, and Freedom over Slavery, let us keep in remembrance, that we are all the children of one Blessed Parent, that He has made of one flesh and blood all Nations of the Earth, and will eventually attract them to Himself, to repose beneath the sunshine of His Eternal Love and Protection! Let us not forget, that, while we sympathize with the victorious army, while it is our desire to crush out and annihilate anarchy and tyranny in all their hateful phases, through peaceful means and measures, - we war not against our brother-man, but against the unhallowed sins and passions which are locked in the dark and secret chambers of the human heart. As I have before declared, we come not to bring the sword, nor array father against mother, parent against child, or child against parent, brother against sister, or sister

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against brother, but to establish peace and harmony when they
are usurped, and to enjoin the principles of the Religion of
Christ when they have been dishonored by popular errors and
prejudices. Let the victories which we have helped to achieve, in-
spire us with fresh hope and courage, and lead us on to nobler
incentives of Duty and Action. Let Love be the Presiding Goddess in
your souls, and Charity, the bright Star, which shall mantle your
efforts for just and noble ends, with celestial light and power.
Now, I commit thee to the superintending guidance of your
Heavenly Master. May your future labors be crowned with
your Father's approbation and smiles, and His Holy Spirit pre-
sente your inmost affections and sympathies.

Advance, celestial army, on thy way,
To glorious realms of bliss and endless day;
Gird round thyself the mighty shield of Right;
And forward march to Freedom's holy fight.
"Death to all Error!" and "Death to all Wrong!"
Let be thy blazing watchword and thy song,
Until they o'er the mundane world shall sound,
And Nations catch the glad and welcome sound.

March forward in the ranks of Truth and Love,
And seek to draw all souls to God above;
Go, bid them every sin and wrong resist,
And 'neath our banner's ample folds enlist,
That they may gain a high and holy place,
Around the Father's brilliant Throne of Grace,
To live a deathless life of peace and joy,
When "Tyranny" no more will them annoy.

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O! let us labor for the common weal,
With an earnest will, and a faithful zeal,
Nor in our glorious mission pause,
Till all shall espouse our heavenly cause,
And war no longer pollute with its "Hand"
The loveliest scenes of fair Nature's land;
Or cast its black mantle of discord and gloom,
O'er hearts, that, with love, eternally should bloom.

Again, I would ask, that the Peace Dove may reign,
In each soul which now decks our Immortal Plain;
And invoke our Heavenly Parent above,
To strengthen us in the spirit of love,
That noble promptings our hearts may incite,
And inspire us to honor the Truth and the Right,
That we may achieve that blessed reward,
Which awaits all those who serve the Lord.

Go forth, then, bright army, and battle for Right,
For Freedom and Justice; for Truth and for Light;
Raise high your broad banners, that all may behold
The symbols which glitter on each waving fold;
And know, that the angels in heaven do come
To bring joy and peace to the desolate home,
And more firmly unite the children of God
In a bond, that is wreathed by Love's golden cord."

With this sweetly-expressed poem closed the beautiful ad-
dress of that female Champion of Right and Justice. Perfect
harmony reigned in the serene heavens during its brief delivery.

¹⁷² while hope inspired the souls of all to perform that glorious mission which had been so ably delineated by the celestial spirit of Joan of Arc, the so-called Maid of Orleans. And here it may be asked, why, amongst the countless numbers which throng the celestial galaxy, was this spirit chosen as Leader and Adviser of that Mighty Phalanx of Gleamers! I will answer the question with marked brevity, hoping, that it will prove satisfactory and conclusive to all investigating minds.

Apr. 2. Many years ago, when France was disturbed by severe internal dissensions, and under the slavish dominion of monarchical, grasping England; when its (France's) rightful heir, if I may be allowed to use the expression, - was dethroned by the then existing power, a young girl, of marked energy and character, presented herself to the disfranchised king, and told him that she was inspired by the Spirit of God to appear before him, and solicit ^{him} to carry on a war, whereby he might be restored to the Imperial Throne of France. Marvellous things, of a very striking nature, were told him by her, - of such a nature, as to convince him, that something, more than mundane origin, influenced the actions of the Maid of Orleans. At first he deemed her wild and heretical, and could not be persuaded to adopt what seemed to him, to be the height of impudence and folly. But, nothing daunted, she pushed her intentions forward with great earnestness and vigor, under, as she felt, the inspired guidance of the Holy One.

A Committee of Investigation was appointed, to search into the purported inspiration of Joan of Arc, and to devise effective measures, if it should be proved that she was truly inspired to carry out her immediate demands. A careful and patient examination was had, - curious and remarkable facts were deduced, which led the Committee to infer, that she was a true "Apostle,"

173 sent from God, to release benighted France from its present tyrannical thralldom, and ultimately secure the triumph of Justice and Right. Accordingly, her requests were granted, mighty armies were raised, and at their head was placed this inspired female champion. Under the supreme guidance of the Infinite Power, under the direct control of the guardian angels of heaven, - inspired with a love of the right, the just, and the noble, did that valiant woman lead on those powerful armies to battle, to achieve the important undertaking, to which God had appointed her. And while obedient to those Superior Agents, was she enabled to accomplish the grand end of her existence, - to achieve a triumphant victory, and place the rightful King upon the princely throne of France.

It is a fact but very little understood by the children of earth, that the soul or spirit is more or less a recipient of the heavenly inflowings of the disembodied Immortality; that some, more than others, are pregnable to those influences to a great extent, owing to certain peculiar, neuro-conditions inherent therein; that the body, which enshines the spirit, is, but the mere mechanical agent, the slave to the master within, obedient to ^{its} calls and requisitions. The soul, the grand moving agent to the external machinery, is the mighty force which propels or repels the powers of the body, and renders them subservient to its wishes ^{and} desires. It alone is responsible for the acts of the outward. It is the garden which nourishes the germs of the good and the evil, - the celestial magnet which attracts either the purest or the most undeveloped of spiritual affinities from the other life, according to its several conditions and capacities. The body has naught to do with the spirit, save only to fulfil its appropriate functions. All pure and generous thoughts, as well as evil ones, generate in the mind or soul, and the external machine, from force of

174 necessity, is obliged to obey their will and dictation. Therefore, the Spirit is the impressible agent which receives the radiant influences from the divine spheres, and is acted upon by the Higher Powers, in proportion as its receptive qualities are pregnable to their controlling influences. All Spirits are not created alike; each one is different in its susceptibility, in the construction of its organic principles, and in ^{the} quality and quantity of those nervo-vital fluids, which are highly essential to ensure a perfect and harmonious control of the Disembodied Powers. Thus it is, that so many organisms are inaccessible at once to the influences of the Heavenly Agents, and require a long and patient trial to fully develop those interior beauties, - to bring them to certain conditions and requirements, in order to render them capable of receiving the heavenly instructions of celestial visitants, and of answering their holy desires and purposes.

The spirit of Joan of Arc was beautifully adapted to such harmonious guidance and control. The peculiar condition of its powers, - the well-balanced stock of nervo-fluids inherent therein, - together with the matchless purity and heroic virtue of her disposition and character, - rendered her susceptible to the glorious ministrations of angelic beings, who raised her up to be the Deliverer of France, and to assist in placing the rightful heir, tho I must say an ungrateful one he proved himself to her, - on its regal throne. And while she obeyed the divine callings of the celestial Ministers, and listened to ^{the} voice of ^{the} spirit speaking within, would brilliant success attend her onward battle-march, and victory entwine its several laurels around her virgin brow. But when she assumed the dangerous responsibility of carrying ^{on} war herself, without the immediate assistance of her guiding gen-
eresses, defeat ensued, and an ignoble physical death was the consequence.

175 Those who have given a careful and thorough investigation to the subject of Spiritual Communication, have been made ^{the fact} certain of that man's spirit is a free agent, - empowered with infinite prerogatives, all capable of advancing from the finite stages of development to more refined conditions of true spirituality; that two paths are opened before him in which he may enter, - the one leading to glory and un fading happiness, and the other, to transient misery and unhappiness. Also have ^{they} been taught, through their examinations, that the germs of free agency are not annihilated on the emancipation of the soul from the external encumbrance; that all its prejudices and errors are still there, and must undergo a species of refinement; ere it (the soul) is prepared to progress onward in the purifying elements of Immortal Goodness and Truth; that nothing is destroyed or materially changed on its exit from the corporeal encumbrance, but that it retains all its powers and characteristics, - its peculiar conditions and harmonic influences, - the same as when enshrined in its terrestrial casket.

Therefore, believing these things to be true, is it not reasonable to infer, that the germs of mediumship implanted within the spirit are not uprooted on its entrance to spheres of higher unfoldings and developments, that still it is permitted by the All-Wise Father to retain its former internal properties and receptive powers, which are necessary to empower it to hold direct communication with that more elevated order of intelligence, with whom it cannot come into immediate contact at once? - that still those properties are requisite to the unfolding spirit, to enable it to attract the higher intelligences of the upper spheres, that they may communicate their ideas through it to those who dwell in the lower

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circles of existence. There is as much necessity for mediums in the Spirit-Life, as is in the mundane one. The degenerated condition of those sojourning in the minor spheres, requires the Christian aid and co-operation of those indwelling in the higher and more exalted circles of being, that their hallowing influences may descend upon them, and lift the sin-polluted soul from its dark and gloomy state, to brighter fields of Duty and Action. And I would ask, how can this ~~can~~ be done, unless it be ~~done~~ through subordinate agents, whose spiritual organizations are so conditioned as to easily and readily ^{be} pregnable to the impressive influx of Heaven's Highest Immortals?

Of such a class of temperament was the beautiful spirit of Joan of Arc, the humble peasant girl, who was invested with such extraordinary power and ability, as enabled her successfully to lead on mighty armies to battle, and to accomplish the great desire of the Supreme Power which controlled her. History furnishes not another such example or instance of the interposition of Providence, as that one which records on its brilliant pages the inspired heroism of Joan of Arc! And though the wonderful power which she was possessed ^{with}, was but very little understood "by the wise" in her martyred age of terrestrial existence, yet it was the advent of that grand series of interior communication which was to bless mankind long after her soul had ripened into the spheres of celestial Progress and Perfection.

As I have stated before, the soul is the im-
pressible agent which receives that influence which is ever
flowing from the All-Pervading Mind of the Divine, and
those of His Heavenly Ministers, who are appointed to repre-
sent His Holy Word and Will; that it leaves the material life

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with all its prejudices and imperfections, its sins and errors,
and enters upon the duties of the higher one, with the same ca-
pabilities granted it to advance from out its dark and gloomy
state up the Eternal Ladder of Endless Progression and Love;—
that still the impressional powers which were inherent in its
nature when vested in the corporeal form, are not lost when de-
parted from it, but go forth to open into nobler unfoldings, to
develop into grander enjoyments and diviner aspirations, and
to be employed by the Almighty Power as a "living channel," thro'
which the pure streams of His Wisdom and Love may flow to
the hearts of His wandering children below; that still the germs
of "mediumship" are requisite in the future life, as much as on
earth, that the purest spirits, from the Higher Realms, may be
enabled to waft ^{their} gentle waves of lofty inspiration to those ^{whose} sins
and ^{errors} have translated them to a low sphere of spiritual being; that
still these mediums can unfold into riper and broader develop-
ments, and be as advantageously employed for the benefit of man-
kind as when enshroued in the earthly cloak.

Then, entertaining this view of the great and highly-important question, is it not rational to suppose, or rather, to believe, that the germs of media power, which existed in the beautifully-susceptible spirit of the Maid of Orleans, when enclosed in the earthly form, are as necessary, to advance, develop, and mature the soul, in the unfolding life, and to enable the more advanced of Heaven, to communicate their God-given, inspiring thoughts, to those, who require elevation to the more refined enjoyments of the Supernal Realms of Existence? Is it not; I would ask, reasonable to infer, that, in the great and momentous issues which affect the welfare and prosperity of mankind, like the battle, which I have narrated in this letter,

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there should convene together a Celestial Army, whose object was
to still the heaving billows of anarchy and strife, and carry the
olive branch of peace and love to hearts, raging with the elements
of passion and revenge; and that, over that Army, should be placed
a leader and champion, whose spiritual organism was such
as to privilege the Higher Order of Seraph Influences to control
it at their will, and to impart to her instructional ideas, that ^{ed} ^{more}
enable her to carry out their peace-loving measures and re-
quirements.

Joan of Arc was the one selected for that purpose, in
the instance which I have related on these pages. The well-de-
veloped powers of her spiritual nature, the high and elevated
grade of happiness which she enjoyed, and the well-balanced
conditions of her celestial organism, beautifully adapted her for
the great and important office of Guide to that ^{for} ^{Supernal} Ar-
my; adapted her, that momentous and Christian undertaking
because her receptive spirit was easily pregnable to the enro-
lling instructions of Higher Minds, and well fitted to inspire the
harmonies of the brighter spheres.

And, by the desire of the Heavenly Appoint-
ment, was that valiant female "Soldier of the Cross" chosen as lead-
er of that Holy Army, ^{whose purpose was} to secure peace and harmony to the bel-
ligerent hearts of those rife with the black waves of revenge and
hate, and to humanize the contending elements in man's ev-
ning nature. Nobly did they hover over that blood-stained field
of battle, waving ^{and} their glorious Banners of Peace and Fraternal
Brotherhood, and earnestly endeavoring to quiet the discordant pas-
sions rankling within the human breast. It was a sight that
filled my soul with tumultuous feelings ^{of joy} and consecrated my
spirit anew, as it were, to the eternal service of God and Human-
ity.

Apr. 8.

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It was a glorious sight to see,
That heavenly army there displayed,
Along our Zion's Holy Plain,
In robes of Peace and Love arrayed;
And striving, with angelic power,
To still the tempests in man's soul,
That war no more its angry waves,
Across its peaceful life way roll.

Their holy banners streamed above,
That sin-corrupted battle-field,
Their weapon was the sword of Love,
And "Justice" was their only shield;
Peace beamed in every angel face,
Good Will inspired each heavenly one,
And all most truly sought to bind,
Each soul in one grand union.

And as my vision gazed upon
That noble army gathered there,
Intently watching, over that field,
With fond solicitude and care,
My soul bowed down in prayer to Him,
Who's enthroned in worlds above,
For granted ^{ing} us the liberty,
To hover near those that we love,

And to impart to them the way,
That leads to perfect goodness;—
The path, that pointeth up to God,
To everlasting life and Bliss.

Where war no more will blight the soul,
 Or poison its pure streams of love;
 But where all Eden will resound,
 With warblings from the peaceful Dove.

Like showers which fall from summer skies,
 Upon the desert paths of life,
 So that celestial armies come,
 Till on that bloody field of strife,
 And sweetly calmest the fearful hate,
 Which raged within man's heaving breast,
 Until its pure, refreshing power,
 Lulled every tempest-thought to rest.

O ye! who dwell on mother earth,
 Who are the objects of our care,
 Proclaim the holy truths to all,
 Which we, from time to time, declare;
 Go forward, and disseminate,
 The peaceful doctrines which we teach,
 Until each Nation and each State,
 Shall feel the force of what we preach.

And may the virtues of each soul,
 Be evidenced in every deed,
 And the bright garden of the heart,
 Be cleansed from every noxious weed;
 That sweetest flowers therein may bloom,
 And cast a fragrance o'er life's way,
 That will the world with joy illumine,
 And light it on to blissful day.

O! children of the mortal earth,
 Remember, you're a work to do,
 Ere you're prepared for that High Birth,
 Which waits you, when earth-life is through;
 And to acquire a Heaven above,
 Where purest pleasures ever flow,
 You first must seek, through works of love,
 To plant the germs of Heaven below.

Be up, and doing, then, dear ones,
 In this great labor of our Lord,
 Remembering, that each noble act,
 Will bring with it its own reward;
 O! work, till every cloud of sin,
 Shall be dispelled by Truth's bright light,
 And Peace triumphant reign within,
 With War no more to curse or blight.

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And when that earthly task is o'er,
 Which God has given you ~~all~~ to do,
 In yonder bright, celestial throne,
 A nobler work will dawn on you;
 Where, with the gifted minds that shine,
 Around the Sun of Love and Light,
 Your souls with theirs ~~to~~ intertwine,
 To labor for the Just and Right;

And march with them through endless spheres,
 Through every grade of Spirit-life,
 Beyond the gloomy vale of tears,
 Of mortal pains, or human strife,

To these abodes, where fadeless light
Envelops all things in lovely bloom,
Without the vestige of a night,
To mantle them in fearful gloom.

O! happy is the thought to those,
Who can this gift appreciate,
That, when the soul throws the clay
Which binds it to the mortal state,
Its power for good can still entwine,
Around the hearts of man below,
And keep him in those paths divine,
Where richest joys unceasing flow;

That still, with ever watchful eye,
Can guard the destinies of earth,
And watch each changing scene of life,
As man ascends the Higher Birth;
That still, can range the lower world,
And wander 'mongst its leucæous bowers,
And drink, with ever-fresh delight,
The fragrance of their opening flowers.

But grander is that thought to all
That, when death severs earthly ties,
It bears the living soul aloft,
To nobler mansions in the skies;
Where all dispersed ties will be
Conjoined in one great bond of love,
And separation never comes,
To blight our Home of Bliss above.

There will the soul in triumph move
To nobler, higher destinies;
And travel through those countess orbs,
Which span the terrestrial skies;
And learn the laws which govern those,
Who tread their golden streets of love;
Discern the glories there prepared,
For all God's children here above.

O! do ye not, beloved ones,
Desire to reach that blessed sphere,
Whose beauties I've so faintly drawn,
Upon these humble pages here;
Do ye not wish for a high seat,
Around the Throne of Love Divine,
Where scenes of radiant bliss and joy,
Will ever on the spirit shine?

Do ye not wish to roam with us,
Along the brilliant, star-throned sky,
Whose twinkling gems so sweetly smile,
As if to beckon all on high,
Do ye not wish to know the laws,
Which guide the children of those stars,
And wander through the shining walks,
Of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars?

O! if ye would desire to reach
Those joys, transcendent and sublime,
Their rudiments ye first must plant,
Upon the mortal shores of time.

By living for the good of all,
And spreading God's Almighty Cause,
Ye will achieve that rich reward,
Which waits all those who keep His laws.

O then, once more, let me enjoin,
On all to flee the paths of sin,
And strive to do the Master's work,
That ye a golden crown may win;
Disseminate that Heavenly Word,
For which your Saviour bled and died;
And O! like him, let peace and love,
Within your spirits deep abide.

May 6.

It will be distinctly understood by the readers of these pages, that, though the angels hovered o'er scenes of anarchy and strife, - were witnesses to the painful and revolting antagonisms warping in the human soul, they acted not as defenders to these unchristian systems of settling individual or national disputes, but as gentle Ministers of Peace and Love, commissioned by the Almighty to stay the proud waves of dissension and discord, and to enshrine the Holy Spirit in those hearts beating disloyal to the noble teachings and principles of the Christianity of Christ. Seraphs, sojourning in the elevating circles of the Higher Spheres, are so pure and untroubled in their spiritual developments, that they cannot approximate to the inharmonious scenes of a battle-field, except to quell the stormy passions of depraved, degenerate nature, and to tune the soul to the heavenly music of Harmony and Love. They come not, as I have before written, to bring the sword

or to strengthen the bonds of hate and revenge, but to establish the glorious principles embodied in the illustrious life and character of "Him Crucified," who departed not from the paths of Peace and Wisdom, but who endured and suffered all things for righteousness' sake. And although, their influences are not always so potent as to effect the holy desires of their Christian natures, immediately, yet they enjoy inward satisfaction, in the conviction, that the germs which they plant in the unconscious hearts of their fellow-creatures, ^{will} sprout at some future time, destined to bless the incoming ages of the world, and to ripen and mature the immortal soul for the Progressive Spheres of Eternity. They enjoy a realizing sense of the extent of their glorious work, and of the various obstacles to be surmounted to accomplish it; but Wisdom and Patience have taught them not to despair in their Divine undertakings, - not to falter in those heavenly duties, to the faithful performance of which their Divine Parent has commissioned them.

And never will these Angel Ministers pause in their sublime work of Redemption, while there is a single soul that needs to be saved from sin and error, and raised to the light of Immortal Truth and Salvation; never will they falter in their Christian course, while the desolating fire of war blights the beautiful works of God with its hateful presence, or poisons the scenery scenes of Nature, with its foul, avenging breath. But steadily will they pursue the even tenor of their way, raising the drooping form of down-trodden and rejected Truth, and breathing o'er the souls of frail Humanity those gentle attributes and harmonies, enshrined in the hallowed bosom of Deity and Heaven. Earnestly will they toil, until every heart shall bow before the

True and living God, and acknowledge His glorious Word and Truth; until every soul shall be released from the dark shades of Ignorance and Intolerance, and True Education and Humanity dawn upon it. Then the divine work of angels will be accomplished, and Harmony and Love will expand; where, discord and hate were rife; then the heavy, angry march of battle will no longer be heard; the smoke of ^{the} cannon will no longer be seen wafting its blackness to the skies; but peace and good-will will triumphantly reign in the human affections, and the crowning attributes of Heaven will be more beautifully blended in the harmonies of Earth; then will the whole world, be but a grand reflection of the Upper Paradise, adorned with all its resplendent glories.

O! let us haste that glorious time,
When man from Error shall be free;
When Truth, immortal and sublime,
Shall loose the chains of slavery;
And Ignorance no more shall bind
The noblest feelings of the soul,
And sin no longer hold the mind
In its subjection and control.

Let us endeavor to uproot
Each noxious plant that thrives below,
Until the germ of love shall shoot,
Where poisonous weeds now sprout and grow;
And let us seek, with power and might,
The form of error to efface,
That Love and Virtue, Truth and Right,
May sweetly flourish in its place.)

And when the soul shall soar above
To brighter fields of enterprise,
A higher work of Truth and Love,
Will crown its life in Paradise;
Where, with the ransomed of the Lord,
I will walk amid scenes of heavenly birth,
And reap that golden, rich reward—
The seeds of which were sown on earth.

Then will it meet with those dear friends,
Whom long adorned the Eden clime,
Whose Love and constancy still stands,
With those they've left on shores of Time;
^{I will} And walk with them through each bright sphere,
Which decks the pure, seraphic cell,
And learn the pleasures which await,
Those who perform their labors well.

Then, friends, if you would wish to reap
Those beauties of undying birth,
Remember, what I've said before,
That you must seek them first on earth;
And then, in faithless power and love,
The seeds you've sown on banks of Time,
Will quicker sprout in Heaven above,
And bloom beneath our sunny clime.

Pardon me, dear reader, if I have encroached too severely upon your valuable time and patience, in presenting this somewhat protracted dissertation upon subjects that I felt demand

ed full and concise explanations, And if I have taken the liberty to advise, feel, that the Holy Spirit prompted me to such a step, the shining Excellences which twine around the fair forms of Truth, Love, Peace, and Good Will, might be presented, with that clearness of perception and ^{vision} ~~perception~~ which my humble powers were capable of portraying; and if I have advanced a single thought or idea that will tend to harmonize one contending passion in man's nature, or reclaim a single wayward soul from the fetters of sin and error, I shall feel amply repaid for thus enlarging upon those points that I feel must be clear to every true lover of Humanity. And my fervent prayers shall ever arise to the Throne of the Eternal, that the Christian principles embodied in True Christianity may be reduced to conscientious practice, and man prove truer to the noblest instincts of his better Nature, - truer to the God-imagined being implanted within him, and truer to the Divine Author of light, liberty, and Truth. And let us all seek to overcome evil with good, - to reclaim the fallen and degraded, - to resuscitate the dying embers of despised Truth, and release the entangled form of Religion from that net of error which the Hand of False Education has ingeniously wove around it. And thus, by studying the highest happiness and well-being of our fellow-creatures, we shall increase our own an hundred fold, and elevate our ~~own~~ immortal souls, through the ennobling influences of our Christian labors; for, it is a true and beautiful saying, "that the love which goes out from one heart to bless another, will return laden with double blessings for the heart from whence it went forth." What an amount of instruction is conveyed in that simple but sublime passage! How fraught with well-meaning and useful lessons, how abundant with teach-

ings of Harmony and Wisdom! May we all realize its force, and feel, that the love which floweth out from our hearts to bless others, will waft back double and more fragrant blessings to the hearts of the donors.

13.

Now, I will leave this portion of my subject, and return to the narrative of my vision. Then I will briefly explain one or two other things to the satisfaction, I hope, of all parties, and pass from them to my celestial reception. This letter, already protracted beyond my primitive intentions, should now, ^{if not} be brought to a rapid close. But, I trust, however prolonged it has been, that the points upon which I have dwelt, will prove interesting to every reader.

As soon as the vision of the battle was over, my spirit awoke from its trance-like state to the enchanting beauties of the celestial Realms. The smoke of the cannon cleared away, and its thundering roar no longer ~~it~~ wasted its frightful discord to my listening ear. No longer were heard the horrid shouts of a subjugated Army, or the wild enthusiasm of a triumphant Party. But where a moment ago the sight penetrated the untold horrors of battle strife and bloodshed, it now feasted on sublime pictures of Peace and Good Will; and where the ear was assailed by the harsh jargon of discord and contention, the sweetest and most melodious music of Harmony and Love now greeted it. All the glories of Spirit World returned to my enraptured gaze, and my soul revelled in the light and splendor of the Immortal Ocean of Truth and Salvation!

But O! what a magnificent scene awaited my unfolding spirit on its conscious return to the beauties of the Seraph Land! What a sublime picture was presented to my spiritual sight on its awakening from its enchanted state. There, arrayed before me, was a mighty Army of celestial Beings, arrayed in the familiar garments of war, while over it, hovered another, arrayed in the ha-

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Ornaments of Ethereal Beauty and Magnificence. Approaching near-
er, what was my surprise and joy, when I recognized, in the first-
ranked Army, the familiar countenances of many of those who had
engaged in the great struggle, which, but a few moments before,
had presented itself to my spiritual perceptions! With wonder and
amazement, did I gaze upon that brilliant assemblage, gathered
together in one grand mass - where in, their warlike accoutrements,
(that I might the better distinguish them,) while over it hovered the
Angelic Representatives of Peace and Love, inspiring it with their
own radiant thoughts and impressions. In the centre of that bril-
liant concourse stood the noble, commanding figure, which my spir-
itual vision instantly detected as the great, the illustrious Napo-
leon; and those gathered around him, were the beloved ones who
had fought with him in many a hard and bloody battle, to win
for their endeared France the common blessings of prosperity and
liberty, and to transmit them to her unborn children. Eagerly did
they gather around their beloved chieftain, showering festoons of
beautiful flowers at his feet, all radiant with their affection and
esteem. On his brow rested a resplendent Aureole, studded with gems
of sparkling brilliancy, and emblematic of the glory of his Im-
mortal Mind; while on his shoulders perched a beautiful snow-
white dove, with a little twig of the olive branch in its beak, as a
double typification of Purity and Peace. Over his head, streamed
many rich and grandly banners, bearing numerous significant mes-
sages, the first and foremost of which were those of Love and Truth.
In the "back-ground," glided a magnificent Lake, while on its sil-
very surface moved a beautiful barge, laden with countless num-
bers of glorified beings, - reminding me of the triumphant march
of the soul o'er the ever-rolling sea of Progression to the Port of
Infinite Perfection and Bliss. In Napoleon's hand was a scroll,

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of Immortal brightness, which, when my eyes scanned it, he un-
rolled, and I read, written in letters of fiery gold, the following
few lines:

"I battle, brother, for the Right,
To crush grim Error's power and might;
And seek the seeds of Love to sow,
Within the hearts of man below;
That hate, revenge, or fearful strife,
No more may check the springs of life.

"Peace is the banner which I bear -
Love is the helmed which I wear;
Truth is the mighty sword I wield,
And Justice is my heavenly shield;
With these four weapons I will win
A glorious conquest over sin.

17
"Brother, on this Immortal Scroll,
Discern the duties of thy soul;
In every word and sentence scan,
The Love we bear our fellow-man;
Behold the labors which await
Thy Spirit in the Heavenly State -
The higher works which now control,
The powers of thy unfolding soul;
And O! may Love and Truth be shrouded,
Within the chambers of thy mind,
That their effulgent light may fall
Upon the eming hearts of all."

As soon as I had read the beautiful lines written on this living scroll, the bright line of Immortals which enveloped the noble spirit of the Imperial Napoleon, separated itself, and their beloved Emperor of their hearts descended from his flower-crowned Throne, approached my side, and, taking my hand, proceeded to address me in the following language:

"Exalted Spirit of John Quincy Adams: How the mighty wisdom and love of my Heavenly Father and I permitted, at this blessed season of thy unfolding birth, to congratulate you on your glorious exit from the fading things of earth to the divine glories of the upper Sanctuary. In these consecrated halls, where thy eloquent voice has so often plead the dearest rights of fallen Humanity, - where the generous sympathies of thy noble nation have wafted their Christian harmonies to the Throne of the Eternal, to be echoed back in sweeter symphonies to thine own heart, didst thy exalted soul leap the limits of Time, to expand in unobscured growth and beauty, beneath the elevating influences of the Higher Representatives of our glorious Spirit Life! From the discordant wranglings of an earthly Congress hast thou departed, to take thy appropriate seat in the nobler one above, among the highest and most gifted intellects which deck the spangled galaxy of our Constellated Heavens. With these ennobling Representatives of Truth and Humanity wilt thou converse, and inspire wisdom, knowledge, virtue, and goodness, from holy and sanctified communion with such as Christ, and His Apostles, Melancthon, Luther, Plutarch, Channing, Luther, Servetus, and many others of those expanded minds, the glory of whose character is reflected, in rays of Divine Light and Love, throughout our Illuminated Spheres of Progression! Through celestial intercourse with such exalted Intelligences, will thy soul advance onward in the

great work of thy Blessed Redeemer, and expand its interior powers with the Immaculate Love of the Infinite Father!

"Ably, dear brother, hast thou fought the great battle of Right, and victorious success has crowned thy Christian endeavors. Girded with the armor of Truth and Justice, equipped in the harness of Freedom, and Humanity, with thy brow adorned with the undying garlands of Peace and Love, hast thou heroically contended against injustice and oppression, and evidenced to mankind, that "Truth and good works" will accomplish all things in due time, and work out for the soul and eternity of Happiness and Glory! When the persecutions of vindictive foes assailed thee, and danger threatened to check thy noble efforts for Right, fearlessly did thy ships of Duty and Progress outride the black waves of public animosities, steering for the peaceful Haven of Humanity and Love, there to anchor itself amid the hearts and hopes of millions of persecuted and oppressed beings! When the heavy hand of tyranny sought to bind the generous sympathies of thy nature, and to crush out from the sun of human existence the noblest instincts of thy Immortal soul, with mighty power didst thou rive the galling chains, and bravely stand forth first and foremost in the van of universal liberty and Brotherhood!

And, crowned in all these Christian excellences, and God-like attributes, has thy spirit emancipated itself from its clod of mortality, and sought the holy and sanctified presence of the Immortal Inhabitants of Heaven. Bright and beautiful angels have welcomed you to their Seraph Home, and breathed their sweet exhortations over the unfolding Powers of thy soul! Inspired with the Spirit of God, and His Divine Truth, have they infused into your celestial being the love-elements of their own, and grafted on the soil of your heart, the precious buds of ^{Hope and} Promise, to unfold in fragrant blos-

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sons of Beauty and Holiness. They have presented to you their offerings of Love and Affection, in appreciation of the manifold virtues of thy exalted character.

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"With thy soul ripened in all the beautiful gifts of the Holy Spirit, - beating loyal to the clear interests of Humanity, - with thy interior nature softened to all the noblest qualities of the Infinite Character, has thy illustrious spirit broke from the thralldom of an earthly Congress, from all its political wrangling and discordant debates, - and ascended to the glorious spheres of our Progressive World, to become a brilliant and eloquent Representative of Immortal Truth and Justice. There will thou labor, and those bright stars of Wisdom which illuminate our Ethereal Firmament, and whose resplendent light and glory once adorned the Terrestrial Skies. With them will thou shed the light of thy countenance over the hearts of those enslaved in the galling fetters of erroneous Education, and seek to relieve the sin-cursed soul from its painful captivity, and

Plant it on that sure and steadfast track,
Where it will neither falter, nor turn back,
But steadily pursue, that bright, celestial way,
That beckons it to spheres of Everlasting Day.

"The beautiful vision, dear brother, which you have so lately witnessed, has taught a valuable lesson to your Ascended Spirit. You have learned, in what manner the angels of heaven guide and protect the public destinies of mankind, and that they are not insensible or careless of the struggles of those striving for Right and Justice; that they are ever near in the dark hours of trouble and trial, - descending, from their golden clouds of spiritual beauty, to

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harmonize each discordant element in man's obdurate nature, and render it no longer a garden of noxious weeds - but an Eden of fairest flowers and glorious delights. You have seen, with what faithful care and attention, the Guardian Ministers of Heaven control the wayward passions of every man, and how gently their sweet ministrations fall on the human soul, to still each stormy feeling, and to prepare it for nobler destinies in the Higher Courts of the Celestial Mansions.

"The battle, which your 'enchanted spirit' has beheld in vision, was one which was fought on the theatre of unrelenting existence, many years before your bright soul found its way to heavenly glories, and ere my nature had become tainted with that spirit of self-ambition, which led me to commit many errors of grave and serious magnitude. Animated, as I felt, with a deep and earnest love for my down-trodden and oppressed country, - impressed with the justice of my cause, and the sacredness of the mission which God had entrusted to my confiding care, I launched forth on the black and heaving sea of battle, relying on the Mighty Arm of Heaven for protection, little dreaming, that but a short distance from the plane of material existence, there was another and more powerful Army hovering over that field of strife, watching, with vigilant eyes, the contending parties, and inspiring the Champions of Right to a glorious and brilliant triumph. Little did I realize, that the Heralds of Peace and Love were gazing upon me from their Immortal Spheres, reflecting upon my own efforts the harmonious sympathies of their Celestial Natures, and aiding me in the hazardous enterprise, in which I had embarked.

"And O! dear friend and brother, could I have but more potently felt the presence of these Invisible Powers, and realized, that they were my Guardians of the Day and Watch-

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men of the Night, that they were continually watching my progress
in life's stormy ocean, and recording my every act on that
mortal Code of Laws, which contains the Rule of Right for all
actions, and which none can disobey without reaping the penalty
to such disobedience;—I repeat, could I have but realized all these
things, how many bitter hours of sorrow and anguish would it have
saved my poor and erring nature! How many seasons of poignant
reflection and wretchedness it would have repelled, and relieved
the humble name of that odium and contempt which now entwined
their renowned folds around it! The Spirit of False Ambition would
not have swayed my efforts, nor thoughts of self-aggrandisement
fractured my mind, or poisoned the impulse of that character, which
was moulding itself for Time and Eternity; but pure and holy
would have been my aspirations,—laudable and just would have
been my every exertion for my country, while the Glories of His-
tory would have impartially inserted among the noble names that
gild her brilliant pages the humble one of Napoleon Bonaparte.
Garlands, of undying fragrance and beauty, would have wreath-
ed an unsullied fame, and golden incense from the hearts of a
grateful world, would have ascended the Star-Gemmed Throne
of the Prince of Righteousness, to reward the benefactor in one
other and a better country.

"Often, when engaging in the fire and blood
of battle-life,—when the soul was perplexed and tried by
doubt and misapprehension, and everything looked dark and
dubious, with the horrid spectre of ultimate defeat and ruin
pointing its ghostly fingers at me,—would these quietly steal
over my despairing nature a holy feeling, and a silent voice
would whisper within its encouraging notes of strength and
hope, and bid me "Trust in God." Then my whole being would

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feel animated, as if ^{by} from a spark from the Holy Altar of Omnip-
otence, and, at the head of my Marshalled Army, would I march
forward in the penituous venture of battle, and brilliant success
would be the grand result! Often did these voices speak counsel
to my heart, and sorry am I, that I heeded them not, at all times.
When I listened to these inward speakings of the Divine Voice, and
followed their heavenly instructions, victory would crown my land-
able efforts; but when my ^{motives} became tainted with the poison of selfish
aspirations, and individual considerations haunted my patriotic
desires,—no longer could the pure and lofty from the Celestial Man-
sions approach me, to encourage my soul, and inspire it with for-
titude and strength; no longer could they come to cheer the spirit
with their uncensured, Invisible Presence, and to walk unseen by
my side to lead me on my way rejoicing; but they stood afar off,
weeping o'er the adverse fate of one who might have been, if he had
only heeded the gentle whisperings of those Angel Ministers, who
appealed to Conscience and Reason, both truly good and great. But
resisting these hallowed influences, and following in the lead of a too
ambitious and erring judgment, I fell from my high estate, and tem-
porary banishment, on a lonely, far-off isle, was the closing tableau
of Napoleon's earthly life.

"O! could I but have realized
That angels from their home above,
Were watching faithfully my path,
With fond, devoted care and love;
That every thought, and word, and deed,
Breathed forth by the undying soul,
Were registered, in lines of fire,
On Heaven's bright, Immortal scroll;

"How many hours of bitter thought,
 Of keen remorse, regret, and woe,
 Would have been spared my ev'ning soul,
 While journeying on earth below;
 Grateful hands would have ^{then} sustained
 Their roseate garlands round my name,
 While History would have enshrined
 Upon her leaves a spotless fame.

"Love for my country, in the first,
 Inspired my heart for her to fight,
 That storm, which had begun to burst
 Upon her glorious sky so bright,
 Might clear away before the dawn
 Of Freedom's pure, unclouded day,
 And anxious souls proclaim the dawn
 Of Liberty's resplendent ray.

"But as success triumphant crowned
 Its rich festoons around my soul,
 Ambition's hated finger sought
 To bind me in its snakey fold,
 And bend my spirit to its power,
 To its accursed will and might,
 And lure me from the blessed tower
 Of Virtue, Holiness, and Right.

"O! had I listened to that Voice,
 Which spoke unto my soul within,
 And cautioned me to seek for fame
 Which 'Immortality' would give."

"How would the memories of the past
 Flow back in sweetness to my mind,
 To bless me with the precious thought,
 'That I had lived for all mankind.'"

"But God, the Father of us all,
 Has every sin of mine forgiven,
 And crowned me with the blessed smiles,
 Of Holy Angels in His Heaven,
 Where, with them, I can up and march,
 To battle for the Word of God,
 And seek, through ministries of love,
 To win a high and rich reward

and
 "My lofty stand high is raised,
 Amongst the Noble and the Just,
 Nor will its streaming folds be furled,
 Till Error's form shall trail the dust;
 But o'er the heads of sinning man,
 Its noble 'stars' shall proudly wave,
 Until all evil, sin, and strife,
 Are buried in one common grave.

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 And to ^{the} cause of Truth and Peace,
 I dedicate myself anew,
 And promise, that I will not cease
 To labor for the Just and True,
 Until the Star of Love shall shine,
 Where darkness now obscures its light,
 And guide the world ^{to} realms divine,
 And guide the world ^{to} realms divine,
 And guide the world ^{to} realms divine,
 And guide the world ^{to} realms divine,

"And O! dear brother, may the gifted eloquence of thy mind and heart still radiate thy beloved country, and teach its rulers to adhere to the divine precepts of the Inspired Jesus of Nazareth! Teach them to love God and their fellow ^{men}, and to obey the just requirements and demands laid down in the Impartial Book of Nature and Nature's God! May thy voice of Humanity ring along the corridors of these Halls where man has so often feasted on the glowing eloquence of thy tongue, and hung with delight and joy on thy fearless appeals for Liberty of Speech and Universal Right of Petition; where thou hast bravely stood, amidst the angry thunders of public debate, amidst the blackening storm of personal antagonisms and individual contumacy, and nobly tested and maintained the sacred rights of that dear and honored Commonwealth, which had bestowed upon you the inestimable privilege of representation upon the floor of a National Congress. May thy soul reflect its prayerful benedictions on all hearts crushed and bleeding by the chains of physical and mental servitude, and the humanities of thy nature go forth in love and affection to those enslaved in the fetters of sin and error, until the darkened places of earth shall be gladdened by the golden beams irradiating from the rising sun of Truth and Life Immortal. May the harms of Ignorance and Bigotry become enlightened with the teachings of thy Immaculate, Blind, and the purifiers of vice and iniquity purged of their uncleanness, through the Christian counsels of thy spotless soul, that, where sin now abounded, grace much more may abound."

"Crowned with the undying laurels of history, a earthly fame and honor, loaded with the planets of a grateful people, consecrated ^{like} with the smiles and tears of love and affection, - hallowed in the remembrance of the truly noble and

patriotic, thy spirit has fathomed the dark waters of mortal dissolution, and landed on the Infinite Shores of Progression and Eternal Truth! At the Post of Duty, in the Halls of Legislation, nobly representing thy honored State, and advocating the broad and mighty principles of Humanity, did the Messenger of God approach thy side, and bade thee prepare for that celestial Congress, on whose floor all are privileged to plead the cause of Right, with none to molest, or none to make afraid."

"At the Post of Duty, where thy voice of eloquence, has oft sent forth its noble tones in Freedom's brave defense, There didst thy immortal spirit soar to mansions of the Blest, To seek among the loved and dear a calm and peaceful rest."

"Tired of the mortal stripes below, thy soul has broke away,
From mould'ring scenes of mother-earth, from things of mere decay,
And entered on the higher work revealed to thee in Heaven,
Where nobler ministries of love will unto thee be given."

And while contending for the Right, and pleading for the slave,
While beating ^{back} the "angry roll" of slavery's blackened wave,
Thy brave, exalted soul, equipped for Freedom's holy fight,
Lured from the earthly form, and heaven-ward took its flight;

"Where, among the ransomed ones of our Immortal Land,
Its powers, in radiant light and love, will evermore expand,
Progressing on to higher worlds of bliss and usefulness,
Where stars of glorious magnitude await thy fame to bless."

"Brother, when living in the mortal sphere, the world called

me a mighty warrior. Through seas of blood and carnage have I
 dared, to plunge for my beloved, but down-trodden country, a path
 future prosperity and happiness. Ambitions for the future good and
 welfare of the land I loved, led by the instincts of a too-^{and} aspiring na-
 ture, I was drawn, as I have before written, into many inexplicable
 errors and difficulties, and finally, to commit the one great mistake
 of my life, for which there is not a shadow of excuse, or palliation,
 mistake, that must ever sully that fair fame which crowns the
 name of Napoleon, the conqueror!

"But yet, to use your own beautiful and approp-
 priate language, how little does the world appreciate and know of my
 good intents and purposes! How little does it realize the extent of the
 Heaven-appointed mission which was marked out for me by an all-wise
 God! Eclipsed by the dark clouds of popular errors and dogmas, fed
 and kindled by the black spirit of jealousy and selfishness, strongly bound by
 the chain of old theologies and dogmas, it cannot clearly discriminate
 the virtues from the vices, the lofty aspirations from the unhallowed
 ambitions.

"But thanks to the good Father, whose loving eye of wisdom is
 searching the hearts of His children, He will not permit these angry
 clouds long to roll their Eumenian blackness across that portion of
 my earthly existence, which, as I feel, was honorably, justly, aspiring.
 Even now I begin to perceive the bright star of my Fame penetrat-
 ing the heavy mists of superstition, rising out of the dark horizon
 of bigotry and error, soon to illuminate the whole universe of mat-
 ter with a knowledge of the right and the just, and to enlighten the
 souls of man on these broad and mighty principles, for which, in my
 mundane life, I contended; that the voice, with its prophetic whis-
 perings, "Posterity will yet do me justice," was no idle one, but a voice
 that breathed cheering words of hope and encouragement to the

ed and crushed spirit of the exiled Napoleon. And, God be praised, dear
 brother, that I am enabled here, in the presence of these immortal
 witnesses, to vindicate my own honor, and to promise fealty to every
 good cause, which seeks the elevation of mankind, and to assist in lay-
 ing that mighty corner-stone, upon which is to be reared the "Heaven-
 aspiring Temple of Humanity! Rejoiced am I for these blessed, oft-re-
 peated privileges, to attest my gratitude to these "guardians of my
 chequered mortal being" for the kind care and protection, and for
 the inspiring influences which they exerted over me, during my brief
 stay on the stormy sea of time.

"And do I, beloved friend, despise the counsels of pro-
 priety, in thus enlarging upon a point that must be dear and sacred
 to my soul, the preservation of my earthly fame? Do I appear to cher-
 ish the spirit of selfishness or ostentation, when I wish to my name
 redeemed from that obloquy and contempt which an unrighteous,
 unforgiving world, has cast upon it? I feel that the response of your
 spirit will decide in negative. Deeply sensible am I of my ma-
 ny faults and imperfections, and gladly would I embrace the op-
 portunities to remove them. With sorrow do I recall those errors of
 my life, which hang like a black pall around my character, and
 I would endeavor to sweep them away, through the good works and
 Christian labors of my Future Existence! Who is perfect? He that
 is, let him cast the first stone.

"That nature, which was born and exalted amidst the heavy
 crash of political powers, unstirred amidst the tottering rock and
 fall of mighty thrones and empires, has not entirely lost that pride
 of name and honor which became an invincible element of its
 being at the very hour of its funeral birth; and that love, a consti-
 tuted ingredient in my immortal spirit, flows still in all its
 primitive splendor and glory, as at the very moment which

Breathed it into animated existence. And that nature, quenchless as the spark of Divinity within it, still address to its unalterable instincts of honorable fame, still jealous of its ^{own} good name and honor.

"The ancient proverb, 'That God orders all things wisely and well,' may, I think be applicable to my own immediate instance. While enduring the trials of banishment ~~to~~ on the sea-girt isle of St. Helena, I was enabled to look back upon the sins of my past life, and reflect how much I had left undone, and how much more good I might have performed, if I had but employed those expansive capabilities, to which my Heavenly ^{Father} had laid my disposal, to the development of my own spiritual powers, and to the elevation of the whole Human Race. The pleasant memories of many good deeds well done, of virtuous actions instilled into the human soul, of a lofty patriotism infused into the hearts of my beloved countrymen, cheered even the lonely hours of exile and sorrow, and gave a charm and zest to the gloom of my 'perpetual banishment.' And how much more would my happiness have been enhanced, - how would the heavy trials of my lonely exile have been lessened, - how much more pleasant would have been the enflowing memories of the past, - could I but have looked back on a life that was fast drawing to a close, and realized that it had been untainted by the poison of false aspirations; that it had been exclusively devoted to the common interests of mankind, and to the perpetuation of sound and healthy principles in my dear and beloved country!

"My banishment to the island of St. Helena has been regarded by many of my most ardent friends, in the light of a public calamity, and as an unjustifiable usurpation of Moral Right and Justice. It has been the prolific mother of many petty feuds and animosities, and will furnish, I fear, suffi-

cient pretext for a degenerate descendant to envelop himself, at some future time, in a bloody war, that he may more firmly plant his iron heel on the prostrate form of Liberty, and secure a permanent hold on the imperial Throne of France. But God, I trust, will avert so terrible a visitation, and oblige the tyrannical usurper, who is seeking to gain a lordly supremacy over the bleeding liberties ~~of~~ that time-honored and beloved Commonwealth!

"But howsoever others may view my temporary exile, I can only look at it now in the light of a great and glorious blessing; for it was, through my condemnation to that lonely, sea-girt isle, that I was brought more in immediate contact with the spiritual, and in closer communion with Deity and my own thoughts. Far away from the exciting theatre of my exploits and engagements, - away from the trying scenes of bloody strife and battle, - surrounded by the wide and majestic ocean, I was enabled to draw myself aloof from the outer world, - to hold secret and silent communion with my God, and invoke the Divine Pardon for my many sins of omission and commission. I was enabled to revert to the mistakes of my lifetime, ^{and} to discern, on the ever moving panorama of the past, the shaded, as well as the bright pictures painted on its canvas. And God, even in that late period of terrestrial existence, pointed out to me an effective remedy, whereby I might correct the faults and errors of a past career.

"Often, when walking amid the few delights of my sea-board home, my eyes would instinctively ^{turn} to the cloudless canopy above, and thoughts of a pleasant nature would flow athwart my mind, turning to its Divine Architect, who is enthroned amidst its seas of immeasurable glory and

splendor; and at night, when all Nature was hushed in quiet
 repose, would I wander forth to gaze upon the calm blue skies,
 bespangled with countless gems of radiant light and beauty,
 draw my thoughts from the uncertain things of life below, to the
 bright and ^{beautiful} country beyond, where shining stars of wisdom and
 intellect awaited my glad coming, to greet my sorrowing spirit
 to the unnumbered glories of the celestial heavens. Then would
 I walk by the sea-shore, and, with my mortal vision, scan the
 broad and mighty ocean, thinking of that dearly-loved coun-
 try from which I had banished, and longing to span its heav-
 ing bosom, that I might again espouse the righteous cause of
 my bleeding France; then would my mind soar above to that
 fathomless lake of Immortality, where, with my loved compe-
 nions for guides and companions, I should glide along on its
 peaceful, sparkling surface, borne aloft to higher and more
 glorious shores by the ever-rolling billows of eternal Progress.
 Then a holy and sanctified feeling would creep over my interior
 nature, all earthly aspirations would calmly sink to rest, and
 my soul would seek the Throne of Grace, to hold silent commun-
 ion with its Maker. The faults and frailties of a past existence
 were mirrored before me, and I resolved, that the few remaining
 days of my life should be devoted to the glorification of my soul,
 and to fit it for the immortal shores beyond the ebbing sea of
 time. I reviewed and re-reviewed my whole battle-career, and
 the brilliant conquests which I had won, and I fully deter-
 mined, that, on the Island of St. Helena, I would fight the great-
 est battle, and win the proudest and noblest victory of my life,
 a victory over my own wayward passions! Surrounded by the
 tried friendship of a few noble souls, I commenced the glorious
 work of expurgation, and to better prepare my spirit for the

"mansions not made with hands." I sought to crush out each un-
 worthy ambition from my nature, and to aspire only for those ^{eternal} emo-
 tions and honors, which would entail happiness and glory on my
 immortal soul! Gladly did I set about my laborious task, feel-
 ing assured, that "he who works may win." The Divine Voice whis-
 pered strength and encouragement to my spirit, and bade me
 not to falter in my heavenly undertaking; and in a short pe-
 riod of time I was able to perceive a thorough Reformation going
 on in my soul, - harmonizing all its contending elements, and
 fitting it for a more exalted destiny in the world to come. In fact,
 my sea-lashed home looked no longer lonely or dreary to me, but now
 the appearance of a "little Heaven below," - blossoming with the fragrant
 flowers of "love to God and love to Man." I was prepared, when the
 summons should come, to enter upon my Divine Rest, - for I had
 fought life's greatest battle, and won the victory.

"You will not suppose, dear friend, ^{and brother}, from the
 tone of my address, that I was a believer in the Doctrine of Pro-
 gression when on earth; for, in my unenlightened age, it was a
 subject that was very little, if at all, understood by the world. The
 knowledge, which I have imparted to you, on that particular
 point, was acquired during the time which ^{has} intervened between
 my spiritual Birth and your own. But I entertained the bleas-
 ed hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave, where the
 soul would enjoy a reward commensurate with its development,
 and live a life of eternal happiness and pleasure; where all
 would be introduced into the glorious liberty of the children
 of God, and reap the immortal recompense of "good deeds done in
 the body." And under the influences of these sweet and hallowing
 convictions, did I endeavor to improve the closing days of my ex-
 iled life, to harmonize every discordant feeling of my soul, and

qualify it for an elevated station in the Kingdom of Heaven, upon whose Throne is seated the great King of Things, from whose Sovereign Presence none will be banished. And, my Christian exertions on that island, was I prepared to enter on the celestial duties of the Higher Life, to meet beloved ones who had gone before me, to wait my entrance to their happy home, and I can truly and safely say, that, to the elevating influences of my banishment, I owe my present high and exalted station in the celestial Empire. And I ever murmured at the decrees of Providence, or thought my punishment too great for endurance, the gentle breathings of the Divine Voice would whisper to my spirit, "Lord loveth those whom He chasteneth," and instantly the perfumed waters of my soul would bubble to sweet repose, while up from its deep fountains would bubble the placid streams of resignation, whispering, "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Thus, the exile to St. Helena added a crowning weight of glory to my nature, proving the truth of ^{that} old Bible saying, "that God doeth all things wisely and well," and that out of even evil will sometimes spring good and everlasting good. And I thank my Heavenly Father for the wondrous wisdom he has displayed, in thus afflicting His erring child, that he might be better prepared to stand in His Infinite Presence, to be judged according to his deeds.

"God, in His wisdom, saw 'twas well,
To afflict the erring child He loved,
That he might be prepared to dwell
In brighter spheres in Heaven above;
Where none, from His Immortal world,
Will ever banishment endure,
Or from their rightful seat be hurled,
Among the gifted and the pure;

But when, in Holiness and Love,
Each soul in union would unite,
Aspiring to the spheres above,
Where all is lost in endless light;
When, in glory, the spirit freed,
Would soar to higher realms of thought,
And smiling Hope its nature lead,
To worlds, with fragrant blessings fraught."

As soon as Napoleon had concluded this portion of his admirable address, the following poetical prayer was breathed by him to the Throne of Divine Grace:

"O God! I thank Thee for the care,
Which Thou hast ever shown to me;
That Thou, through trial, didst prepare
My soul for Immortality;
I thank Thee, that Thou, in love, saw fit,
To banish me from worldly things,
That I might, ^{be} prepared to sit,
With Thee, our Lord, and King of Things.

"O! give to me a contrite heart,
My every act with love control;
That Virtue, Godliness, and Peace,
May find a home within my soul;
Forgive each error and each sin,
Which stained my pilgrimage on earth,
And draw me nearer up to Thee,
The more I feel and prize Thy worth.

O! may my spirit deep inspire,
 The holy influence of Thine own,
 That I, in Heaven, may soon acquire,
 A higher seat around Thy Throne,
 Where living streams of light and truth,
 Will on the joyful vision burst,
 And they, who quaff its sparkling youth,
 Will nevermore for wisdom thirst.

June 12th

And teach my soul to hate the wrong -
 To love the noble and the right,
 That I may aid the Truth along,
 And every heart to thee invite;
 Give me the strength of thy strong arm,
 To labor in thy mighty field,
 That every weed I may uproot,
 Which in its pathway lay concealed.

And give to me ^{the} blessed power,
 To make my presence known on earth,
 That I may lead man to that tower,
 Where blossom flowers of glorious birth;
 Where all in harmony unite,
 To labor for Humanity -
 That Truth, not Error, Right, not Might,
 May gain the heavenly victory."

When Napoleon's spirit had ceased uttering his
 fictive orison to God, he continued the concluding portion
 of his address to me as follows:

"Dear Brother: When the sands in the hour-glass of
 time were fast rolling away, my Heavenly Father permit-
 ted me to take a glance at that beautiful country on whose
 flower-wreathed borders my enraptured, exultant spirit was soon
 to step. My interior perceptions were darkened to the visible ob-
 jects of the outer world, all its sorrows and trials, were, for
 the time being, lost in the moon-like splendor and glory of an-
 other and a better life, and my soul bathed in all those E-
 byssian delights which can crown a Paradise of Perfect Happi-
 ness and Pleasure. Millions of angelic forms flitted before
 my opened vision, sparkling fountains of translucent beau-
 ty, glistened in the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness,
 - the air was melodious with the music of seraphs' birds,
 while the whole Ethereal Atmosphere was bathing with ce-
 lestial love and beauty. The soul was nearer Heaven than
 Earth, and longed to scale the time-beaten walls of mor-
 tal being, and soar above, to join, in eternal life, the ran-
 somed children of God.

"When my perspective spiritual powers were or-
 wakened to a full consciousness of the sublime realities of the
 Spirit World, pictures of indescribable glory, and dazzling
 beauty, were mirrored before my vision, and clouds of mar-
 velous splendor, enveloped my unfolding nature, behind which
 glimmered brilliant rays of light and wisdom, pointing me
 up to a land of Infinite Purity and Love. Trees, flowers, wreaths,
 birds, palaces, and temples, not formed by earthly hands, - far
 surpassing in moral grandeur and sublimity the perish-
 able ones of the World of Materialists, lying scatter'd, - were ar-
 ranged, in all their immortal colors, before my Interior Sight,
 beckoning my soul to come and bask beneath their never fa-
 ding glories.

Jadeless beauties were there arrayed,
 Before my fast-unfolding sight;
 And gorgeous glories then displayed
 Revealed to me God's power and might;
 Trees, rivulets, and deathless flowers,
 Were pictured there in Paradise,
 While gentle zephyrs, through our towers,
 Bore fragrance from the upper skies.

"Hail, of glorious beauty, shone
 Before my now-enraptured gaze,
 Inviting me to come and roam,
 Beneath their warm and cheering rays;
 Rich porticoes and temples high,
 Not made by any earthly hand,
 Seemed to inspire my spirit on,
 To the resplendent Seraph Land.

My fluttering soul longed to be free,
 And soar to meet its mate in heaven,
 Where lies, dispersed there below,
 No more in glory would be seen;
 Struggling, panting, it broke from earth,
 And took its flight to worlds above;
 When, in the bright, celestial birth,
 It sought and found its kindred dove.

"But, ere my soul burst from its clayey tabernacle, more glorious beauties dawned upon my interior perceptions, than those which I have previously narrated to you. Glorifying in

my head, at a little distance from earth, stood the gloriously beautiful form of my dear departed Josephine, in supreme majesty and splendor, with arms unfolded, ready to greet the beloved, but thanks to the good Father, not the exiled Empress of her heart, in one joyous and eternal embrace. With flowing robes, of unimaginable brilliancy, and hair of golden beauty, playing around her lovely form, she stood prepared, in her spiritual home, to welcome the sorrowing, but contrite spirit of her erring, but still beloved, partner, to her immortal companionship.¹³ A shade of enmity or ^{many} revenge, for wrongs endured, clouded her beautiful brow; but the smiles of forgiveness beamed from her cherished countenance, while, with one finger upraised, she pointed my spirit heavenward, where, in realms of unending glory, it would meet with its kindred mate of palmyer years, again to be united in holy bonds which no power could alienate or separate. She bade me prepare to throw off the mortal coil, and to enter on the mightier vocations of the Future Life, there to battle with Heaven's Potent Army, to overthrow wickedness and error, and to secure a victor's glorious triumph. Brighter, and more angelic, grew her immortal countenance, as she portrayed the divine glories which were soon to crown my exultant soul, and the countless myriads of celestial beings that were standing at the portals of heaven, ready to bear my waiting, willing spirit upward to the home of the Blessed Redeemed! Nearer and nearer did she approach, more resplendent grew her shining form, until, overwhelmed in the dazzling brilliancy of the Seraph Realms, with the endeared name of her I loved the best, with the exception of my mother, dwelling on my dying lips, my soul severed the thread of mortality which connected it to earth, overleaped the narrow

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limits of Time, and ascended the Imperial Throne of the Most High, there to be enshrined by the side of my sanctified Josephine, to enjoy eternal happiness and repose on the bosom of her undying love and affection.

"Most grand and sublime, dear friend, was my exit from the troubles and afflictions of the corporeal world, to the 'Welcome Home of Angels!' Banished, by the wise decrees of Providence, to a lonely, ocean-bound isle, accompanied by the faithful and undying friendship of a few tried spirits of earth, - as well as of Heaven, my soul was better prepared to employ proper facilities to regenerate its nature, and to attract itself from external objects to the untold enjoyments of the Infinite World. Separated by the fathomless water, from all that I loved and cherished most dear, doomed to exile, as I felt, at that time, by a cruel, tyrannical edict, I acquired a distaste for the vain, deep-seated pleasures of earth, and sought to lay up for myself imperishable treasures in Heaven, where moth nor rust cannot decay, nor thieves break ^{through} nor steal; but where the soul would commingle in all the social delights of an everlasting friendship, and enjoy the blessed society of the great and good departed on before me. I joyfully looked forward to the period when death would release me from my mental and physical sufferings, and the angel of Love and Mercy fold me in its snow-white wings, and bear me to the Shining Footstool of the Great Jehovah, to place me again by the side of my long-mourned-for, ascended Josephine. And rejoiced was I when the Star of my life waned in its earthly glory, and took its flight from Terrestrial Spheres, to enshrine itself amongst the numberless millions in that far-reaching galaxy, which spans the glorious Celestial Firmament; rejoiced, that I was going to a

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better country, where I should once more meet my beloved, my wronged partner, and listen to the gentle words of love and forgiveness, which would fall from her lips on her dying, but still devoted bosom; rejoiced, that I was soon to join that illustrious band of patriots, who had fought with me on many a bloody field of strife, and surrendered up their precious souls to God in honorable defence of their martyred country, and to secure for it, and its children, the inalienable blessings of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'
"But, beautiful spirit, with all these happy pictures painted on my mind, there were ^{even} clouds of darkness that would sweep across them, to obscure their brightness. Remorse, for sins of commission, would roll its fearful blackness athwart the memory, and deeds of dreadful character would rise up before me, which seemed to say, 'Repent ye, for the day of deliverance is nigh at hand.' Then ghastly figures of men would seem to point at me, whispering, 'This day shall thou die; Prepare ye to meet us.' And humbled and subdued in spirit would I bow my head, in reverential prayer, to Almighty God, asking pardon and forgiveness for my rebellion against the holiest laws of His Nature, and to receive my errand, but repentant spirit, to His Infinite Bosom of Mercy and Love! Thoughts, of a haunting nature, came rushing like an avalanche upon my mind, - unprovoked acts committed by me, to build up and strengthen the pinnacle of self-ambition, all came back to memory, to torture, as it were, the life-long spirit, to prove to me, that the way of the transgressor is hard, and bid me prepare to render an account of my stewardship at the Supreme Tribunal of Heaven.

"The fervent appeals which went forth from the deep fountains of my heart, arose, on the bright wings of love, to the throne of the Divine, and the Ministers of Light bore back an answering response to my soul. In the beautiful language of another spirit, in like manner did the Holy Spirit speak to me:

" 'Come up to me,' my Father spake,
Unto the childlike fondly loved,
And drink from that Immortal Lake,
Which sparkles round my throne above;
Come, taste of its pellucid streams,
And ye shall never thirst again;
Their pure, invigorating beams,
Shall in thy soul forever reign;

" 'Come up to me,' he further said,
And eat the Bread which I shall give;
That Bread which will thy soul refresh,
And bid it evermore to live;
Come, gather round that rich repast,
Which I've prepared for all my make,-
Come, saint and sinner, one and all,
And of that bounteous feast partake.'

"And in regard to the remission of sins, the Representatives of the Divine Will wafted back the following response:

"Come nearer now, dear child, to me,
Thy God will never thee disown;
Thy sins are all forgiven thee,
And bliss awaits thee round my throne;

Come, dwell with those effulgent stars,
Which shine so brilliant in my skies;
And see what I've prepared for thee,
In my far-reaching Paradise.

'Come, sit with that beloved one,
Who once endured the storms of life,
That he might be prepared to flee,
Beyond the sea of sin and strife,
To that Eternal Heaven above,
Where he would see his Father's face,
And dwell with Him, in endless love,
Around the star-gemmed Throne of Grace.

"He bids thee come to that high Mount,
Which shrines His own Immortal Soul,
And fly with him to that pure Tent,
Where streams of living water roll;
He points thee still to paths of peace,
Of wisdom, purity, and love,
And calls thee in his still, small voice,
To meet him in the courts above.

"Prepare, my child, to take thy flight,
Where sin no more thy life will mar,
Where error nevermore will blight,
The light of thy Ascending Star;
But when, through realms of boundless space,
Thy soul will travel on its way,
My Shining Throne of Love to grace,
And live with me an endless day.

"Thus spake the Holy Voice within,
In tones of gentleness and love,
Assuring me, that every sin,
Would be forgiven in Heaven above,
If I would but prepare the way,
Through higher works and ministries,
To cleanse the soul of all its clay,
And fit for the upper skies.

"When my weary feet, ^{first} trod the Everlasting Shores, joy and happiness attended my earth-released spirit to its glorious abode among the angels. There I met my faithful Josephine, crowned with garlands of immortal flowers, while countless, of radiant glory, - gemmed with diamond thoughts, of intellectual worth and beauty, glistened from her sparkling brow. Ready was she to welcome me again to her loving embrace, and to breathe on my regenerated soul those notes of forgiveness, which I so longed to hear.

"But there occurred an incident on my arrival to the Shores of Being, which most especially pleased my overjoyed, disenthralled spirit. It revealed to ^{me} more forcibly than any other instance would have, ^{possibly} done, the wondrous wisdom and goodness of my Heavenly Father, in conjoining those ^{the} which party differences and individual considerations had severed, in one harmonious bond of Fraternal Brotherhood, Equality, and Love. It elated my whole nature, harmonized every interior quality, and inspired my animated being with unbounded gratitude and affection to my Creator, for this grand manifestation of His loving-kindness, mercy, and forgiveness, and the hallowed lesson conveyed to me through it, - to forgive, even as I may hope to be forgiven.

"When my soul had disengaged itself from the frail ^{the} ¹⁶ which bound it to the clod of mortality, and had become fully initiated into the glorious sublimities of the Immortal Creation, and after my dear partner and other bright spirits had saluted me, my attention was attracted to four or five brilliant star-like forms, which seemed to illuminate the Celestial World with the purity of their effulgent rays. Slowly they moved along, from their radiant home of light and glory, surrounded by clouds of ethereal brightness, while the rainbow of Love and Promise glistened in magnificent beauty over each Seraph form. Over-awed and struck at the grandeur of the spectacle, my spiritual vision was riveted on that resplendent Barque of celestial beings, moving on the placid Ocean of Eternity, attended by a brightly crowded train of glorified passengers. Presently, my vision is drawn to the few above named, who had withdrawn from the accompanying circle of spirit friends, and were approaching me. Loosely they had appropriated near enough for me to recognize even in their garments of snow-white splendor the familiar forms of those who, on earth, had suffered martyrdom for my sake, that the insatiate cravings of an unglorious ambition might be gratified and sustained.

"But it was not till they were by my side, that the veil, which obscured their features from my interior perceptions, was drawn aside, and revealed to my horror-struck gaze the well-remembered countenances of those who had every reason to loathe and to despise me; - those whose mortal bodies were stricken low in mortal dissolution at the infernal bidding of my power, and whose spirits were summoned in the Infinite Presence of the Great Judge, there to wait my appearance at His Impartial Tribunal.

"But do I cast too severe reproach or censure upon myself, when I thus style such deeds as infamous and wicked? Do I despise the rules of right or truth, in thus denouncing such acts as arbitrary, cruel, and unjust, and contrary to the high or humanities of the human heart? I know, that many of my most ardent and intimate friends will plead the commission of such deeds, on the ground of necessity, - to firmly instate myself on that Personal Throne which they consider rightfully belonged to me. But is there any Law of Nature or of Humanity which privileges us to take the life of our fellow-creatures, that which we cannot give, - and most especially, to build up self-power or personal aggrandizement? Is there a single principle embodied in the Religion of Jesus, out of which we can raise the minutest idea, to justify the sacrificing of human life, yea, even in cases, as many think, of stern necessity, or self-defence? Is there ought in the divine attributes of our Father in Heaven which would lead us to believe, that he would countenance the slaying of the mortal body by His children, into which He has breathed the breath of His Divinity, and which He alone can give and take away? I am aware, that many will aver, that, in some instances, "in circumstances alter cases," and that self-defence is the first Law of human nature, necessary to protect individual rights, justice, and to resist arbitrary power and encroachments. It may seem, in many cases, that a resort to violence, to maintain just and lawful rights, ^{is} to be unavoidable, and perhaps necessary; but it is none the less wrong and inharmonious with the ^{sublimity} Divine Ruler of Individuals and Nations, and at variance with the sublime teachings of him who went about doing good, who sought to infuse the elements of peace and love

into the hearts of his followers, and to preach the glorious, ^{to the world} God-like doctrines of non-resistance, - to overcome evil with good, and, if ^{thou} enemy smite thee on the one cheek, turn the other to him also.

"Joan of Arc, in her beautiful address to the English Army, remarked, that God often employs measures repugnant to His own Divine Nature, to justify noble ends and attainments;" but when we consider, that man, from the beginning was created a free, moral agent, endued with sublime powers and privileges, and, in the language of a welcome spirit to you, "had two paths laid out before him, the good and the evil, - which he could pursue at pleasure, and that he, and he alone, must work out his own salvation," we feel that he is responsible, not God, for his oppressive acts, and must answer for them at the so-called Day of Judgment, or, spiritually speaking, at that time when the soul shall stand in the presence of angels, to be known ^{by them} even as it is known by itself. And those acts of mine which sent those unprepared spirits to the Supreme Court of Heaven cannot claim, I feel, the slightest justification or palliation; acts over which I have deeply sorrowed and mourned, and for which I have often sought the Pardoning Power, that I might be prepared to meet them in the Heavenly life, to atone for my many sins. I will now return to them, and inform you in what manner they welcomed me to the evening enjoyments of the Immortal Realms of Being.

"When these beautiful and exalted Seraphs were by my side, my spiritual sight was expanded, the veil which eclipsed their immortal-embodied forms from my view was laid aside, and I beheld standing before, in majestic beauty and loveliness, the ever-to-be remembered figures of some of my most loved victims! O! what insupportable agony rent my soul as

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I gazed upon them, and thought, that my arm had assisted in slaying the mortal, and sending the immortal into the presence of the Judge of All! What fearful forebodings took possession of my entire spiritual nature as I beheld them standing, in mighty judgment before me, and, as I thought, at that period of my development, ready to arraign me for the heinous crimes committed against their mortal bodies, and for sending their unprepared souls before the bar of the Supreme Justice. What agonizing thoughts pervaded the unfolding powers of my mind, as I recalled the vivid memories of the past, and reflected, that I had been, in many instances, an instrument of oppression and wickedness, and aided in commencing that series of internal revolutions, which have brought so much misery and blood-shed upon my beloved France, and the world. And here I continued to aspire, as at first, to lofty ambitions and for the perpetual welfare of my country, the scenes of anarchy, which have so often stained her virgin soil with the blood of her children, would have been, I am convinced, forever silenced, and when tyranny and slavery now rear their hydra head, justice and liberty would reign in their place, to bless posterity with those concomitant blessings which are but the outgrowth or offspring of this glorious unity. Had I not pandered to the selfish gratification of political power or personal emolument, how pure would have been the fame transmitted to the world, how illustrious a name would History have enrolled among her great and gifted men! The blood of the innocent and defenceless would not have rested on my hands, and the curses of widows and orphans been heaped on my head; but the fragrant blessings of human love and affection would have twined their rich festoons around my heart, and the world have poured its

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highest encomiums on my worth, and mourned at my departure, like me refusing to be comforted.
As my spiritual vision penetrated the souls of the bright angels standing by my side, I sought to read feelings towards me, and to know whether they cherished the spirit of animosity or revenge towards one, who had now met them face to face, at the Tribunal of God, at the footstool of the Omnipotent Throne, before which all Nations and Parties must bow, and confess the deeds done in the flesh. At first, a shade of sadness or gloom seem to cast its lowering clouds around each heart, and sorrow and grief to sit on each lofty brow; but these soon were away, - a halo of unimaginable glory and celestial splendor culminated around each immortal figure, - joy and love beamed from each forgiving nation, while the pleasant smiles of hope and confidence glistened on each brilliant countenance, and seemed to lure me on to a closer communion with their unfolded spirits, and to enshrine my own heart's best devotions and sympathies on the altar of their purified affections. With the finger of Faith pointing upward, relying on the anchor of Hope, wreathed in the undying laurels of love and forgiveness, they beckoned me, in a refreshing manner, to approach them, and receive their warm and cordial embraces.
The two foremost then came forward, placed my hands in theirs, and pressed on my spiritual brow the burning kiss of affectionate love and friendship. In looking up, I beheld, imaged before me, the too well-remembered features of those whom mortals know by the earthly names of Duke D'Enghien and Pichegru. I could not at first, withstand these beautiful evidences of their forgiving char-

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acters and dispositions, and the strong will and the ever
lent, and copious tears beamed an angel's face; and not only
did tears of gratitude flow from the deep fountains of my
over-enchanted heart, but those dear ones who encircled me
for joy, over the one sinner that had repented, and found
grace in the sight of God and the Redeemed of Heaven!!
O! it was a spectacle that inspired my soul with reverence and love
to my God, and caused me to feel more than ever, my utter
unworthiness of such manifestations of His Almighty
Wisdom and Goodness.

"When the first violent ebullitions of tears and
repentance had somewhat subsided, the former spirit, Duke
D'Enghien, addressed me in a very familiar and friendly
manner, assuring me of his entire forgiveness for my com-
plicity in that affair, which was the immediate means of
ushering his immortal soul into the invisible glories of the
Spirit Land, and hoping, that, through the exalted influence
of the Higher Life, our hopes and aspirations would beauti-
fully blend together in a harmonious unity of mind and
purpose, and all feelings of animosity and hatred be for-
ever eradicated from our natures, provided such there ex-
isted, by the sweet and hallowed communions in our Div-
ine Home. I will not relate all the sublime exhortations
which he breathed in my behalf, as it would require a
lengthened period of time, so to speak, to do so; but, suf-
fice it for me to say, that every word and sentence of his
Christian welcome savored of the love of God, and of the
blessed humanities of the Man, Jesus, and harmonized
with all the sublime evidences which adorn the Patern-
al Character of the Infinite Parent.

20th "But before I leave this particular point of my ad-
dress, I will present you with the presence of his exalted spirit,
it that ^{may} attest to the truth of what I have been uttering,
and prove to you, that unity and unity depart as the soul
ripens in knowledge and virtue, under the sanctifying influ-
ences of the Immortal Life."

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Napoleon here ceased, in his address, for a few
moments, until the glorious, forgiving spirit, of Duke D'En-
ghien had arrived to the Sphere of Being in which we stood.
He bore in his right hand a scroll of resplendent power and
glory, similar to that which Napoleon possessed and unroll-
ed to my spiritual vision. When he was near enough to me,
Napoleon approached me, accompanied by my still faithful
Instructor, Lafayette, and fraternally presented me to the for-
famed, celebrated spirit of that martyred child of God. When
the usual preliminaries, attendant upon such an introduction,
were over, my "welcomer" again turned to me, and said:

"You see, standing before you, the glorified spirit of
D'Enghien; he, whose physical body was slain by my un-
laid arm, or, more properly speaking, by those who had ex-
isted in my service, and whose sympathies were strongly ex-
erted in my behalf; one, whose wrongs and persecutions were
many, as I have before spoken, has every reason to despise
and reject me. I will not repeat to you his beautiful Wel-
come Address to me, and all the tender admonitions which
efflowed from his generous, Christian bosom, towards one
who had so deeply injured him, but on that Immortal Scroll
which he bears in his hand, you shall discern the weak-eyed

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spirit of charity which animated his loving soul, and learn
a beautiful lesson, - 'to forgive those who trespass against us,
even as we shall hope to be forgiven by our Heavenly Fa-
ther, for trespassing against the Divine laws and ordi-
nances of His Most Holy Kingdom.' "

The spirit of Duke D'Enghien, at this point,
came forward, unfolded the dazzling chart in his hand,
and revealed to my delighted gaze the following glorious
Divine motto, enwreathed in a circle of brilliant stars:

"Faith, Hope, and Love,"

"But the greatest of these is Love, or Forgiveness."

Then the resplendent spirit, above named, with counte-
nance beaming with Christ-like love, breathed forth to me
the following few words:

"Beloved Brother: It is, with infinite pleasure and
delight, that I am thus enabled to be introduced to
your exalted spirits, on the shores of Immortal Existence,
through the medium of one, who, when on earth, was consid-
ered my mortal enemy, but who, in heaven, is now my most
cherished and faithful friend. The circumstances, which
led to my material dissolution, history has vividly chron-
icled, and need no repetition by, here in the World of Har-
mony and Love. All earthly friends are now forgotten, and
anxieties, long cherished, are buried in the grave of the
past, and numbered with the mouldering relics of dead
and dying mortality."

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"But you may ask, dear brother, if I readily forgave
the Author of the injuries done to my mortal body, if I, the
moment I launched my barque of spiritual life on the O-
cean of Eternity, overlooked all past difficulties and insults,
and cheerfully acceded at once to a 'full and free' pardon to
my enemy' for his transgressions against my material
form? I will most truly reply, By no means! It was through
a grand and mighty series of refining processes that I was
enabled to subdue and conquer my prejudices and feelings
of hatred, and prepare my spirit to 'heap coals of fire' on the
head of my persecutor, and welcome him at the Bar of the
Mighty Judge."

"When my spirit first fathomed the boundless
lake of Eternal life, and my vision sufficiently unfolded
for me to discern the dead corset that lately encased my
Immortal soul, and when I perfectly understood the cause
which led to my spiritual birth, my feelings, towards its
immediate author, were those of rancorous hatred and ven-
geance, and I resolved, that, if I possessed the power, I would leave no
means untried to redress the injuries done me; but when the
angels, from the lofty realms of thought, approached, to bid
me welcome to their glorified abodes; when I listened to their
gentle voices of love, and felt the warm breath of their inspir-
ing presence around me, hallowing my new-born nature with
their congenial influences; when I heard their repeated in-
junctions, to cherish the spirit of love and forgiveness in
my soul, and their exhortations, to unfold and develop its in-
fused affections, that I might enjoy with them the infinite
glories of the Higher Worlds, I must say, that a new sensa-
tion pervaded my entire celestial organism, the unchris-

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from feelings of my nature were banished away, and the ^{evil} reflections from the Divine Rays of that one bright, Refulgent
so rashly made, was changed to one more harmonious with Star! I endeavored to make that essential element a part of
the beautiful, God-like spirit of Humility, Forbearance, and my nature, feeling, that, without it, I should not find favor
Love; in fact, to use the language of another, my soul had un- in the sight of God and of His Holy Angels.
dergone a complete revolution, all its prejudices were con- Therefore, I diligently set about my Chris-
quered, revenge and hatred were swept from its affections, tian task, including, what I once thought to be, the invincible
and a strong foundation laid, upon which could be built elements of any inferior organism, and preparing my spir-
the enduring fabric of a glorious and Divine Regeneration. it for that higher and more exalted destiny, which could on-
Napoleon no longer appeared to me as an enemy, but as ly be attainable through ministries of Christian love and
one, who should excite my deepest sorrow and pity for his forgiveness. Daily, yea, I can, with truth, say, hourly, I, in
errors, and exert my exertions in his behalf, to aid in companionship with these bright angels before you, hovered
Christianizing his wayward nature, and preparing in the head of the so-called great Napoleon, and vigilant
him to meet his God. by strive to conquer the unbridled passions of an eving na-

June 21, "But although my feelings, through their ^{changed} turn, and cause it to throw with those higher humanities pure and benign influences, were considerably altered and aspirations, embodied in the transmitted example of the towards my former enemy, yet it required some little time ^{Martyred Christ,} and which alone can guide the soul from to wholly eradicate from my soul its earthly antagonisms, out the hideous darkness of long-nurtured sins and errors and invocate those nobler, higher qualities of a perfect character to the Immortal Regions of Infinite Glory and Fame!

"But as you may readily suppose and believe, it required a great amount of patience and untiring con-
the Divine Wisdom and Goodness of the Almighty Parent Silence, to overcome all discouragements and obstacles which of us all, I was enabled, during the time which intervened of course, lay in my path, and plant in the spirit these seeds between my Spiritual Birth and that of Napoleon's, to or of Divine Regeneration, which would prepare the glorious overcome all these bitter prejudices and feelings, to develop way for fruits of Repentance and Salvation; and although the loving, forgiving Spirit of Christ and the Father somewhat baffled in my exertions through the ^{long} overbearing my own soul, and to, more perfectly fitted to enjoy their side of his inglorious ambition, and those worldly aspirations, glorified Presence around the Throne of Light and Wis- which sought only earthly fame and honor, yet my spirit dom. I saw, like yourself, the glorious motto, "Love," embued vision was empowered to discern, that the few celestial zoned on the far-spanning Canopy of Heaven, and each germ, so opportunely sown in the soil of his heart, would one which crowned its Celestial Bosom, but the all-godlike in the future, quicken into noble deeds and virtuous im-

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pursue, and reward, both the Recipient and the Donor, in light of Napoleon's earthly Star, until it entirely ceased in
"The world to come." And when, in the providential interposition of our Divine Parent, Napoleon was banished from the scenes of public strife and contention to the quiet, sequestered haunts of the sea-environed Isle of St. Helena, I was duly with harmonious music, the whole celestial Atmosphere
the favorable opportunities presented me to continue the heavenly work which I had so auspiciously begun; and the while the archangel's trumpet was vocal with notes of Divine Wisdom and Goodness, as this one Redeemed Spirit was
former hindrances being removed, his mind became more pure, and, therefore, more accessible to the Higher Powers of the Heavens; and that blessed work of Regeneration, which conducted the soul of Napoleon in repentance to the Throne of God, was brought about, more or less, by the intervention of Celestial Ministers in the Eternal Life, and qualified that contrite, repentant spirit, to ascend to the shores of Immortal Purity, there to join Heaven's Innumerable Lament. Napoleon, look him kindly by the hand, and clasped it, mine more spirit, dear friend, and then I close my address:

"When the light began to wane in the lamps of Napoleon's earthly life, the angels perceived that his soul was, inaccessible to their Divine Influence, and they sought to impart to him a vision of that beautiful country, where perpetual and ever increasing glories had already begun to dawn upon his enlivened spirit. Surely did the pure light from seraphic minds, fall on his heaven-bound nature, to lead it onward to that brighter land, where the celestial compass points the weary, earth-bound soul, to Ports of Immortal Rest and Perfection. Successful were they in their endeavors, and Napoleon's expanded vision perceived the opened arms which were extended to receive his elated soul in their cordial and fraternal embrace, when it was freed from material and afflictions. Deeper and deeper grew the

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light of Napoleon's earthly Star, until it entirely ceased in its glimmerings, and his enraptured, exultant soul was borne off by the waiting servants of the Most High, and laid on the virgin altar of His love and affection. The very air was tuned with harmonious music, the whole celestial Atmosphere was balmy with flowers of ethereal purity and fragrance, while the archangel's trumpet was vocal with notes of Divine Wisdom and Goodness, as this one Redeemed Spirit was wafted upward, on angels' wings, to the Eternal Heavens, there to be forever enclosed in the endless fold of Almighty Love and Protection."

Here Duke D'Enghien paused in his sublime communication, and, advancing towards the Spirit of Napoleon, took him kindly by the hand, and clasped it, mine own, while he pronounced, on both our Immortal Souls, the following tender, Christian exhortation:

"Brother: May the same lofty spirit of forgiveness toward your enemies animate both of your Progressive Natures, as that which you have seen displayed since your brief pilgrimage in the Future Life. May the bonds of eternal unity be strongly cemented together by mutual attachment and consent, and your souls rally forth in the same glorious, Christian Cause. May you heap coals of fire on the head of your enemies, bless those who have spitefully used you, and subdue the threatening waves of antagonism and hatred, through that generous spirit of love and fraternity, which breathes of the Divine Harmonies of the Infinite Nature, and worketh all

things to the glory of God, the Father. May the light of thy wisdom descend upon the earth-bound soul, to illuminate it with the love of God and Man. And O! may all the exalted attributes which crown the Infinite Character, also adorn thine own, and be the means of elevating thy immortal spirits even above thy present state of happy being, to the all-radiant glories and sublimities of the Eternal Worlds beyond. May thy sons inspire wisdom and goodness from the Almighty Mind, and that wisdom and goodness, through thy influences, be reflected on other hearts of Duke D'Engheim gave utterance to the following feeling and effective invocation:

And know the glad and welcome way,
Which guideth to Immortal Day,
Where endless light, and joy, and love,
Await the ransomed soul above,
And Progress marks the spirit's rise,
To higher worlds and nobler skies.

"Go on, then, dear brothers, in thy boundless Enterprise of Duty and Truth. Thy Heavenly Father has crowned thee with the excellences of His Holy Spirit; endowed thy mind with wonderful intellects and capacities capable of unfolding into great good for mankind, - has adorned thy nature with the vast intellectual powers designed for thine own individual improvement, and for the elevation of mankind. Use them to a great advantage, that we can look for remission of sins and for immortal peace. The many talents with which God has blessed thee both, may be employed for the benefit of those who have not yet been given unto our Spirit-life, - for the brilliant star of wisdom which thou hast seen fit, in thy Infinite Love

in thy glorious history, I will utter, thy behalf, an humble, but heartfelt invocation to the Throne of Grace:

On the conclusion of this last sentence, a concourse of spirits formed themselves into a brilliant circle above us, while another assembled around us, to listen to the elevating prayer breathed forth by that noble forgiving spirit. With us, and adoration to the Most High, we

"O! Thou Great Dispenser of all good: Thou Father of our spirits, and Divine Author of our being: We would bow ourselves before thy Eternal Throne, to offer thee our fervent thanks for the unnumbered spiritual blessings which thou art ever conferring upon us, for the improvement of our social and intellectual capacities, and for the elevation of those whose natures are warped by error and sin. We would return

thanks to thee, O Father of Love, for the light which thou hast vouchsafed unto us, - in opening our eyes to the truth of thy glorious Gospel, and for the blessed promises of thy Redeemed Religion, which bids us to look up to thee as our Staff and our Stay, - as the sure and steadfast Anchor, upon which we can safely rely for support and consolation in each trial and difficulty, - as the Pardoning Power to whom we can look for remission of sins and for immortal peace. We thank thee for the bright intellect which thou hast given unto our Spirit-life, - for the brilliant star of wisdom which thou hast seen fit, in thy Infinite Love

and Goodness, to transfer from the Terrestrial to the Celestial and Purity in thy Celestial Heavens, and a princely gem in
 that Skies! O! may the influences of his pure and congenial crown of glory and Power. May the soothing influences of
 all Spirit blend with the like harmonies of heaven, and each his Spirit life be felt whenever they may fall, subduing all
 around a halo of light and glory which will be felt by all disharmonizing feelings, controlling all hearts with their an-
 who ^{shall} come under its hallowing power. Impart to him strength power, and blessing those who are crushed and bound in
 from on high, and a meek and gentle spirit, full of thy the heavy yoke of mental as well as physical bondage. May
 love and tender mercies, that he may perform, with ^{him} he seek to improve the present degenerate state of public sen-
 sibility and earnestness, the glorious ministry of benevolence, to elevate humanity above its now-existing condition,
 lence, to which thou hast appointed him. ^{Aug 1.} May his eloquence and to advance the glorious cause of Christianity, for which
 voice still plead the rights of mankind, and his heart ever a martyr to Jesus contended and was crucified, and in the fear-
 ful time and loyal to the high and generous instincts of his espousal of which, many other noble saints have yielded
 manly and love. Illuminate his soul with light from up their "willing life and blood." May he realize the full ex-
 thy Sun of Righteousness, that its warm beams may stand and importance of his glorious and godly mission, and
 into never life and activity each germ of Holiness and seek to wipe out wickedness from the world, and engrave in the
 Beauty which he deep in his affections. May the earthly affections of the people the buds of immortal holiness and virtue,
 Halls of Congress ring with his clarion notes of eloquence that they may expand in beauty and bloom in fragrance, till that
 in tones which all who will may hear, and realize, that it is when they shall unfold in more resplendent glory in
 is the voice of the Almighty, speaking through the mouth of the garden of thy Infinite Love and Purity, where, beneath the
 His ministering angel. May the hallowing impressions of gorgeous sunlight of thy Eternal Land of Progression, they will
 his gifted mind descend upon the rulers of the land from upon in fruits of Repentance and Salvation. May he prove
 whose service thou hast now called him, and influence that faithful pilot to the world, launching his strongly-built
 to high and Christian duties, to nobler ministries of Love and ships of Truth on the heaving sea of Error, sailing ever against
 Devotion. May his blessed streams of Wisdom fall on the the wind and tide of opposition, and with that of enlighten-
 waste places of earth, to make the desert bloom as the rose of opinion, braving every storm and lashing of secularism
 and to smile with beautiful flowers of thought and affec- ^{and} ^{his} ^{and} prejudice, fearing no evil or shipwreck, but moving along
 lion. Grant, to him that understanding which will guide on its glorious and triumphant course, gathering many souls
 him aright, and aid in the perfecting of his intellectual powers to pilot it to the sure haven of Eternal Rest. May he
 powers, and in the advancement of his expanding soul to inspire unwavering confidence in thee, in all his endeavors
 loftier realms of glory and Bliss. And O! may he be a to establish thy Truth on earth, and to promote the cause of
 shining light in thy Kingdom, a bright Star of Wisdom, peace and good will, where discord and hate are now raven-

pant. May he enlist in that mighty band of Reformers, ^{with} the spirit of our other beloved Brother, who has redeemed this
 are seeking the welfare of the whole Human Race, and ad-^{ad} saint, under circumstances most beautiful and sublime, to the
 revealing the Divine Principles of our great Gospel, the Intendant joys of heaven, and to the concluding happiness of the
 school and the Eternal Brotherhood of Man! May the ex-^{ex} World of Progress. May the Spirit of Charity and Forgiveness
 exemplary virtues of his earth-life be more gloriously shadowed ^{and} animate him in his work of redemption, and call his soul
 forth in his unfolding Immortal Existence. May their ^{and} still higher ministries of Christianity. May he write in
 the descent upon his country and the world, and teach ⁱⁿ common with us all, to establish a perfect unity of spirit in
 children a glorious lesson of sublime constancy and heroic great work, and to blend all courses in the one mighty
 devotion, ^{to right} under the most trying and difficult exigencies of and everlasting Cause of Humanity, whose cause alone
 mortal being, - such a constancy and devotion to eternal belongs to ~~the~~. May he continue the "good fight of faith" and
 principles as the world loves to witness, and God delights ^{much} forth to battle for the Right which is to win for him,
 to honor. And O! Father of Light and Love, may all imitate ^{not} the wealth or spoils of empires or kingdoms, but a home, on
 his beautiful example, adhere firmly to his precepts of everlasting peaceful home, around thy radiant Throne. May he
 Universal Freedom, and profit by the Christian counsels and joined in spirit with the just made perfect in their progres-
 instructions which a virtuous and noble life has stamped ^{and} ministry of Love, and be prepared, through his exalted labor,
 the Immortal Pages of History. Bless him in his present ^{to} meet the excellent and good in higher spheres of happiness
 ing. Shower on his soul the ever living streams of wisdom and pleasure ^{to} engage with them in their more elevated and
 and goodness, and crown him with thy Immaculate Love, ^{and} nothing duties. And crown his Omnipresent life with the thy
 May he realize the boundless extent of his ministry of ^{and} light of thy great Word and Truth, and with the purified
 that his attention must not be wholly absorbed in the ^{little} society of holy angels from the upper Realms,
 Unit World below, - but that his labors should take a wider
 scope and action in this beautiful land of angels, to be for-
 ever continued through the Progressive Ages of Eternity, that
 his assistance should be given, in raising the sinful and
 erring from the minor spheres of Progress, and starting them
 on the sure track of Reform. May he reflect the light of his
 intellect on such as may require it, guiding them out of the
 ways of darkness into the path of Truth and Purity, and
 thus entail, through such heavenly works, eternal peace and
 happiness on his Immortal Soul. And Bless, Almighty Parent,

"O! may we firmly seek to do thy great and mighty will,
 To plant thy Everlasting Truth on Zion's Holy Hill;
 And draw each erring nation, each sin-polluted soul,
 Within the Infinite Expanse of thine Almighty Fold.

"And, Father, give us strength and power to do thy ^{work} counsels,
 That we in it may never falter from duty never shrink;
 Implant within our deathless souls the Spirit of thy Love,
 That all may feel our influence from our light home above.

"And bless this child of Thine, departed from the vale of tears,
To join the spirits of the Elect in their Immortal Spheres,
Adorn, with thy pure attributes, his bright unfolding life,
That he may guide the souls of man from scenes of sin and strife.

"Go that Eternal world of bliss, to which thou hast called him now,
To hover o'er the hearts of those who mourn for him below,
Where endless life and happiness will be the glad reward,
Of those who faithfully uphold the Living Truth of God.

"And may the Hall of Congress, where he so rarely oft hast stood,
To teach his glorious principles of Eternal Brotherhood,
Still ring with his stentorian voice of lofty eloquence,
In championships of human rights, in Freedom's brave defence.

"And where his silent influence falls, may its all-absorbing power,
Dispel the heavy clouds of error which on the spirit lower,
And light it out the ways of sin to realms of Holiness,
Where joys all radiant and bright, await it there to bless.

"O! Father, may his soul inspire the glories of thy Mind,
And nearer draw himself to thee, around thy Throne Divine,
Where he will meet the wise and good, the excellent and great,
And mingle in their friendship there, in their Celestial State.

"And may he prove a beacon-light to guide the wanderer o'er,
The clashing waves of ignorance, and error's rock-bound shore,
To that Eternal Port above, where, with the loved and blest,
He will find a peaceful haven, a glad and welcome Rest.

"May meek-eyed charity and love attend his onward flight,
To higher spheres of blessedness, to realms of endless light,
Where, with the spirits of the just, the noble, and the good,
His soul with theirs will sweetly blend in a glorious Brotherhood.

"And may he listen to the voice which wisdom speaks to him,
Which tells of an undying love which cannot die nor dim,
And hear those gentle tones of Thine, inviting him to come,
To find within thy parents arms a long and happy home.

"Now, dear Father, I commit these children to thy care,
And pray, that their pure works may other souls for heaven prepare;
Thus, through their ministries of peace and rich benevolence,
Raise them to loftier planes of thought, to higher eminence.

"And to thee, O God of Love, do I return thanks for this Di-
vine Privilege of Holy Communion with thy Immortal Chil-
dren, for this glorious interchange of thought and affection. And
to thee be ascribed all the glory and homage for every blessing
which we enjoy. Amen."

When I'Engheim had concluded his sublime Ad-
dress and Prayer, he departed from my spirit-vision, but not
however, until I had made a fitting reply to his salutation, and
assured him of the deep hold his beautiful words had gain-
ed in my affections. All during the delivery of his communica-
tion, I was surrounded by a brilliant cloud of light, beyond which
my sight could not then penetrate. But as soon as the above or-
son was completed, I'Engheim waved his spirit-hand, and the
cloud slowly disappeared, disclosing, to my enraptured view, a

sparkling River of Life and Beauty, winding, in magnifi-⁴tham outweighs the wickedness, of which the Apostles of Truth so ef-
cent waves, along the east expanse of Heaven; on its ^{the} ~~its~~ ^{shin-}ten seem to be visions." I beheld him still as a Representative of the
ing Person, vested a resplendent barge, laden with glorified manly and love, - as an exponent of the glorious doctrines eternal
beings from the higher worlds of existence, and ornamented in progression, and a champion of the godlike principles of brother-
numerous significant notions, emblematic of the purity and global Brotherhood. I saw a noble band flocking around him, bask-
ing of their Divine Life; over the heads of all floated a splendour in the radiant sunlight of his hallowed inspiration, and learn-
banner, adorned with numerous devices, while at the helm stood a wisdom and Holiness from the Divine Purity of his Nature. I saw
glorious spirit, well known in the history of the world, - pointing him as the Defender of the weak, the Redeemer of the fallen, and
"the finger of faith" upward, as an assurance to those below him, the Sympathizer of the crushed.

That "faith and good works" will accomplish everything, and lead
the soul through innumerable hardships and trials to the haven
of Celestial Rest, where a reward, commensurate with its own in-
ter development, will be its eternal portion. I gazed long upon
the transparent splendor of that Seraphic Form, and was enabled
to recognize, through the power of Impressive Influence, the noble
and intelligent Spirit of the great, the good Melancthon! An-
other reclined on an Anchor, the glorious typification of Hope,
while many "sat at his feet" to drink in the heavenly streams
of knowledge outflowing from his exalted mind, and to catch

the Divine Sparks of Love and Wisdom, which fell from his
angelic lips. He is known to the world as a bold and indepen-^{dent} that commanding intellect, overflowing with intelligence and
advocate of Truth, - as a man who heroically braved the over-wisdom, in that great heart, beating in harmony with the sym-
whelming tide of public opinion to serve his Maker's cause, and bathes of the Divine Nature, in that exalted, radiant soul, en-
who has transmitted, through his brilliant writings, - legacies of loved with every virtue of heaven, in whose affections were in-
undying worth, to the civilized and Christian Community. Admired the sublime qualities of the Infinite Character, - I saw and
has he borne up amid the persecutions and condemnations of the recognized the illustrious spirit of William Ellery Channing!
who could not appreciate or comprehend his progressive ideas, On his head rested a glorious diadem, spangled with gems, of great
"thus furnishing" to adopt his own gifted language, in his sub-^{limity} and power, reflecting light and beauty on surround-
lime constancy and heroic devotion to the cause of God, "a list of intelligences, and hallowing each heart, which felt their all-
ing to the worth and immortality of human nature, which most penetrating influences, over him hovered two angels, in a circle of

I saw, in his exalted soul,
Each noble attribute combined;
Love, Truth, and Holiness controlled,
The power of his expanded mind.
The weak, the crushed, and bruised heart,
Still felt his glowing power of love,
Which bade all fears from them depart,
And bliss to crown their souls above.

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stars, of intensified glory and magnificence, - Confucius and the Pilgrims of the Mayflower, and the Patriots of the Revolution, then
elaborate, - who, I am told, were the "guardian geniuses" of his mortal life, whose soul, like mine, departed life in the midst of Congress-
ing, and who inspired him with those golden thoughts which social duties, and who "my friend Brigham" will recognize as his
are entwined, in fragrant garlands of undying worth, on the immortal relative, Elijah Brigham! There was the noble Milton,
mortal pages of refined literature. A little above them waved and the brave Reformer, Luther; the martyr, Semler, and the great
beautiful banner, with these inscriptions engraved on them, and good Socialists; the Apostles of old, and the Apostles of late;
ranged in the following manner:

"Progression,"

"Love is the Ruling Law of Heaven."

"Truth is mighty, and must prevail. Error is mortal, and must die."

"Faith, Hope, and Charity, are the guides to endless happiness."

"This is our beloved brother, in whom we are well pleased."

"God is Love."

"He who would seek for happiness, and endless life above,
Must seek to sow within their souls the seeds of Truth and Love.
These noble qualities combined, in one transcendent whole,
Will every other attribute in harmony control."

There were, also, beautiful little children, full of inno-
cence, youth, and beauty, whose earthly parents were early call-
ed to surrender up to the guardian care and guidance of the an-
gels, and to that mighty flock of Heaven, of which God is the Light, from their radiant minds, cast round its sacred glow,
Great Shepherd. They bore in their hands flowers of various color
and beauty, in which were typified the purity and loveliness of
their seraphic life. Then stood arrayed the martyrs and sages of
the past, as well, those of more modern times; there I beheld the
Washington and Jefferson of early Virginia, and Franklin,
Hancock, Warren, and others, our own loved Massachusetts, the
There were the noble and the great, the Martyr and the Sage,
whose names, in lines of golden worth, are hallowed on History's deathless
Assembled, in one glorious band, on that brilliant barge of life,
Engaged in struggles for the right, in Freedom's Holy Rite.
Love beamed in every countenance, inspired each angel heart,
And all were joined in unity, that wrought can ever part;
From their radiant minds, cast round its sacred glow,
And fell upon the souls of those who dwell in regions below.
Their still small voice of heavenly love, fell on each minor sphere,
And whispered its children there, Come, seek our presence here;
Come, labor with us in the work of Holiness and Love,
And enjoy the blessed fruits of a happy life above.

Thus, these sanctified ones do speak, in soft tones of gentleness,
 Inviting all to come to heaven to seek for endless bliss;
 Where, blooming in immortal life, in a glad, eternal Morn,
 The soul will join its "kindred own" to heaven before it gone.

And may these blessed promises, uttered from the Land of Light,
 Keep us in the glorious path of Duty and of Right;
 And prepare the soul to soar to the mansions of the Just,
 When its long and last adieu it shall speak unto the dust.

And may the light which God has given his children now to
 Be productive of their good, and guide to happiness;
 And aid the sin-crushed soul to find "the straight and narrow way" character,
 That leads beyond the gloomy grave to bright, Immortal Day.

And O! if my vision expanded, and my soul leaped from the
 joy, at the sublime spectacle pictured before me, how much Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and Solomon, "in all his glory," stood
 more was my delight enhanced, in beholding the glorious, arrayed before the "great Apostle," redeemed of all his imperfections and
 led spirit, of one whose unexcelled life and example is written of the mortal being, and clothed in the habiliments of Virtue
 in, in monuments of Immortal Virtue and Greatness, on all hand Holiness. There hovered all the Master Minds of the Past, from
 the ages of the Past, the Present, and the Future. Towering above them, whose examples have been handed down to us as model
 the "spirits of the Just made perfect" was seen the Divine Form patterns of true moral excellence and goodness, and whose vir-
 of the "weak and lowly Jesus of Nazareth," surrounded by women, as Monumental Statues to the world, on which are engra-
 vated satellites, of unsurpassed beauty and intelligence, who, like a sublime heroism and devotion to the cause of Truth. On the
 the planets encircling the sun, were revolving around that glorious Son of Christ, rested a splendid Sun, which bespoke the glory
 mirroring of Light and Wisdom, absorbing the intensity of his own of his mind, in which were enshrined diamonds of incomparable
 Celestial Nature. On a beautiful Cross, - that significant type of his
 cation of his heroic martyrdom, - he was reclining, clinging to
 or, "how bravely he bore the Cross of Life, to win the victor's im-
 mortal crown." Over his head, was seen a snow-winged dove, bear-

ing in its parted beak, a vernal wreath of olive leaves, ^{an} emblematic
 a representation of Peace and Innocence, while at his feet repos-
 ed prattling youth, drinking in the radiant smiles of his love and
 affection. As my vision feasted on that brilliant group of joyous
 infancy, collected around the "Saviour's Throne," the sublime saying,

"Suffer little children to come unto me,
 and forbid them not,
 For of such is the kingdom of heaven,"

uttered by him nearly nineteen centuries ago, came rushing to my
 my, and I saw, in his glorified personage, the same noble and exalt-
 ed character, the same child-like simplicity and virgin purity, the
 same Friend and Brother of the weak and helpless, the same ever-
 ring Star of Truth and Hope, - as when he lived the rough-beaten

"Love;"

but in that simple word were embodied all the Christian's confidence in God which he manifested, the patience with
 cellences which rendered his martyred life so transcendently which he bore his terrible trials and persecutions, the godlike spirit
 grand and sublime, and crowned him with immortal laurel of forgiveness which he displayed throughout his martyred car-
 and deathless honors.

and especially, in the "East, broad agave," on Calvary's height,

Aug. 6. It will not be expected, from what I have writ - all, all came reverberating back to memory, and I acknowledged
 ten, that Christ was in immediate companionship or communion in that Resplendent Form, situated in the far Ethereal Near-
 vision with the saints on that Celestial Barge, or enjoyed with em beyond, the Persecuted Christ of Old, - the Friend and Brother
 them their own sphere of heavenly existence; for all noble and of all, "who has gone as a forerunner of mankind into the man-
 great as they were in their nature, yet they were not so immar-nions" of Immortal Glory and Bliss, to reap there the sublime re-
 sults to be able to tread with him the same golden courts, of wand of his martyred labor.

Immortal Being, or to enjoy that Divine Order of Happiness and Glory, which unsuspensed trials and martyrdoms of earthland; but walks abroad at "noonday," renewing the scenes of his
 together with a long series of progress and developments in past labor, and hallowing them with his deathless inspiration.
 heaven, prepared for him; but they were not, however, despised. He lives in our hearts, and in our unceasing sympathies and af-
 of hallowed influences of his Holy Presence, or of communica-tions; lives in the noble teachings which he has transmitted
 cation with his Exalted Mind; for high above them, from the to posterity, in the Immortality which is declared from earthly in-
 Watchfulness of the Upper Iron, soared that Glorious Intellectuals and sufferings, and the Immortality which is the Christian's
 gence, that Sacred Word of Calvary, breathing, as of old, sub-ward in heaven. He lives immortal as the "Rock of Ages" upon
 time strength and encouragement to the great Flock of God, which he has erected his Temple of Truth, and will continue to
 inviting them to nobler aspirations and loftier destinies, to fly, till the "sun, moon, and stars, shall pass away, and Time
 or Mansions in his Father's House. Deep in their souls shall be no more, - surviving even, in fame and honor, the "work
 reflected in almost divine light from that Summary of matter, and the crush of worlds."

Wisdom and Purity, calling all to come and worship at
 the Shrine of Truth, and to seek a closer walk with God. Jew
 or Gentile, Saint or Sinner, were alike pregnable to the com-
 manding influence and Christian power of that No Re-
 specter of Person. And as I beheld him, in his glorified form
 above, invested in the Celestial Panoply of Christian Nobili-
 ty, inviting all to "follow up his Cross" and follow him, the
 history of his past life, the noble fortitude and unwaver-

Immortal will thy Spirit live,
 Through each unfolding Age;
 A deathless fame thy works have gained,
 On History's golden Page.

To-day he is doing his Father's mission in the earth, where
 he early drank the dregs of sorrow and affliction, and where an

ignominious death rewarded his pious labors. Unseen of mortals, he silently walks the "course of time," stopping by the way-side, to breathe peace and hope to the bowed down, and encourage and strength, to the faltering heart. Beautifully his "ministering spirit" invites the erring soul to God, and when was to the beholder, as it will serve to enlighten the mind on the part a divine sympathy to the enslaved and fettered, speaking intensified glories which await the soul on its redemption from unto the oppressor, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the body, and the immortal happiness which is the recompense of servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it lieth him best; thou shalt not oppress him." "Break the chains of the oppressed, and let them go free." To the mourner he speaks comfort and joy, and bids her look up to heaven, where she will again meet with the departed of earth, and dwell with them in everlasting bliss. And in all the arenas of crime and debauchery, in all the haunts of sin and wickedness, where the hallowing influences of a Savior's love are most required, does his sanctified power extend, inspiring them with a love of the right, and to obey the Holy Ordinances of God; to do the will of the Father, and to heed his great and good commandments. With that noble band of persecuted Reformers, who are ascending to establish the heaven-born principles of Universal Brotherhood among the children of men, is he associated, breathing divine hope and strength, and a glorious triumph in the end for their now persecuted Christian Cause. O! let us not drive him from the closets of our hearts by any overt act, but abide the cherished sentiments of his Ascended Spirit, and walk in the illustrious footprints of his matchless life; remembering, that they are safe "guideposts" to endless happiness, peace, and glory, and that, "except ye possess the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his."

7. I have thus extended, to a considerable length, this portion of my subject, wandering, somewhat, from the main point, but I trust, that the vision which I have related, and the illustrations I have made, will prove as interesting to the reader, as the former. I will now return to the Departure of D'Engheim, and to my subsequent interview with Napoleon at that period of my spiritual development.

As I have written, when D'Engheim had finished his inspiring Prayer, he departed from my vision, accompanied by the society of glorified beings, and took passage on that appropriate sphere of angelic exaltedness. Slowly it receded from my sight, with its glorified power extend, inspiring them with a love of the right, and to obey the Holy Ordinances of God; to do the will of the Father, and to heed his great and good commandments. With that noble band of persecuted Reformers, who are ascending to establish the heaven-born principles of Universal Brotherhood among the children of men, is he associated, breathing divine hope and strength, and a glorious triumph in the end for their now persecuted Christian Cause. O! let us not drive him from the closets of our hearts by any overt act, but abide the cherished sentiments of his Ascended Spirit, and walk in the illustrious footprints of his matchless life; remembering, that they are safe "guideposts" to endless happiness, peace, and glory, and that, "except ye possess the spirit of Christ, ye are none of his."

Was hidden from my spirit's view,
 That noble barge of "Angel Youth,"
 With all its bright, celestial crew,
 The Representatives of Truth.

Inspiring music burst along,
 The radiant spheres of bliss and love,
 As that immortal angel throng,
 Departed to the realms above.

The sweetest songsters of our land,
 Filled forth their fairest notes above,

As welcome to that heavenly land,
Of glorious purity and love.

To me they waved their gentle hands,
Beckoning my soul to hasten on,
To their all radiant happy lands,
To which their spirits now had gone.

Farther and farther from my sight,
That brilliant banner pursued its way,
Until, in clouds of dazzling light,
It was absorbed in endless day.

But O! the light of each pure mind,
Which hovered round that Banner of Love,
Left its bright rays of hope behind,
To lead me to their worlds above.

Deep in the chambers of my soul,
Glowed their pure, ethereal power,
Inviting me to come and dwell,
With them in their celestial tower.

And through their Influence Divine,
I'll seek to guide the world aright,
Until the Truth on all shall shine,
To dispel them with its quenchless light.

When D'Engheim departed, that same brilliant
of light which surrounded me during the delivery of his

congratulation, again encompassed my spirit form, shutting out
from my view the gorgeous splendor of the upper spheres. Hope-
less once more approached me, and, in the following few words,
closed his long, but intensely interesting address:

"In that beautiful salutation, brother, you mark
the Christian spirit of love and forgiveness which characteris-
ed the glorious address of Duke D'Engheim on my entrance to the
Heavenly Country. In that sublime welcome you realize the
force of the Christian exhortation, 'Forgive your enemies; Bless
those who despitefully use you.' In his spirit of charity ^{you see} con-
centrated all the noble attributes of the Divinity, and all the
Christian graces of that good Man, whose whole life was one
of love and forgiveness, and whose ~~own~~ ^{was} a sublime triumph in
the conquest of his enemies, never so gloriously manifested as in
the last, grand struggle of the soul!

"Many have averred, that there were pecu-
liar circumstances, which render that crime less odious in
features, and less heinous in its nature, in consideration of the
fact, that D'Engheim was studiously and secretly plotting the
destruction of my earthly throne, and the taking of my mortal
life; that it was due to the preservation of my own existence,
to the interests of the cause which I espoused, and above all, to
the maintenance of the integrity and purity of the Im-
perial Throne, that I should order his assassination in the
way which I did. At that time, circumstances seemed to fa-
vor my cause, and to throw on the great singleness of the
act the semblance of justification. But there was a Higher
^{which judged} Power than mine, that guided ~~deed~~ ^{deeds} according to its wicked-
ness, and with impartiality and mercy.

"In working of all impartial law, both human and divine, in contravention to the fundamental principles of True Christianity, and the holy teachings of its great embodiment, in opposition to the sacred instincts of Human Nature and Right, and to the stern, imperative voice of Conscience, was the spirit of Duke D'Enghien hurried from Time into Eternity, to answer an ignominious end."

Aug. 9th "But that act so wicked in its nature, has many good in His Divine Sanctuary. Truly felt the subduing influence of his soul upon my own, refining all its interior elements, who was so suddenly ushered into Turin, and moulding its affections to the impress of love and fidelity, through my aid and instrumentality, has pronounced pardon and peace on my soul; thus teaching us, one and all, in his Christian example, the sublime lesson, to "go and do likewise," and to "heap coals of fire on the heads of our mortal enemies."

"Thus, immortal spirit, have I addressed you at great Peace and Joy, there to receive a cordial welcome and salutation length, and travelled over a large extent of ground, and to show to you the glories of my welcome, and to prove the beauties of Forgiveness, by illustration of my peculiar case. It has unfolded a glorious truth to your mind, ^{which} will be as a Golden Rule of Duty to you in your future labor, as a bright incentive to aid in restoring love and harmony back with them, in glory and happiness, on the sunny banks to the revengeful, belligerent nature of man. In the end of the River of Life.

The instance of D'Enghien, you perceive the triumph of love over hate, of the higher attributes of the soul over the lower passions of Human Nature; in his example, you will behold since your celestial entrance to Immortal Life, work out a divine victory, and the glorious results accruing for thy soul everlasting felicity and enjoyment, and be the a sweet communion with angels. On his birth into the means of raising every man from darkness into light and spiritual country, revelation was the all-absorbing passion-happiness. May thy country still feel thy radiating influence of his being. The One Idea and Thought of his Progress, guiding her into paths of true greatness and prosperity. While

"Thus, over the unconscious spirit of Napoleon, hovering in a halo of light and glory, that Satellite of Love and Joy, the Guardian of my closing days, and the Star of Hope that was to guide my Future Being, and prepare me to meet

Th' invulnerable band of heaven,
To whom Immortal Bliss was given,

not thy light which God has given thee under a bushel; but ^{11th} advance, my brother, on thy way, and let thy glorious labors prove, let it shine forth, that all, beholding it, may be led to glory. Thy strong devotion to the cause of Christian Truth and Love; their Father in Heaven, and, through its all-penetrating power, let Faith and Hope inspire thee still to pursue the right and true, or be brought to a knowledge of the truth, as transmitted through And to perform, with willing mind, what thy hands now find to do. the stainless life and example of Jesus Christ, whose Exalted ^{and} ^{not} ^{thine} eyes have now beheld in his glorious Paradise. Let the ^{Disseminate} the principles for which our "Brother" died, vision of the battle teach you the protecting care of angels, ^{and} his example make ^{thy} pattern and ^{thy} guide, what faithfulness they guard the progress of Right, and the ^{And} seek to spread those sentiments of virtue and of Right, strength and power they possess in the accomplishment of their ^{for} which he gave his noble life on "Sainted Calvary's Height." heaven-born designs. May it also inspire you with a determination to hasten the period, when war shall be known no more, when its implements shall be beaten into implements of peace with the Spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose acts, in many instances, I can safely say, without any deviation from truth, have been wrongfully judged by the world. But, I rejoice to see, that

Now, must I draw this long, but interesting public opinion is changing, and inclining, more and more, in his interview, to a speedy termination, by pronouncing on your ⁱⁿ favor; and what, by an unenlightened community, have been voted head "The richest of Heaven's Blessings. May all that hapless, persecuted and stigmatised as crimes, are beginning to wear the pine and felicity which falleth to the glorious lot of immortality, of virtues. I am no apologist for Napoleon's misdeeds, but, be thy eternal portion! May thy exalted soul seek peace and I am aware of his many imperfections and errors of his more and enjoyment in doing good, and in comforting those who are being, and would not seek to hide them under the cloak of are betrayed; in reclaiming the unfortunate and erring, and apologues; but would have them stand forth, in bold relief, to pouring the healing balm of consolation and hope into the the gaze of the world, as examples of that great moral, which wounds of the sorrowing and afflicted; in improving public ^{teaches us}, that Immortal Fame and Honor can only be won sentiment below, and benefiting the morals of the ^{through} virtuous aspirations for the public good, ^{our} mity; and finally, in reclaiming society from the slavish grasp ^{free} exertions for the common weal and happiness of all ⁱⁿ of error and bigotry, and in spreading, to the extent of your ^{the} instance of Napoleon, there is strong reason to believe, that ^{lies} er and ability, the Institution of Christianity, and the great ⁱⁿ many cases, actuated by self-considerations, in his ^{sal-} pel of Peace and Good-Will, which will prove a "Healing to the career, strongly impregnated, however, with an intensified the Nations." Brother, this is thy noble mission; perform it faithfully for his endeared country, which was bleeding at every pore fully and well, and a blessed inheritance, in the upper Kingdom from the shafts of foreign tyrannies and usurpations which will be thy recompense.

were levelled at it. But how prone has mankind been to present the dark side of the picture, without turning to that brighter side, which reflects the transcendent loveliness of Immortal Virtues. How uncharitable has public opinion shown itself in its partial delineations of the character of Napoleon! How unwise and unchristian has been the policy which it has pursued! How eagerly has the Hand of Criticism caught at every evidence of Misconception and Mis-judgment, that it might enroll it on the Pages of History, and stamp it on the Living Records of the Present and Future Generations! But the generous Hand of Benevolence and Impartial Love is erasing these dark lines of a cramped age, and moulding, in their place, the impress of Justice and Right. Under the influence of a progressive sentiment, and an enlightened public opinion, the prejudices, which have so long entwined their poisonous folds around the ~~the~~ historic fame of Napoleon, are fast disappearing, and the virtues, as well as the faults, are now being vividly and impartially portrayed by the pen of the historian.

Yes, Noble Soul, to use thy own words, "Posterity will know thee as thou art." The excellences of thy nature are written in enduring lines on the Monuments which thy ^{deeds} many good have reared, - lines which the Hand of Time can never efface or fade.

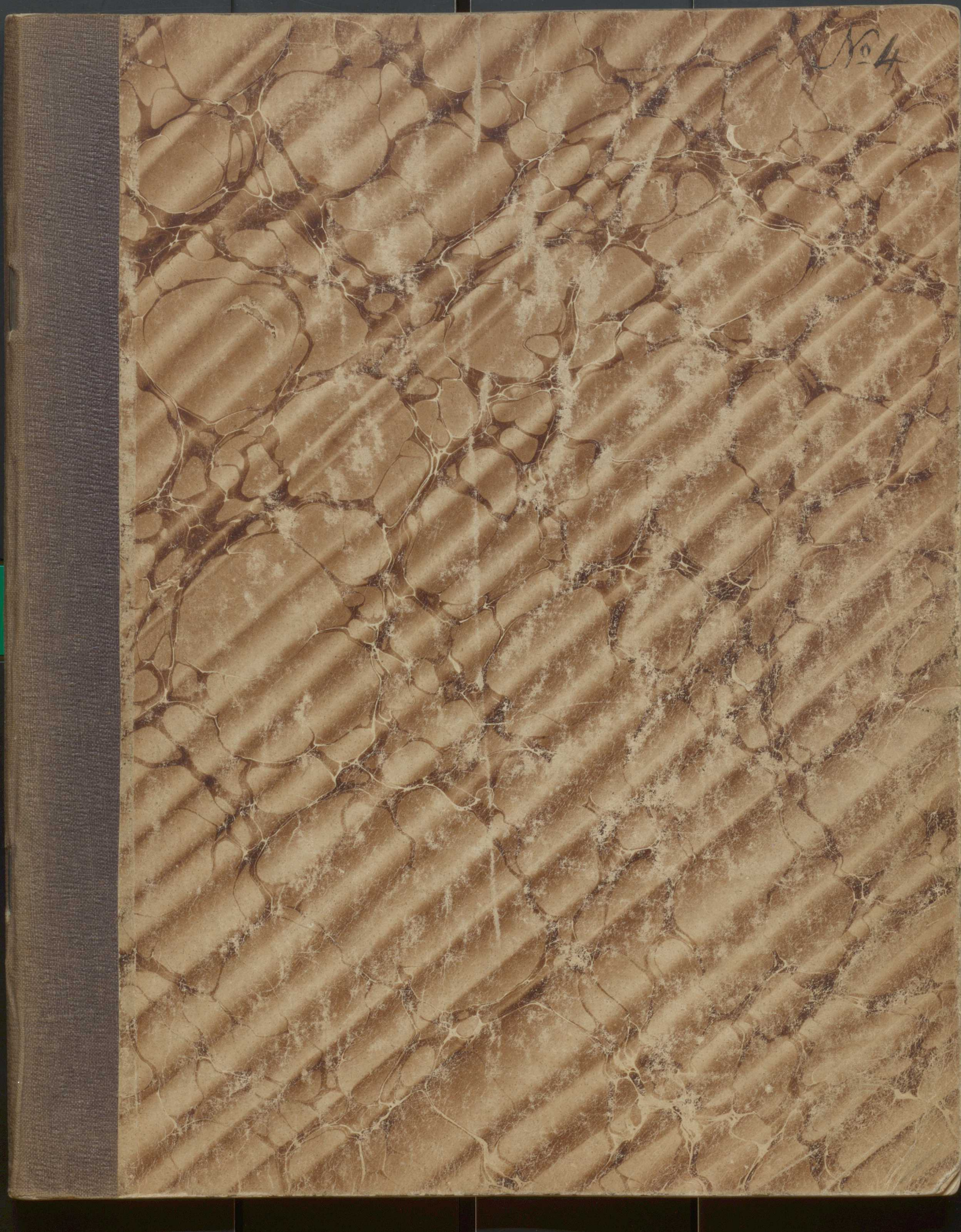
The Hand of History will enroll
The virtues of thy noble soul,

in laurelled wreaths of un fading beauty and fragrance
while tears of sincere affection and gratitude will sprinkle thy
mortal urn.



NOTEBOOK FOUR

No 4



Aug 11. 1856,

Bequest of
Edward Smith
June 30, 1943.

A.C.D.R. C 169

2.

I should here state, that when D'Engheim had concluded his soul-inspiring communication, Pichegni, and others, who had accompanied him on the same glorious River of Life, and who had, also, suffered somewhat from the ambitious career of Napoleon, advanced forward, and addressed me in a lofty strain of eloquence, breathing the same divine spirit of love and charity as that which characterized their Heavenly Associate. Their language was couched in beautiful terms, and adorned with brilliant gems of thought and wisdom; inspiring in its tone and manner, and elevating in its nature. Earnestly did they pour into my listening ear the tale of their earthly sufferings and injuries, and the Christian measures which they adopted to eradicate, what they also thought, in the primitive stages of their spiritual development, to be the invincible elements of their human nature, and tune the discordant chords of the soul to the divine music of love and forgiveness. Like D'Engheim, they at first were fired with the spirit of hate and retaliation, and fully determined to avenge the uncalled for indignities committed * against their respective persons in the most feasible manner which should present itself to them; but the purifying influences of Heaven, and frequent intercourse with the Intelligent Powers of the Higher Circles, refined and subdued the grosser passions of their nature, and they resolved, with entire unanimity, so to improve and harmonize the elements of their celestial beings as to be prepared, when Napoleon's last struggle with earth should come, to welcome his unfolding soul on the flower-crowned Banks of the River of Progression, and to extend to him a cordial greeting, becoming the spirit of conciliation and love. It was then, that the mystery, which had long shrouded the physical death of Pichegni, was clearly

unravell'd to my mind, and, from his own lips, learned, that Napoleon was the instrument by which his spirit was ushered in to immortal being.

Aug. 12th When these radiant spirits had in turn addressed me, and recounted their several interesting narratives, relating to their earthly existences, they assembled, in harmonious concert, around the Immortal Form of the Redeemed Napoleon, while flowers, of surpassing beauty and fragrance, fell in heavenly showers at their feet from the upper gardens of God. The air was filled with silvery music from the Divine Realms, while around our enraptured souls measured a mellow flood of lofty inspiration, reflected from the expansive Mind of the Supreme Intelligence, thro' the Higher Organs of His Ministering Angels. The atmosphere was melodious with love, the glory of the Lord shone round about, - while angel tears, glistened, like dew-drops, on the surface of each spirit.

"O'er the one sinner that had repented,
And had found grace and favor in the sight of God and the angels
Seraph symphonies floated through the radiant air, bearing on their gentle murmurs the golden echoes of Peace and Love. All hearts were tuned anew to the melody of the Heavenly Spheres, and from their silent depths

Was heard that silvery, sweet-toned voice,
Which breathed of harmony and love;
And made each ransomed soul rejoice,
Which had aspired to realms above.

It would require a long period for me to recount all the

magnificent beauties which met my spiritual view, in that glorious vision of those sainted spirits, and to repeat the many beautiful sayings which fell, like glistening pearls, from their seraphic minds. But may it be sufficient for me to say, that their communications were fraught with charity and forgiveness, and abounded in intellectual gems of great moral worth and excellence; that these gorgeous beauties which surrounded them were but the typifications of that Divine Spirit of Love which has been so gloriously exemplified in the sublime messages which their respective Angelic Minds have shadowed forth. I will now occupy but a very few moments of my readers' time, in reciting the brief, but I trust, appropriate reply which I made to Napoleon's long and heaven-inspiring congratulation. Advancing towards him, I placed his hand in mine, and proceeded to reply as follows: - The surrounding intelligences still encircling, in harmonious unity of soul, our Immortal Spirits:

"All-Radiant Spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte: With intensified delight have I listened to your glorious welcome, and feasted on the immortal truths, which have been reflected from the resplendent Star of thy gifted intellect. Intently have I hung on glowing eloquence which has been emitted from the splendor of thy mind, and caught the sparks of intellectual light and wisdom which fell from thy lamps of knowledge and truth. Sincerely have I garnered them home to my own heart, and treasured them among those priceless jewels, of immortal worth, which angels fingers have entwined, in sparkling diadems, around the affections of my unfolding Nature! Pleasant is this salutation to me, - refreshing are the words of love and counsel which thou hast imparted, falling, like the soft

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and radiant beams of the morning sun, on my exultant soul, and diffusing joy and happiness wherever their grateful sympathies have fallen.

"The world, brother, I now realize, has not done thee justice. Emelly has it treated thee, and, as I have written before, 'construed thy actions and motives to represent the worst phases of emelly and oppression.' It has heaped odium and condemnation on thy public acts, and assailed the sanctity of thy private character. The pen of the historian, in recording thy life, has evidenced an unworthy partiality, careful only to present the dark phases of thy chequered existence, and refusing to draw aside the veil which would reveal to human perception the bright and sunny side of life's tinted picture.

"But O! pleasant must it be to thy spirit, to gaze from thy glorious home on the Outer World, and perceive the growing public sentiment of the enlightened masses reclining on thy favored side. The prophecies, which have so long swayed the public mind, and poisoned, as it were, the sympathies of the people, are now being removed, by the onward march of progressive ideas and liberal principles, and the world is beginning to know thee as thou art; beginning to realize that thou hadst virtues as well as faults, noble aspirations as well as ill-considered ambitions; and with thee, O noble Napoleon, I can see, through the prophetic eye, that rapidly-advancing period, when the resplendent star of thy France, which has shone so brightly over many a scene of action, will arise out of the darkness of prejudice and cramped opinion, to shine more gloriously brilliant when the clouds shall clear away. Already is it ascending the radiant sky of historic immortality, to twinkle there, in divine splendor and power, among the many luminaries of light

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and glory, which irradiate its brilliant galaxy, destined to rise higher and still higher, until the world shall realize the strength of its mighty light, and all hearts feel and acknowledge its illuminated power!

"Thy country loves thee as no other can. Her children have gathered thy slumbering mortality home to themselves, and laid it to eternally repose on the faithful bosom of its beloved France. No unhallowed foot dares profane its sacred bed, no tongue dares

"Talk lightly of the Hero that's gone;

but amid the hearts of those thou loved so well are thy earthly ashes enshrined, even as the remembrance of thy noble deeds are stamped on the imperishable monuments of thy country's greatness and prosperity." Her children twine garlands of affection around thy consecrated urn, and mothers teach their youthful ones to hush the name of Napoleon in love and reverence, and also, to treasure in memory the sublime virtues of his faithful partner, Josephine! No, illustrious saint, thou art not forgotten, nor wilt thou ever be! Embosomed in the sacred soil of thy exalted country, in the midst of the "faithful and free" who bravely fought by thy side in her cherished cause, will thy mortal dust enjoy an eternal, peaceful repose, with naught to molest or make afraid, while thy rearsouled, exultant spirit, will hover ^{over} its sacred destinies, and breathe wisdom and humanity to its rulers, and hope and strength to the oppressed and crushed.

"The clouds of opposition and prejudice are breaking away from the radiant sky of thy political fame and honor,

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and revealing to the world those brilliant stars of Historic
Immortality, from which are reflected the light of honorable
deeds and virtuous actions. And let us hope, that the errors and
mistakes of a life time will all be eclipsed by the golden splen-
dor of immortal virtues, and that their pure and virgin lustre
will irradiate the hearts of mankind with a perfect understand-
ing. The world will yet honor thee as thou deservest, and com-
ple thy own glorious name with that of America's well be-
loved Son - the Immortal Washington!

My interview with D'Engleheim, Pichegru, and
others noble spirits, has taught me a glorious lesson of Christ-
like Love and Forgiveness, and embalmeth in my immortal
nature the beauties of Holiness and virtuous aspirations for
the good of all. It has taught me to forgive mine enemies,
and to inculcate lessons of piety from their Christian exam-
ples; taught me to breathe forth to my persecutors, and to the
persecutors of Truth, the same Divine Spirit and meek-eyed
charity, and to overcome evil with good; taught me to heap ben-
edictions and blessings on the hearts of those who despitefully
use me; taught me, in fact, everything which is noble and
just, and how to aspire for those more elevated Realms of be-
ing, where the purest hosts of Heaven reside, and where the soul
is wrapped in a perfect Elysium of Immortal Happiness and
Glory.

In the beautiful vision of the battle which ^{has} been unimpaired
before my enchanted gaze, I have learned in part the sublime mean-
ing which angels guide the destinies of Nations, and inspire the
hearts of those struggling for their dearest God-given rights; and
through Messengers of Peace and Good-Will, and Representatives of

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the Divine Gospel of that fearless Enponent of Truth, Jesus of
Nazareth, yet the Almighty Father privileges them to hover over
the crushed and enslaved, and to breathe strength and comfort
to their drooping hearts; to assist them in every laudable enterprise
and duty, and to buoy up the despairing energies of human na-
ture to nobler works in the great field of Truth.

In that sublime vision, I behold the evidences of
Superior Agency, and the wonderful wisdom and love displayed
by the Supreme Being in the accomplishment of His glorious de-
signs. In it I see the manifestations of Omnipotent Power and
Goodness, and the marks of an All-Wise and Benevolent, ^{Grand} who must,
from the very Divinity of His Nature, desire the eternal happi-
ness of His intellectual children, and that happiness which
can only be attainable through a Divine Intercourse with the An-
gelic World. In it, I realize the glorious guardianship of cele-
stial Powers in the heavy seasons of trial and difficulty, and the
all-potent influence which they command over the hearts of man-
kind; I behold, also, the faithful care and protection which they
administered to thee in the espousal of thy bleeding country's
cause, and the angelic devotion and constancy which they evi-
denced in thy behalf. And in all, I admit the control and guid-
ance of Supernal Intelligences, that they possess the power to in-
struct and guide the children of the subduary world.

And O! immortal spirit, glorious must be
the thought to those who ^{can} realize it, that the unseen witnesses
of heaven are in daily communion with them, breathing around
their souls the hallowing impressions of their Immortal life;
that they are near to comfort and strengthen the desponding
soul, and send it on its way, rejoicing in the fullness of the Lord,
and in the bright hopes which such assurances shadow forth to the

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human mind; that they are in close proximity to the radiant
lands of the mundane world,

Breathing in their listening ears,
The glories of their radiant spheres,

and lifting the soul heavenward to God, where it will enjoy more
immediate intercourse with His Holy Spirit, and unite its labors
with the sanctified and redeemed on the Infinite Shores.

"I thank thee, brother, for the rich instruction and
advice which you have breathed forth unto my spirit, and for
the Christian exhortations which have fell, like dew on the morn-
ing flower, from thy brilliant mind, upon my heaven-inspired in-
sire. I say, I thank thee for these proofs of thy love and regard, and
shall endeavor to improve and elevate my social and intel-
lectual powers by them, and thus prepare my spirit for higher in-
tercourse with the more exalted minds of the Celestial City.

Aug. 15. "Now, bright angel, must I draw this feeble An-
swer to a speedy termination, by adopting your own language, and
pronounce on your beautiful spirit the choicest benedictions of Heav-
en. May you continue to progress in the divine excellencies of thy
Heavenly Master, and drink bountifully of those healing waters
which flow from the Well-Spring of Salvation, by which thine own
glorious nature may be perfectly cleansed and purified of all its
errors and imperfections. And may all feel the soothing influen-
ces of thy radiant power, aiding them in the regeneration of their
being, and guiding them out of the bondage of sin and corrup-
tion, into the paths of virtue and godliness.

"Go forth, my noble brother, into the world, and
let thy light shine in the dark avenues of crime and wicked-

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ness, that its sweet and congenial rays may warm into active
being the elements of piety and holiness. Let all mankind feel the
blessed power of thy glorious mission, and hear the trumpet tones
of thy eloquent voice breathing liberty to the captive, hope to the de-
sponding, afflicted heart, and peace and good-will to the revengeful
nature. Equip thyself with the harness of Truth and Salvation, gird
around thy ^{armor} armor of Peace and Love, and march forward in the
Christian fight of Faith, in the bloodless battle of Right and Jus-
tice, resting assured, that, with a firm determination and steady
will to win the victory, your heavenly ^{cause} will in the end sustain a
glorious triumph.

"Equip thyself, my brother, in the panoply of Right,
And, with the mighty hosts of heaven, march forward in the fight,
Seeking, with thy power and might, to break oppression's chain,
And draw the crushed and bruised heart to Jesus' Heavenly Plain.

"Let thy holy influence fall on the bleeding, wounded soul,
And still the angry waves of sin which loudly lash and roll,
And strive to heal the wounded heart, and dry the mourner's tears,
With joyful words of love and hope from Heaven's Immortal Spheres.

"Teach the wayward, wandering ones, that the path to perfect bliss,
Lay through a virtuous holy life, through deeds of godliness,
And that, to win a golden crown in the Angels' Home above,
They first must seek to make their hearts the home of Peace and Love.

"And now, dear brother, I pronounce on thy soul a blessing here,
Before these glorious witnesses, the seraphs of thy sphere,
And trust, that, in thy heavenly flight to the purer worlds above,
Other hearts will sweetly feel thy holy power and love."

With this address closed my present interview with the beautiful and exalted spirit of the illustrious Napoleon. But there was one more scene to be enacted in this immortal drama ere the celestial curtain was prepared to fall, - one more golden link in this bright chain of Ethereal Communication, which had not as yet been broken. At the instant I had completed my reply to Napoleon, the effulgent cloud of light, before spoken of, again slowly separated, revealing to my delighted gaze, a magnificent Temple overlooking the Celestial Skies, and filled with an immense concourse of beings, of as rich and noble intellects as ever adorned the different Ages of the world. Then were also beings from the different planets which sparkle in the Terrestrial Heavens, mingling there in the society of the good and pure who once were enshrined among the ephemeral things of mortal earth. On closer inspection, I was enabled to recognize, in many of these bright spirits before me, the familiar countenances of those who had presented themselves in the great Vision of the Battle, and who had so valiantly fought under the guidance of Napoleon, assisted by the Infernal Powers of Heaven. In the centre of this Intelligent Group was seated, on a brilliant Throne, the resplendent form of a female, clad in robes of ethereal whiteness. On her brow reposed a dazzling Crown of Glory, inlaid with glistening jewels, with here and there a twig of the evergreen and olive branch, while the following words glistened in the centre, arranged in beautiful simplicity, thus:

"Immortality;"

Temple of Wisdom, with Love is the source and fulfilling of all Law and Harmony of Justice.

In her hands she carried a magnificent coronet, also inlaid with brilliant pearls, with one single word enshrined in it;

"Progression:"

Descending from her star-gemmed Throne, she approached my side, and placed that Immortal Crown of Glory on my brow. In her "aerial form" I recognized the valiant Leader of the Celestial Army, the heroic Joan of Arc!

For a little while, there was a sacred stillness, as that glorious Dove of Peace chanted forth the following melodious symphonies to my enchanted spirit:

"Unfolding Star of Light and Love: I am rejoiced that this blessed opportunity is offered me to strew a few fragrant flowers of thought in thy spirit path, and to crown thy noble brow with this brilliant Aureole, - the undying evidence of Angelic Affection, presented to thee in behalf of the Immortal Children of Heaven, who have watched thy devotion and constancy to the eternal principles of Truth and Justice, and thy unwavering confidence in God in every hour of trial and discouragement."

As a testimonial of angel regard and esteem, - as a token of high appreciation of your noble labors in the mighty field of Humanity, and your fearless championships of human rights, evidencing in thy life the glorious principles of Progression, I am commissioned to present, O Satellite of Wisdom, this little evidence of celestial approbation and love, hoping that its gems of great beauty and light will reflect immortal radiance on thy soul, and aid thee in thy intellectual march to grander abodes in the Infinite Realms.

"In this magnificent temple, grander by far than any terrestrial birth, behold the emblem of Justice and Truth. It contains many noble souls like thine own, whose labors of love have won for them a glorious reward, and in whose immortal companionship thine own regenerated spirit will unite in beautiful co-geniality and blending.

Aug 16.

In those seraphic forms behold the Ministers of Grace - the Representatives of the Divine Will, - the unflinching champions of Right and Justice! The brilliant Diadems which adorn each exalted brow reflect forth the glory of each Immortal Mind, and the Christian attributes which crown each Progressive Character. May thy disenthralled soul inspire the radiance of their light and power, and prepare to assist them in their devoted ministrations of Love and benevolence.

Angelic eyes have gazed, from the Immortal Light, on thy earthly existence, and inspired thee with strength and hope in the accomplishment of thy great mission of Humanity. Surely have their beneficent influences fell on thy heart, and aided it in its heroic struggles for Right. Unconsciously have their harmonic powers descended on thy noble soul, breathing to it wisdom and love, and throwing around each finite quality a halo of glory to quicken it into noble life and activity.

Faithfully hast thou served thy country and the world, and stamped on their history gems of enduring worth and beauty which have immortalized their Author for Time and for Eternity. Heroically didst thy soul brave threatening dangers and persecutions for Humanity's sake, and withstand the heavy storms of hatred and revenge which beat against thy noble labors of love. But fearing God more than man, thou sought to fulfil his Divine Requirements, to build up His Temple of Truth

and Justice on earth, and thereby win that everlasting recompense which is the result of glorious works of Charity and Love!

"May the Star of thy unsullied Fame gild, with its brightness, the future hopes of man, and reflect on all hearts the beauty and power of its benignant beams! May they behold in its effulgent light the foreshadowing of future eminence and glory, and the only true path which leads to honorable fame and distinction! May the precious mantle of thy virtues fall on those high in earthly office, and teach them to hold in sacred remembrance the Laws of God, and to cherish in their own souls the lessons of purity and wisdom which thou hast taught them through thine example and the purity of thy Godlike Nature!

"Bright Star of Hope and Promise: Be still a Beacon-light to thy country, that shall safely guide it over the shoals and quicksands of political animosities and sectional jealousies, a pilot that shall steer its noble ship over the tempestuous waves of Slavery and Oppression, into the peaceful harbor of Universal Freedom and Humanity.

"Still labor for thy country dear,
And teach its rulers how to win,
A higher office in our sphere,
Where comes no party strife nor sin;
Go, tell them, that thy spirit still
Can labor in its country's cause,
And teach its children to fulfil
Obedience to Heaven's deathless Laws.

"And let not thy noble mission be confined to so small a compass, or thy generous labors limited to a given space or locality,

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But let it range the wide universe of Matter, as well as the boundless universe of Mind and Immensity; let their sainted influences fall on the despoiled and sinful nation, and hallow each affection with their gentle impressions.

"Breathe comfort and joy to bereaved and disconsolate, and wisdom and hope to the illiterate and fettered soul; inspire the heart of the poor and bleeding slave with visions of that glorious day, when the chains which the oppressor has forged will fall from his captive limbs, and the pure and balmy air of Heaven bear on its silvery wings the joyful songs of Freedom; when America and the World will no longer be scourged by this blighting curse and God-defying sin, and not an inch of her beautiful soil be mended to the footstep of the slave; but hasten that period

"When o'er the heads of the true and the brave,
Freedom's bright banner in triumph shall wave,
When no longer the groans of the poor, bleeding slave,
Shall utter their dismal wail;
But when fair Liberty's glorious strain,
Shall send its glad echoes o'er America's plain,
Brightened no longer by this fell curse and stain,
And all shall shout, All Hail, All Hail!"

"Now, beautiful Spirit, must I conclude my brief welcome to you; but not, however, without following the example of other glorified beings, and invoke on thy redeemed soul the choicest benedictions of our sunny realms. May that shining coronet which decks thy happy spirit be a talisman to thy ^{earthly} ~~earthly~~ soul, to remind thee of the Divine Work to which thy God has ap-

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pointed thee, and of the unmistakable evidences of angelic attachment and esteem.

18th "May the vision of the battle teach thee the love and goodness of thy Heavenly Father, who privileges His immortal children to hover o'er the inhabitants of earth, and to inspire them with their holy presence, and guide them along in their course of duty. May thy ministering care be extended also to the citizens of the terrestrial globe, and breathe o'er the hearts of those groping in darkness and error the inspiring tide of thy sacred influence. May thy lips promulgate the glorious sentiments of Peace and Harmony, and teach every nation to love God and Man, and to live and act up to the Christian principles embodied in the Religion of Christ.

"May thy chosen hymns of Freedom echo in the legislative Halls of thy country, and waft pleasant melody to the enslaved children of God. May thy Spirit life be but the grand reflection of the earthly one, increasing in splendor and glory, as thy soul moves along in its triumphant course of celestial being, and ascends the Infinite Regions of Progressive Existence! May thy celestial Nation drink in the elevating stream of light and love, which flow from the gushing fountains of the Infinite Bosom, and partake of that Bread of ever-living life, that thou mayest be refreshed and strengthened!

"Now, beautiful Spirit, must I tender to thee a short ^{of Affection} farewell. I depart on my heavenly way to that bright land, in which I ~~was~~ ^{am}, and which cherishes many glorious saints in its divine embrace. And when thy unfolded vision has beheld more of the sublime beauties of the Heavenly Home; I will come to thee ^{again}, and, in companionship with these exalted Ministers of Grace, will bear thy Heaven-born Spirit to its

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appropriate Seraph Sphere. May God's blessing rest on thee, and
crown thy immortal brow with unfading laurels!

"God's blessing, brother, rest with thee,
And follow where thy soul shall move,
Through those bright worlds of purity,
Whose beams on Father's Throne of Love.

O! may thy spirit fast progress,
And quaff the living streams which flow,
From that best Fount of Happiness,
Where all eternal bliss will know.

Go forth into the boundless field,
Spread now before thy vision here,
And let thy labors be revealed,
To all the children of each sphere.

And aid those on the shores of Grief,
Who grope in error's thorny way,
Prepare them for thy realms sublime,
To dwell with thee in nightless day.

And now, bright spirit, I'll ascend
To my abode in spheres above,
Again I'll come to thee, and blend,
With thy clear soul, my seraph love."

With this beautiful address of Joan of Arc, closed the
long and interesting chain of angelic communication, com-

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menced under circumstances most glorious and sublime, at
the first with the inspiring vision of the battle, and of the guid-
ance of celestial hosts, then following, in rapid succession, other
magnificent scenes of exalted interest and beauty, ^{20th} whose glorious
harmonial influences elevated my spirit, and caused to me real-
ize most sensibly the importance of faithfully performing the
great work in which my earth-released soul had now enlisted.
I saw before me innumerable minds, of exalted goodness and
intellect, of expanded purity of soul and purpose, of noble vir-
tue and enlarged sympathies and affections, who had attained a high
and exalting sphere of ethereal being through their laborious min-
istrations of Duty and Love, and in their brilliant examples, I read
the lesson of my Future Life, - a lesson of exalted and inspiring em-
ulation. In the mirror of their purified spirits, I discerned the re-
flection of immortal virtues, and those crowning attributes and gra-
ces which had led them on from one sphere of progress to another, until,
in the Higher Realms of Wisdom and Purity, they enjoyed the Im-
mortal Friendship and Society of the noblest and most elevated
Intelligences.

The few moments, (thus to speak) which had been employ-
ed in my glorious welcome to the mansions of light and love,
had taught me more of the wisdom and love of God, more of those
sublime laws which govern human nature, as well as terrestrial
and celestial being, had taught me clearer how to aspire to higher
ambitions and nobler attainments, than all those protracted years
which went to make up ^{the sum of} my earthly existence; for on the tablet
of each soul I read the inscriptions which their own periodical
lives had wrought; and to my unclouded vision was unrolled
that mystic scroll of human life, upon which were inscribed
the once hidden mysteries of the progressive nature of man; and

²⁷⁴ in all, I beheld the philosophy of Immortal Being, and the aspirations for which the soul must seek, in order to enjoy a lofty state of happiness and bliss.

Joan of Arc did not retire from my spiritual sight, until I had uttered a brief "return" to her inspiring communication, and assured her of my regard for her noble sentiments, and of the vast interest which they had awakened in my soul. My reply was as follows:

"I thank thee, noble spirit of Joan of Arc, in behalf of these celestial citizens of the Holy City, for the beautiful tokens of angel love and esteem which you have presented my newborn spirit; also, I sincerely and heartily thank thee for the rich and Christian counsel and exhortation which you have so generously lavished upon me, and for the divine blessings which your gifted soul has poured upon my head; and I promise you, that the bright Diadem, which you have placed upon my brow shall never fade in glory or splendor, or dim in that lustre and brilliancy, which is but the intrinsic reflection of thine own immaculate virtue, through any act of mine; but pure as the Virgin Mary, which ushered my soul into Immortal Presence, will I retain this coronet of angelic love, and keep it sparkling and bright as this golden Lake of Eternal Life, which is bearing my exultant, redeemed spirit, to Higher Mountains in the Progressive Country, and the influences of presence shall shine in other hearts, seeking to do good, and harmonize the discordant elements of human nature, and thereby attain the more exalting spheres of celestial development, and enjoy the social companionship of Higher Minds in the Upper Lands.

I will now bid thee a short adieu. Thou goest thy

²⁷⁵ way, and I mine. May these thy chosen companions, attend thee to thy glorious home, and bear with thee and them the well wishes of my humble spirit, the prayerful blessings of John Turner Adams!

"O! may thy sacred influence shine,
Around the hearts of all mankind,
And purify each gem within,
Of all uncleanness and sin.

"And may the light of thy pure mind,
In every spirit be enshrined,
And love, the noble trait of all,
Upon each living nature fall.

"May God, His richest blessings shed,
Like holy ointment on thy head,
And breathe that love which cannot dim,
To guide thee nearer unto Him.

"And may the noble, pure, and wise,
Attend thee to the upper skies,
To blend their natures with thine own,
Around the Father's radiant Throne.

"Go, then, bright angel, on thy way,
To mansions of unclouded day,
And in those spheres, learn what you can,
Then teach it to your brother-man."

When this reply of mine was completed, these glorified be-

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ings prepared to take their departure to their respective spheres, join their kindred affinities. The fourth, fifth, and sixth circles of spiritual being were faithfully represented, each individual bearing some beautiful emblem of their appropriate sphere of existence. Some of the most prominent characters, as known in our history, I will mention:

70

Sixth Sphere:

Melancthon*, Seneca,

Luther, Newton, Archimedes,

Plato, Pindar, Franklin, Themistocles,

Channing, Wilberforce, Clarkson, John Murray,

Milton, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Penn, Swift, Dordrecht,

Burns, Swedenborg, Johnson, Henry, Gen Edmundo, Pitt, Wesley,

Cromwell, Putnam, Whitney, Standish, Robinson, Carrer, Samson,

Attingham, Nelson, "Red Jacket," Cranston, Plutarch, Wise,

Bunyan, Dryden, Meadwell, Wittenburg, Fulton, Van,

Andre, Hamilton, Pinckney, Roger, Stark, Rich,

Williams, Tappan, Munroe, Washington,

Voltaire, Kneeland, Manchester, Watts,

Lafayette, Fay, Brewster, Fox,

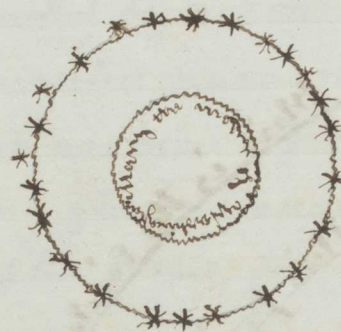
Dwight, Bowditch, Hope,

Sprague, Rice,

Davis,

and many others, whose names are not immortalized in history but who, in the language of a beautiful spirit of earth, are now the less noble because less known. Then there were female delegations in that consecrated temple of Immortality, whose noble spirits have given tone and character to society, and wielded a far more powerful influence on public morality than the opposite sex. There

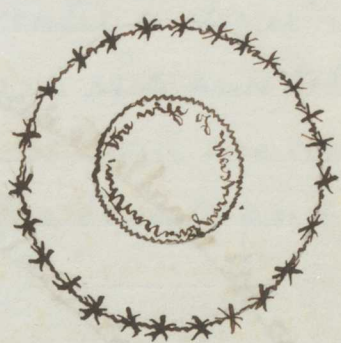
277
were the partners of the early martyrs, who had nobly stood by them in the heat and burden of the day, and endured with them their trials and persecutions; there were also the patriot mothers of the Revolution, who sent forth their sons to battle for their country, with the blessings of their fond hearts, resting on their beloved heads. There were Mary, the mother, and Martha, the wife, of our heroic Washington, hovering over him, in a rainbow of stars, thus:



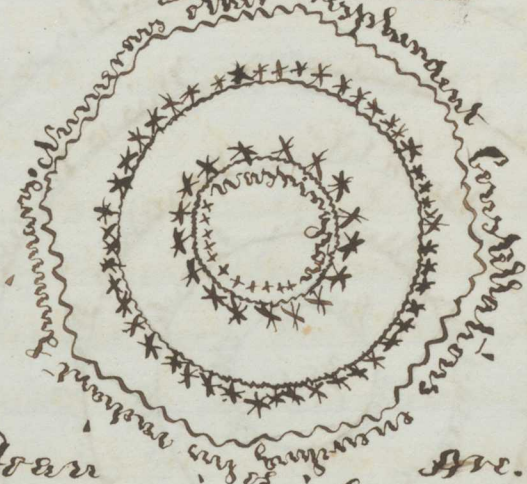
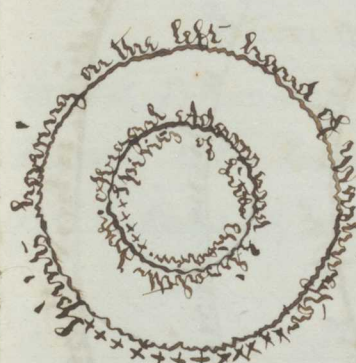
Faith



Love



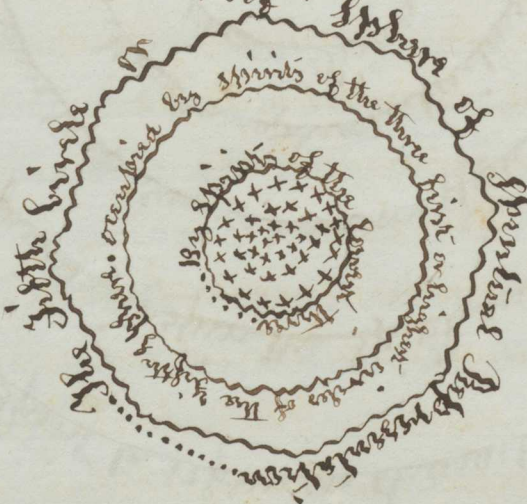
Charity



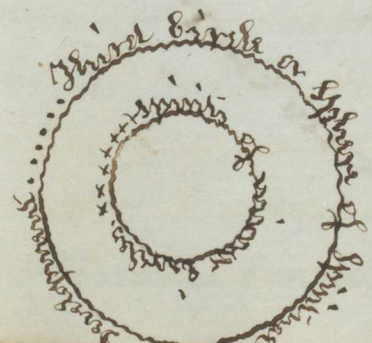
Love



Spirits leaving



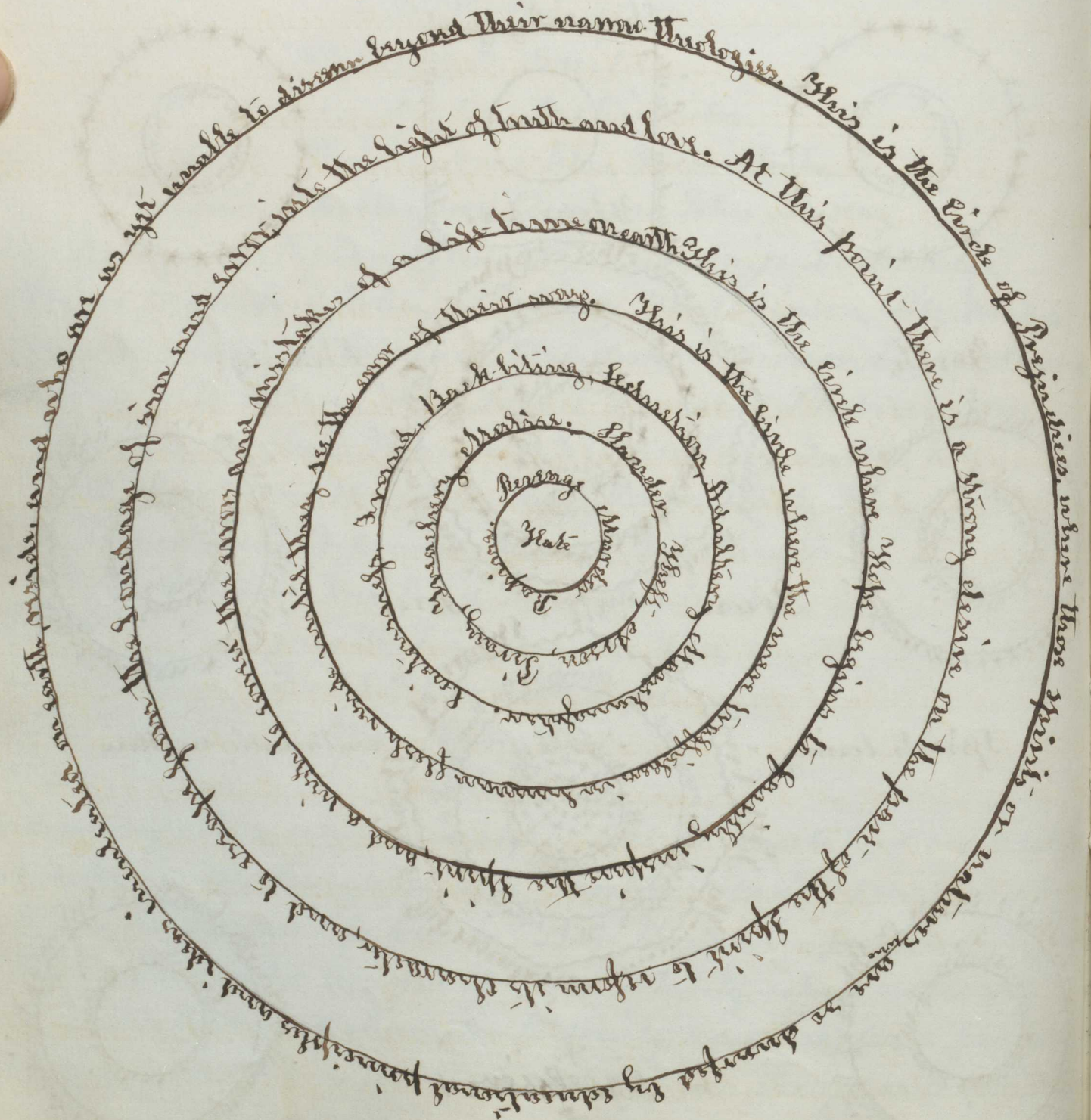
emblematic mothers.



* Enslaver: *



278 I have thus endeavored, as far as possible, to present a faint idea of this sublime picture, as it was portrayed to my inner vision. All the spheres, with the exception of the second and seventh, were faithfully represented. My soul was not as yet prepared to behold the Highest Circle of Existence, or to penetrate the lowest degree of spiritual happiness. The second sphere, however, a short period afterwards, was opened to my view, thus:



279 Aug 22, In the first-named pictorial representation, the reader will perceive in the centre a small globe in which is inscribed the honored name of

"Washington!"

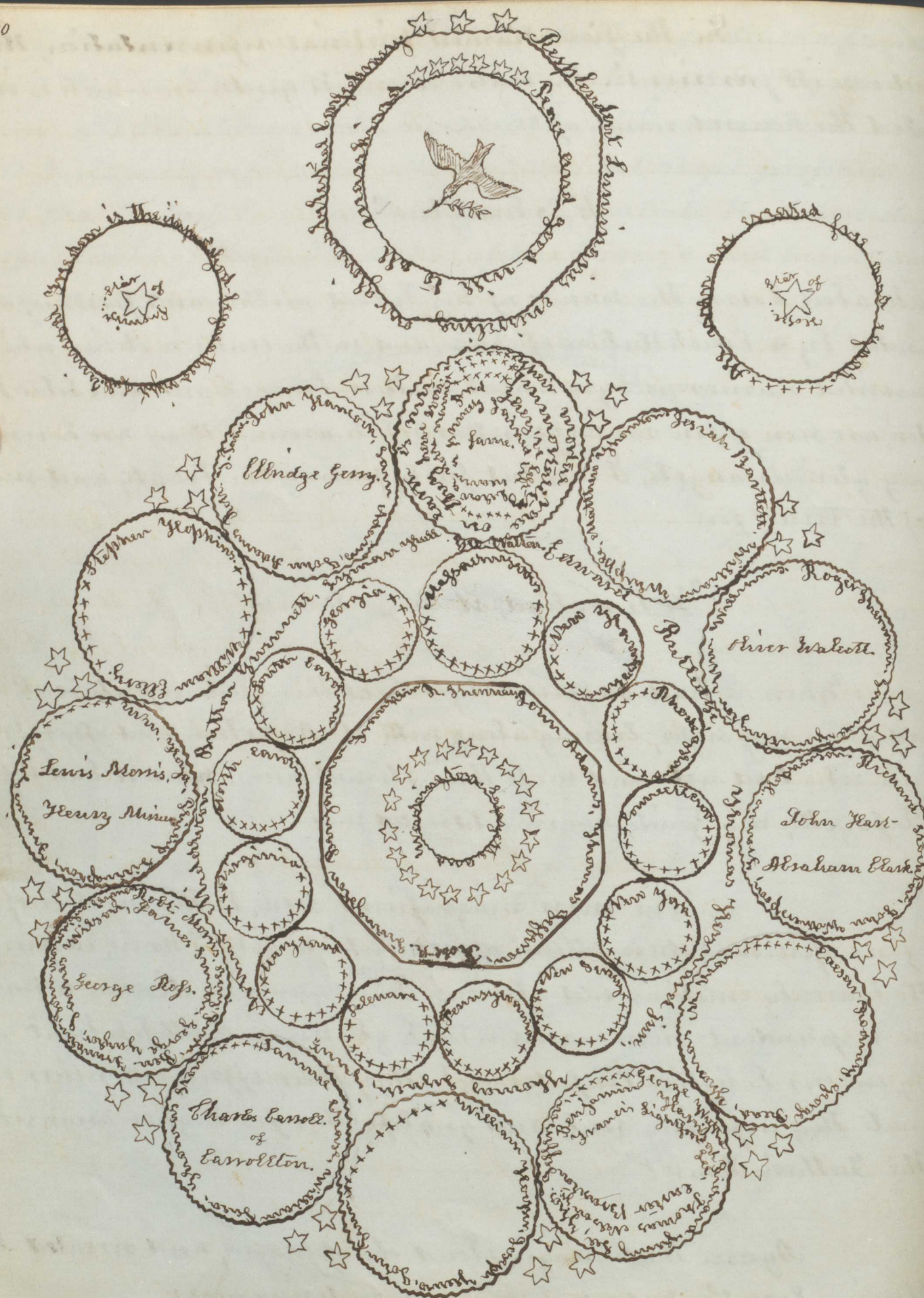
while above hovers the names of his beloved mother and partner, surrounded by a constellation of stars, and in the centre "a cross" which is inscribed numerous symbolical mottoes. On each side and below Washington, are seen a few names enrolled, while around them are hovering many glorious angels. I can but feebly portray the beauty and sublimity of the scene; for

"To be realized, it must be seen;"

When I had sufficiently beheld this glorious picture, it vanished from my sight, bearing along with it Napoleon, and other bright spirits who had welcomed me to their eternal home. When it had departed, Lafayette, my guide, again addressed me:

"One more magnificent scene, brother, will be opened to your spiritual perceptions, - a scene which will, I know, inspire you with heavenly emotions and glorious ^{aspirations}. In it you will discern a few of those resplendent luminaries which glisten, in deathless light and glory, in our Celestial Confederacy! May their effulgent power illuminate thy aspiring soul, and qualify thee for higher mansions in the Father's House!"

Again that magic cloud disappeared, and revealed the following beautiful spectacle to my wondering gaze:



The beholder will here recognize in the drawing on the opposite page, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, as they appeared to my enraptured vision. It will be seen, that eleven different States of the American Union are represented, by small circles connecting one another, in which are enclosed the names of that noble band of men, who boldly and fearlessly resisted the encroachments of Britain's Power, and impressed, "on that Immortal Scroll of Liberty their signatures, by which they disclaimed all allegiance to a foreign Potentate, and hoped, that, through their martyrdom and endeavor, America would become an asylum for the oppressed of all classes, sects, and colors. Two other States are represented in a circle of names underneath, while under them appear thirteen small circles, enclosing the names of the different States which were represented in the earlier American Congress. In the centre is seen a small octagon "device," in which appear the signatures of the "brave five" who presented the Immortal Declaration for the ratification of Congress, while underneath, in a circle of stars, glisten the honored names of

"Washington and Lafayette:"

At the top of the page is seen another octagon figure, bearing the following motto:

"Resplendent luminaries exalting our glorious celestial confederacy:"

while within it is a circle enshrining a beautiful Dove, bearing an olive branch in its beak, over it engraved

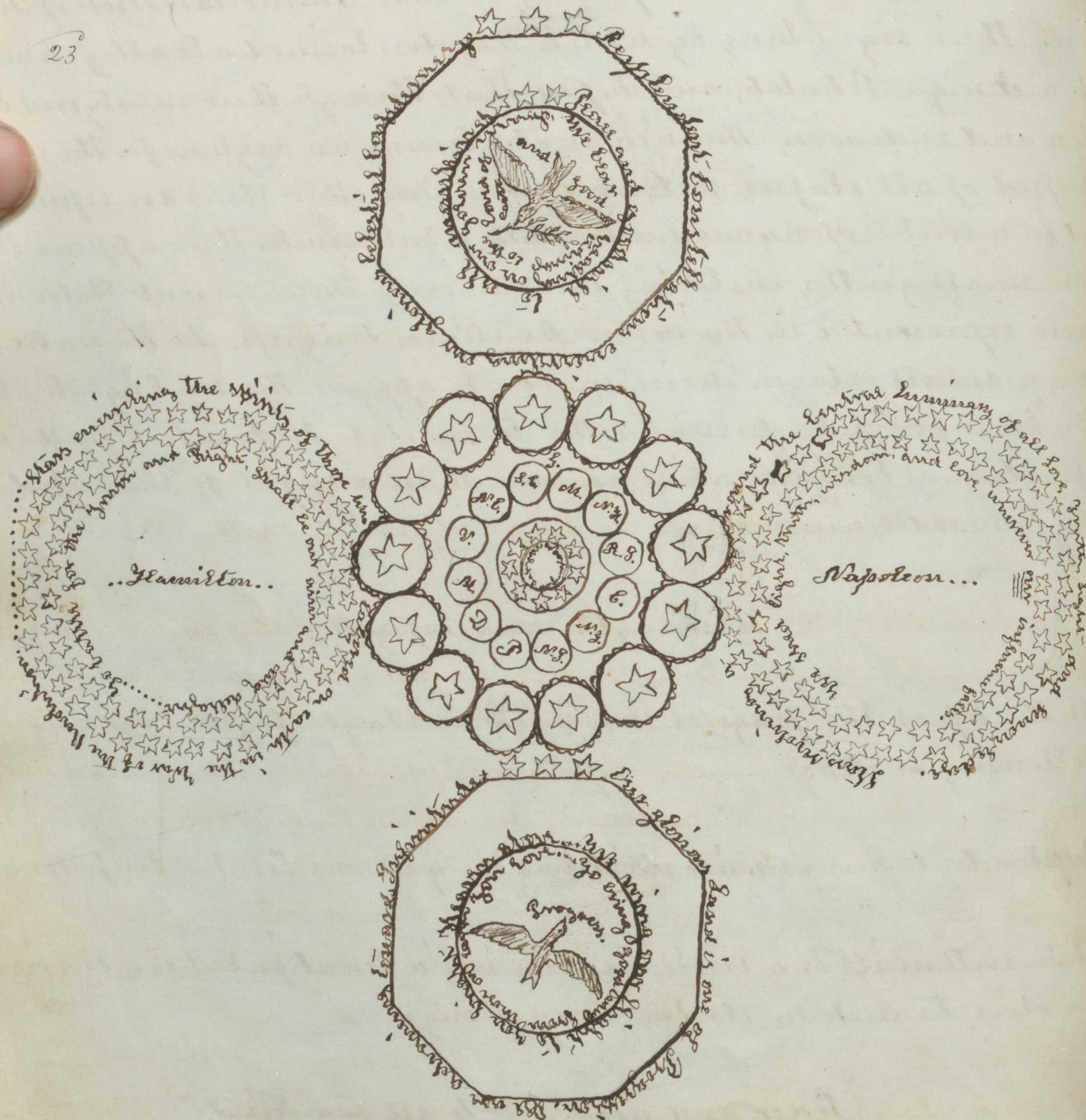
"Peace and good-will to all mankind:"

On each side of the last named symbol, is a small circle, within each of which are seen two stars,

"The Star of Promise:"

"The Star of Hope:"

while on the outer circle glitters the following appropriate motto



"Universal Freedom is the impartial God-breathed right, of all!"

"All men are created free and equal!"

Below the emblem of the "Dove" is seen another circle, adjoining the eleven states, in which the Angel of Love and Truth has inscribed the following appropriate lines;

"Their mortal race on earth is run,
Immortality have they won;
They're left below a noble name,
And gained in Heaven a princely fame."

and in the centre of the Dove-Symbol appear the beautiful and striking motto,

"We bear healing on our wings,
And good tidings to the loved ones of earth."

On each side of the large garble, which is represented in a miniature drawing on the opposite page, is seen a double octagon cluster of stars, bearing inscriptions, and intending to represent the positions of the spirits as they were envisaged before my vision. The "cluster of stars" on the left side of the "garble" containing the signs of the Declaration of Independence, on the exterior of which I have written,

"Stars encircling the spirits of those who labored on earth in the War of the Revolution,"

represents that noble army of brave men, who fought by the side of

²⁸⁴ Washington, Putnam, Lafayette, and other "generals," in the great
ties of the Revolution. In the centre appears the historic name of

"Hamilton:"

while on the outside of it is inscribed the beautiful couplet of
lines:

"To battle for the Truth and Right,
Shall be our aim and chief delight."

On the right hand side is the other radiant cluster of stars, in the
centre of which gleams the name of

"Napoleon:"

on the outside I have written, (that all may understand the meaning
of the emblem;)

"Stars revolving around the Central Luminary of all Love, Truth, Light,
and Knowledge."

In the centre around Napoleon's name, is inscribed the beautiful
Schematic motto:

"We shed light, truth, wisdom, and love, wherever our influence falls."

Below all, and immediately under the large ~~device~~ is another
gem figure, containing a small circle in which is enclosed another
or beautiful Dove, bearing in its beak the significant motto, "In

²⁸⁵gress, and winging its flight upward. On the outer circle is written
this sentence:

Aug. 28,

"Glorious Land is one of Progression. All are advancing toward
Infinity."

while on the inner one, encircling the Dove, appear the following couplet
of lines:

"We wing our rapid flight to you bright Heaven above,
To bring good news to you from those on earth you love."

But O! if happiness unalloyed was my sweet portion on behold-
ing that glorious assemblage of angels convened in holy conven-
tion above, how much more was that happiness enhanced when
my spiritual eyes turned to a brighter scene, - that is to me, - beyond,
and there read the approbation of these celestial citizens, of my
labors on earth.

Gazing above that Immortal Band was seen floating
in the Ethereal Atmosphere, a splendid rainbow of stars, in which
was hovering an angel of light and love, bearing in her hands
a mystic scroll. Overarching the Rainbow was a brilliant, ex-
ceeding in grandeur, sublimity, and strength of power, that day-
glowing orb which illuminates the World of Matter. Its glowing
rays penetrated every circle of Heavenly Existence, and diffused
its hallowed light and warmth within each soul. It represented
Infinity, - the Supreme Intelligence, - the Divine Author of all things.
Over it was inscribed one single sentence:

"The Sun of Righteousness:"

²⁸⁶
Between that glorious Representation and The Rainbow was
written the Scriptural allusions:

"I am the Staff, the Stay of all:"
My Light on every soul shall fall:

* * * * *

I am the Sun, whose power alone,
Can lead my children to my Throne:

I am the Shepherd and the Way;
Whose finger points to endless day:

My Arm alone can happiness,
Dispense unto the fatherless:

I am the Anchor and the Shrine;
On which the Widow may recline:

And find, in its all-strengthening power,
Sweet peace and hope in sorrow's hour:

I am the Lamp, whose beacon-light,
Shall keep my children in the right:

And draw them nearer unto me
To spend in Heaven Eternity:

I am the Brilliant Star of Love,
Whose light points all to bliss above:

* * * * *

²⁸⁷
"I am the Hope to all mankind,
In me the soul can comfort find:

"To me all hearts in faith can turn,
And Truth, and Love, and Wisdom learn:

"Come near, my children, and seek rest,
Upon thy Father's loving breast:
And bathe within that golden tide,
Which round my Throne of Grace doth glide:

"Come, bask beneath the radiant beams,
Which from my Sun of Glory gleams;
And quaff, the crystal streams of Love,
Which flow from my fount above.

"Come, every children, one and all,
Before thy Saviour's footstool fall,
And hear that voice, which spoke of you,
And bids thee still, 'Go, sin no more.'

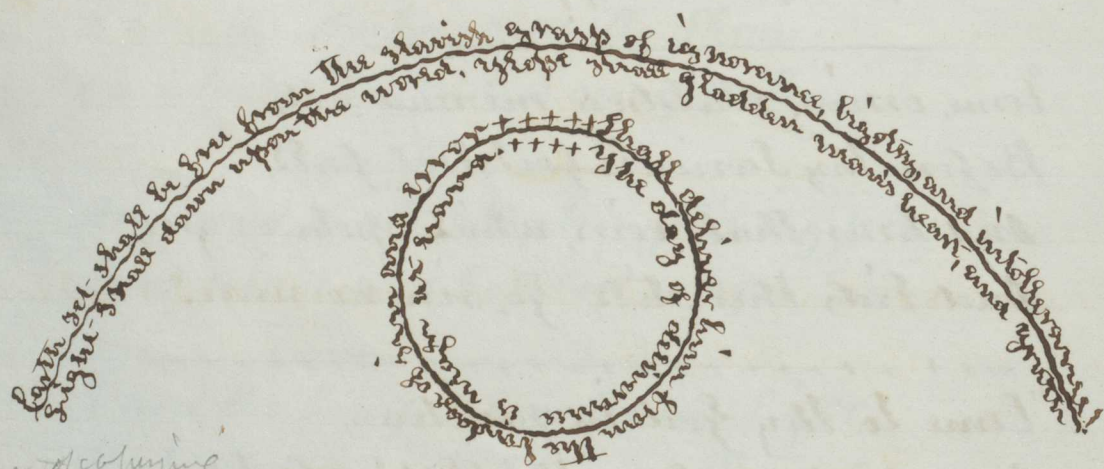
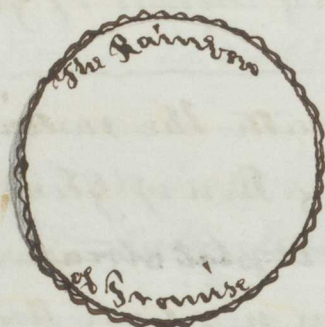
+++++
"Come to thy God in penitence,
Ye wanderers from the Shepherd's fold,
And hear his gentle lips pronounce,
Forgiveness on the guilty soul.

+++++
"Come hither to His Holy Mount,
And drink from the Eternal Fount,
And seek of Him, and Him alone,
Immortal Peace around His Throne."

When I had read these sixteen beautiful inscriptions, typical of the boundless love and goodness of the great "Son of Righteousness," my vision again turned to the "Rainbow of Promise" and beheld the following motto, glistening, in a circle of resplendent light over it:

"The Rainbow of Promise:"

while underneath it, in another circle, the following words were inscribed, thus:



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Aug. 29 This glorious scene, so transcendantly beautiful in all its various and changing aspects, is beyond even the power of feeble illustration or description. But the one scene, most pleasing to my spiritual eyes, was that representing the angel with the scroll, situated in the centre of the Bow of Promise.

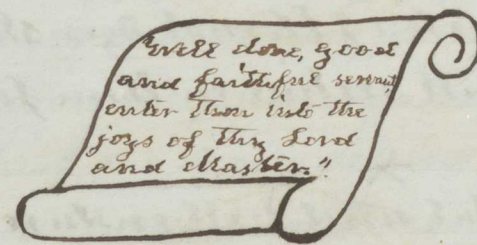
It will be remembered, that the scene which I have attempted to describe to the understanding of all, was portrayed

my interior sight situated above the sublime picture of the Patriots of the Revolution, and honoring over the sanctified spirits of those who had so generously contributed to my celestial happiness, through their divine communications of salutation and welcome:

When I had finished reading the very beautiful mottoes which encircled the Bow of Promise, my attention was attracted to the angel before mentioned

Who slowly began to unroll
The glories of that mystic scroll,

to my spiritual perceptions, on which was engraved that sublime Biblical saying and Divine Approval, thus:



It will be noticed, that, on the above significant emblem, is written the motto of approbation:

"Well done, good and faithful servant,
Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord and Master."

On each side of the scroll appear several stars, revolving, in harmonious beauty and splendor, around that Angel of Glory and Love, in which were enshrined many brilliant minds, of exalted and inspiring wisdom and intelligence, whose glowing light and power were but the radiations of that resplendent orb, which shone in

²⁹⁰ such glorious majesty and magnificence in the Supernal Heaven beyond.

Below the "Messenger of the Mystic Scroll" appeared two other celestial figures, each one of which was reclining on two strong pillars, over which was written, in letters of fire:

"The Church of the Living God:"

Beneath the pillars were disclosed other appropriate and significant writings to my vision:

"The Pillars of the Temple of Immortal Truth!"

✱

"The Storms of Error and Bigotry may fiercely dash against them,
But firm as the Rock of Eternal Ages shall they stand,
Until all mankind shall recline on them for strength and support."

✱

"Truth is immortal, and will endure forever!"

"O! Brother, may thy soul recline,
On Truth's immortal holy Shrine."

My attention was again drawn to that Blessed Saint, who carried the Immortal Scroll in her grasp. Around her I beheld collected numerous beautiful children, playing, in unchecked freedom and joyous innocence, at her feet. Each one was crowned with rich festoons of flowers, of fadeless bloom and fragrance, and seemed to draw inspiring light and wisdom from the Harmonial Nature of that Virgin Saint. Presently, that Scroll again unfolded, and revealed to my interior senses the following brief address:

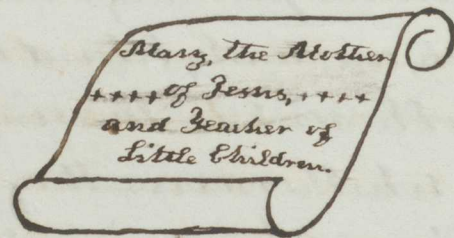
"Immortal Spirit of Truth and Intelligence: Noddy hast thou performed thy Father's work on earth. Bravely hast thou contended for Universal Right, battled in the glorious warfare of freedom, and gained, through thy noble exertions, a triumphant victory. Receive, O Brother, from the Divine Father of thy being, the recompense due to thy exalted deeds. Receive, from the lips of the angels, a glorious welcome to their congenial society, and blessings on thy ransomed spirit. Enter still the vineyard of thy Master, and faithfully till in the mighty field of Truth and Salvation. Walk harmoniously with thy God, and "invite a closer walk" with Him, through thy ennobling labors of love:

"Behold, Redeemed Child of God, in the Celestial Grille below, the companions of thy Future Life, the bright attendants of thy illustrious spirit. With them, will thy intelligent nature unite in their ever-advancing ministry of Truth and Benevolence, to assist them in the promulgation of that Divine Gospel, in the espousal of which, one, dearly beloved by me, and all mankind, surrendered up his noble soul to Heaven, to reap the Martyr's Reward! Go with them whithersoever they goeth, and conjoin thy sympathies with theirs, remembering, that, in unity of soul and purpose, there is strength and support to the cause which we advocate.

Go, then, on thy errands of peace and mercy, bright angel of light and wisdom; advance the Word of thy Master, and preach the Gospel of Truth and Salvation, as revealed through His Son Jesus. Enlighten the universe below with the illuminated teachings of thy ennobling intellect, and strengthen all hearts in the service of Freedom and Humanity. Remain still a pillar in the Temple of God, and a support to the true Christianity and Religion of Christ. Depart now on thy exalted

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mission, very brother, with the noblest blessings of Heaven's Im-
mortals enwrathing thy spirit brow. May the few thoughts which
you have read from this humble scroll add a little to that con-
genial tide of inspiration, which has already breathed divine
courage and hope to thy soul, and aid thee in all thy lofty con-
siderations, and aspirations for ^{the} more elevated conditions of spiri-
tual existence. Farewell."

When I had completed the reading of this soul-inspir-
ing communication, intense was my desire to know its celestial
Author. No sooner was the thought conceived, than it met with
a ready response. Again that beautiful scroll unfolded, and
revealed to my astonished and wondering gaze the following
immortal title:



And I judge of my infinite surprise, when in that
beautiful personage, I read a name, renowned in Biblical
history, one of immortal celebrity, honored in memory by all
Christian denominations:

"Mary, the Mother of Jesus,
and
Teacher of Little Children."

30th 293
yes, there far above me, in the azure dome of high heaven, hover-
ed the all-immaculate spirit of the devoted Mother of Jesus of
Nazareth, of whose sublime character and undying constancy to her
beloved Son in the most agonizing hour of mortal life, I have read much
in Scriptural History, and dwelt in long and deep admiration on her
heroic virtues, and the unwavering fortitude which she maintained
in the most trying difficulties and exigencies of material existence. Hover-
ing over her, in a star-environed Girle of Glory, was her illustrious
Son, who, like us all, first drew inspiring lessons of wisdom and piety
from the devoted affection and love of a true and faithful Mother! With
meek and glowing eye did he gaze on the angelic form of that Sanctified
Parent, still hallowing in his Immortal Nature those maternal teach-
ings, which were instilled in his expanding Mind in the bright and sun-
ny Morning of his Infant Youth.

I saw her, as imagination has often pictured her to my
mind, decking the serene heavens above, encircled by groups of the beau-
tiful and glorified Saints of Paradise, and shedding over all the gentle
fragrance of her beneficent counsels and exhortations. I saw her irradi-
ating the hearts of lovely youth and innocence, with the halo of her
Christian influences, and embalming each little cherub soul, the never-
fading flowers of Truth and Wisdom. I saw her as a teacher of all, as
a glorious Sun, around which little Stars of beauty and innocence
might revolve, and attract power and lustre from its ever-resplendent
light. And brighter and clearer than all, if possible, to her, I beheld the
Ascended Christ hovering around her, drinking in the pure fount of
her divine eloquence, and learning even now, as in days of old, inspir-
ing intelligence and purity from the spirit of her, who first taught
his infant lips to breathe the endearing appellation of

"Mother!"

In the two visions which I beheld of the immortal personages, I was able to correct many erroneous impressions, to my satisfaction, which have existed in the world, in regard to the "miraculous conception of Mary," and the birth of Christ, and which are rampant among several religious denominations of the present age. In him I beheld the embodiment of everything which is lovely and glorious, as the great Apostle of Truth, and Disciple of our Fatherly Parent, as clothed with the weak and lowly habiliments of a true Man, and invested with ^{the} seraphic glory of an angel; as one who was created, like all of us, with a nature which was human, and, therefore, liable to err, who was subjected to the trials and infirmities of "the flesh," and who nobly endured them in the cause for which he was sent into the world to accomplish; but I saw him disrobed of all false attitudes, in which the erroneous education of man had placed him, as wearing the true characteristics of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

And God be praised, that the period is rapidly approaching, when man will rightly understand and appreciate the teachings of Christ; when the light of Immortal Truth, of which he was its first exponent, will shine with undimmed lustre and power in all hearts, and lead them on to a perfect understanding of his glorious doctrines; when all mankind will recognize, in the unfolding Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, the Beacon-Flare of Promise and Hope, which is to guide the weary, way-worn Traveller over the shoals and quicksands of Error, by the vernal banks of the River of Life, where flourish, in immortal bloom and beauty, the flowers of Truth and Progress; when the world will be purified of all sin and iniquities, and God, the Father, be enshrined in the affections of the soul. And let us each one give our assistance to such a Divine Work, remembering, that the light which is within us must not be hid under a bushel.

Sept 2. In the whole life and character of Jesus Christ, the discerning, intelligent, and investigating mind, will be able to perceive the wonderful and striking evidences of the inspired control of Angelic Beings, and the perfect harmony which exists between the teachings advanced in his martyred era, and those advocated now by the Supernal Ministers of Heaven; and mankind cannot gain any one mode of communication, without rejecting the other; for the same rule is applicable in both instances. The same Divine Laws, through the spirits of the best were empowered to communicate to the noble Jesus in his day of trial and agony; exist the same now as then, and privileges these unseen witnesses to hold sweet communion with the children of mundanity. To believe contrary, would, as I have written in the earlier part of this communication, involve the character of Deity in the dark mantle of distrust, and rob Him of the sublimest attribute of His station, His Eternal Immutability and Unchangeableness!

And I would ask, has the ^{world} grown so immaculate in public morality, or so liberal and charitable in Christian sentiment and principle, as no longer to need or desire the hallowing influences of those Sainted Powers, which breathed hope, strength, and fortitude, to the tried spirit of the great Pilgrim of Truth, Jesus of Nazareth? Has it so far advanced in the mighty elements of True Christianity, as to require no further revelations from the Future Land, to cheer and encourage the "weary, way-worn Traveller" in his pilgrimage and search after the Well-Spring of Immortal Truth and Salvation? Has the soul of man become so enlightened in the elementary principles of Right Education, that it needs not the Christian instructions of Superior Intelligences, to guide it in the true path of duty and virtue? Has the world become so conservative and bigoted in its numerous creeds

296 And theologies, as to fancy it needs no further light from
than that which is deduced from the few pages which go to
up that book, called the Bible? Has its attention become so con-
ed to creed-making, and to the building up of strange doctrines,
not to be able to perceive, that there is even beyond the narrow lim-
its of that little Bible, a mightier Gent-Book, upon whose ^{are} unfolded
pages ^{are} clearly written the more potent evidences of truth and
gelic ministrations; or has it turned so deaf and obstinate to the
sublime entreaties of Nature, that it will ^{or can} not listen to that voice
of Inspiration, which is breathing, as in times of old, its Divine
monies to the children of earth, and inviting them onward to high
researches, and to more elevated conditions of social, moral, and
intellectual development? So society so refined, and the great heart-
community so pure, that the rich teachings of the Celestial ^{is}
^{sublime} can impart to such nothing new, or add anything to their
Compound or Admixture of Truth and Error, which will give to it
additional value in their sight?

O Man! cease not this language to represent im-
mence for the Bible, or its many glorious teachings. Look at it, with
charitable feelings, as the outpourings of one, who, unworped by
ular prejudice or bias, is better enabled, than heretofore, to discern
nate between the true and the false, and to present to the world clear
er conceptions of that Book, which it has been taught to reverence,
on the whole, as direct inspiration from the Mind of the Infinite.
Immerse the Bible! God forbid it! I love it too well to speak
erwise than respectfully of it! - or to forget the sweet and fragrant
membrances which so fondly twine around it, when, on my sainted
mother's knee, I listened to her gentle voice of love, as it first and con-
ly breathed its Scriptural lessons of piety and virtue to my soul, and
bade me to follow in the illustrious footsteps of the good man, Je-


[The old testament as connected with the new]

297 us, whose heroic life and example she so vividly pictured, and ele-
minated, in sublime embellishments, on my then unfolding youth-
ful mind? Can I ever forget that I owe my present station of spi-
ritual happiness to the Christian teachings deduced, in my early life,
from that Glorious Record, in which are inscribed so many glori-
ous truths, and so much to elevate and develop the affectional nature
of the soul? O no! Far be it from me to forget what I owe to this
blessed Book! It is the love which I bear it, that makes me desir-
ous that man should understand it rightly, and learn even as
I have learned, to distinguish the Truth from the Error, and to sep-
arate the drossy particles from the pure and refined gold!

And I thank my Heavenly Father, that the light which is
now breaking from the Celestial Skies, will tend, in a great, yet, in
an immense degree, to harmonize the conflicting ideas of man, and
finally, to achieve that glorious and honorable conquest which we
so much covet, that the bright Star of Truth, which has so long
been mantled in darkness and gloom, is now appearing above the
horizon of Error, to bless the visions of the seeker after knowledge
with those first-glad rays, which are soon to illuminate the
whole Terrestrial Universe with their Inspiring Light! - and to
guide all in the paths of Peace and Righteousness, whose paths
alone can conduct the soul to realms of Immortal Glory and
Happiness!

And in this Divine Light are reflected those magnifi-
cent ideas and reiterations of truths embodied in the God-
like teachings of the Sainted Christ, as well as that resplendent
stream of inspiration, which was felt and acknowledged by
him in the unregenerated age in which he lived, and which
has never ceased pouring its radiant inflowings into the world,
since the grand Ascension of that noble Spirit to the abodes of
Celestial Blessedness, although the hearts of man have not, until now, been fully

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prepared to receive it, or acknowledge it as coming direct from
the Primal Source of all Good!

Sept. 3.  Rejoice, O ye Nations of the earth! in the glorious light which is dawning from the Sun of Righteousness! Rejoice, ye who mourn the loss of dear friends, that Heaven is opened to your view, and that the unseen inhabitants of its Celestial Spheres are ever near, to breathe their own loving messages of cheer and consolation, and bid you look upward to their blessed home where all the ties severed below will be united in that bright world of Truth and Bliss above!

Rejoice! O ye Sceptic and Wanderer in the darkness of infidelity, that the light, from this resplendent Sun of Truth is shedding its mild and benignant beams on your soul, to warm into noble activity its interior powers and convince you of its own glorious immortality! Rejoice! that the Philosopher's Stone of your long and ardent seeking has been found, and that "the Pearl of Great Price" is conferred, to your spiritual keeping by the Infinite Father! Rejoice! that the Stream of Time has found an inlet to the Ocean of Eternity, wherein the Messengers of Heaven can glide to the little Planet below, laden with bright messages of Truth and Remembrance to those they fondly love!

Rejoice! O ye who are pupils in the School of Error and Bigotry, that the Heavenly Teachers above have found their way to earth, to break the slavish chains which bind your souls, and disseminate those principles and doctrines advanced by Christ, which will elevate and develop the affections and sympathies of your higher nature, and closer blend your souls with the Beatified Spirits of Heaven! Rejoice! that the day of deliverance is nigh at hand, when you will be released from the bondage of error and sectarianism, and feel the radiating influence

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of that all-powerful light, which is destined to eclipse, in its triumphant glory and splendor, all prejudice and bigotry, and scorch out of human existence the rankling, poisonous weeds of error which vigorously flourish by the way-side of man's earthly life! Rejoice! that the Citadel of Error and Wrong Education is fluctuating in its former might and power, and waning in its honored glory and strength, and that Truth will triumph, and Right prevail in the end!

Rejoice! that angels from above,
Come laden to your mortal earth,
With messages of Truth and Love,
And jewelled words of endless worth.

They come, and bid you all rejoice,
In the light which God has given,
To listen to the still, small Voice,
Which Inspiration breathes from Heaven,
And bids you look beyond the tomb,
Where flowers of rich and various hue,
Are clothed in light, immortal bloom,
And watered by celestial dew.

x x x x x x x x x x
"They come, from their seraphic realms,
And bring to you these precious gems,
That on your souls you may inscribe
The living fact of this New Light,
That others may, through you, forthwith,
Acquire a knowledge of the Truth,
And learn the path which guides above,
To endless happiness and love."

Rejoice! O ye downtrodden victims of tyranny and oppression! for the period is nigh at hand when thou shalt call no man thy master, and none shall call thee slave; when the God of the Right and the Just will unloose thy captive chains, and bid thee go on thy way, rejoicing in thy rightful heritage, Freedom! Rejoice! for the glad clanging of thy crushed liberties are resounding from the archangel's trump on the watchtowers of Zion, soon to bless thy bleeding hearts with its redeeming echoes!

And rejoice! O all ye children of earth, at the propitious signs of the times! for now indeed is the Scriptural Millennium dawning on your once-benighted visions, and a New Light is breaking from the Eternal Skies, on your longing hearts! Rejoice! for the veil which hides Heaven from your view, is now rent in twain, and the spirits of your departed friends speak to you in their unmistakable voices of love, and spread before your enraptured eyes, the Resplendent Scroll of Life, upon which is written your immortal destinies! Rejoice! Saint and Sinner! Bond and Free! Believer and Infidel! for the light which you are now receiving, in the embrace of which, you will find eternal happiness, peace, freedom, and glory!

Pardon me, reader, for this protracted exhortation! I will now return to the closing portion of my vision of Mary and her beloved Son!.. When my spiritual had sufficiently feasted on this enchanted spectacle, and my soul had inspired the rich streams of knowledge outflowing from that sublime out-dress of the Mother of Jesus, those two radiant spirits passed from my sight, and left me to ponder on the glorious sublimities which I had been an eye-witness! So elated was my spirit with gratitude to my Heavenly Father, for the unspeakable glories which

He had prepared for me in His Divine Mansions, that I resolved to attest it, in the presence of the angels, by offering an humble invocation to His Throne of Grace:

4. "O! thou Supreme Source of all Light and Life: Be thou, and thou alone, would thy humble child return his sincere acknowledgements for the glorious blessings ^{with} which thou hast crowned his immortal soul, on its birth into thy mansions not made with earthly hands. I thank thee, O Parent of All! for the light which thou hast vouchsafed unto me, and for the overpowering evidences of thy love and goodness which thou hast manifested unto my ransomed spirit during its brief sojourn in thy Heavenly Courts. Teach me more of thee, Father, and of the sublime beauties which adorn thy Infinite Character, that I may draw myself nearer unto thee, and inspire the immortal radiance of those virtues which crown thy transcendent Nature. And O! may the sanctifying influences of that noble Man, whom thou sent into the world, clothed with the power and majesty of thy Holy Spirit, and whose effulgent form thou hast manifested to my unclouded vision, breathe around my developing nature their elevating inspirations, and teach me to better fulfil the duties which thou hast imposed upon me. O! give me strength of mind to successfully perform the responsible obligations which rest upon me, to navigate the mighty Ocean of Truth, and bring up to the eager gaze of man those brilliant pearls of thought and beauty which every line its profound, but not fathomless depths. May the work which thou hast given to me be performed with a steady determination, and a cheerful alacrity, and with a will to accomplish it according to the best powers and capacities of my spiritual being. Make me meek and contrite in spirit, walking humbly in the paths of peace and pleasantness, and investing my soul in the garments of charity and well-doing. Crown each act with thy Divine Approval, and

make me more and more worthy to associate with thy Ministers, ⁱⁿ their sphere of attainment, of social, intellectual, and spiritual culture, and to assist them in their redemptive works of love. Inspire with the importance of its high mission, my soul, and impart to its several capacities and powers the strengthening influences of thy All-Potent Spirit, that it may be enabled to advance in the elements of intellectual, social, and moral improvement, and thereby approach nearer to thee, whom art the Embodiment of all Truth and Love. Empower me, O Ruler of the Nations! if it pleaseth thee, to plead the cause of universal liberty in the Legislative Halls from which thou hast recently taken me, and to teach the "Representatives" of my beloved country to honor the Higher Ordinances of Duty, before which all earthly enactments become null and void; to speak to them in the language of a distinguished son, "that no government is respectable which is not just; and that, without unspotted purity of public faith, without true piety and morality, no forms of government, no machinery of laws, can give tone or dignity to religious or political society." And avert the horrid calamities of war, both domestic and foreign, and plant therein the inestimable blessings of peace and unalloyed prosperity. Privilege me again to utter my unalterable, invincible sentiments of freedom to the children of earth, and to inspire them with a divine strength and courage in the discharge of their Christian duties, which is to carry hope and joy to the poor slave, and waft the inspiring breath of freedom to the oppressed and down-trodden victims of tyranny throughout the world. O may the light of thy Almighty Truth, shine, in unclouded radiance, in the dark avenues of error and superstition, illuminating each soul with the genial rays of inspiration, and guiding all aright in thy fear and admonition. And finally, Father, may all thy children, both of the immortal and the mortal world, improve the privileges within

their sphere of attainment, of social, intellectual, and spiritual culture, and be ready and willing to impart the wisdom which they possess, to those which have not, and thus be prepared, through good works, for noble calling in the Immortal Life, and for that rich reward which is due the faithful laborer in thy vineyard. And thine be all the praise and glory for every blessing. Amen!

th 5 This humble prayer terminated the long and deeply interesting chain of coincidences, commenced with the sublime picture of the Father, and of the guidance of the Celestial Army, and closed with the magnificent "tableau" of the vision of Mary, and Jesus. I am aware, that I have wandered somewhat from my main subject, and have elapsed over an immense space, to clearly present to my readers an adequate description of the glowing beauties I had witnessed, and the means to be employed by others to attain them. And I trust, that however simple has been the language I have used, to convey a proper conception of these sublimities to the minds of all, they will be sufficient for the purpose for which I intended, in their presentation of these visions, viz., to so far improve the condition of society, that mankind may be better prepared, through the enlargement of the affections, and the elevation of the sympathies, for a more immediate communication with the world of angels, and to, the immortal soul for these everlasting pleasures and delights which adorn its Progressive Spheres. I hope, that at least, my well-meant efforts will be appreciated, if they do not result in the accomplishment of that good for which I have presented these Celestial Delineations. And I fervently pray, that the hearts of man may be prepared to feast on the effulgent glories which now are dawning on them from the Land of Shinar, and fitted for those exalted circles, where wisdom, purity, and love, in their crowning attributes of their inhabitants, and when Jesus, the

³⁹⁴ highest aspiration of Human Nature, inspires the soul, from ^{onward} all, as the same glorious soul of earth, who went about doing good, com-
ing the mourner in her trials and bereavements, dispensing happi-
ness and consolation wherever he went, breaking the Bread of life
to the famishing and hungered, and breathing a hallowing influ-
ence wherever his sainted presence is felt.

Now, kind and attentive reader, with your permission, I will, to employ a common expression,

"Put on ^{my} swift desire,"

and take a harmless retrospective step to where I left my much-
loved friend, Peter Whitney, and give the "ultimatum" of his
sublime salutation; then pass on to one more glorious greeting
in this living chain of Inter-Communication, and to the final
close of this very-protracted letter.

When Mr. Whitney had concluded his cheering message
to me, ending with the beautiful poem which I have recorded
on these pages, in which he followed the passage of my earthly
remains from the city of Washington to the town of Tunney, the
glorious spirit of my Heavenly Guide, Lafayette, again address-
ed me, in the following manner:

"In the beautiful spirit which has just addressed
you, recognize one of the purest angels of heaven, and most de-
voted Ministers of Truth and Salvation. Behold, in his un-
folding soul, a former Teacher of Thine, under whose Christian
instructions, thou hast often sat in earthly temples, and drank
in the inspiration of his spiritual eloquence, and the fragrant
benefactions of his noble heart.

"Behold him now, in his native heaven, the Teacher of

³⁰⁵ all, as the same glorious soul of earth, who went about doing good, com-
ing the mourner in her trials and bereavements, dispensing happi-
ness and consolation wherever he went, breaking the Bread of life
to the famishing and hungered, and breathing a hallowing influ-
ence wherever his sainted presence is felt.

"Behold him still as a Minister of the Gospel, and a faith-
ful Preacher in the Temple of the Most High; as one whose soul is
bound up in the common interests of Humanity, and in the welfare
and happiness of the whole Human Race; as one whose spirit-life
is devoted to the improvement of the intellectual powers of man, and
to the elevation and enlargement of his spiritual nature; in fact,
as one whose love for his fellow-creatures is as boundless as the O-
cean of Eternity, and as immaculate as the pure driven snow that
glisters in the noon-day sun:

"Behold him gracing the shining walks of the Heaven-
ly City, garbed in the lowly habiliments of meekness and simplici-
ty, and adorned with the intrinsic jewels of Christ's goodness and
purity; behold him in the character of a true Christian, divested
of all false, ostentatious pride or pretension, pursuing his noble
ministrations of love, and redoubling to conscientious practice his
honest professions; behold him, as descending into the spheres be-
low, bringing the ignorant and unlettered out of darkness into
the broad light of truth and wisdom, and the evening and sinful
into paths of peace and virtue: as silently and unobtrusively mov-
ing along in his humane avocations, dispensing charity to the spir-
itual poor, and hope to the sinking, desponding soul;

^{18th} "And may thy spirit unite with his in this Ter-
rile of the Ever-living God, and labor with him in his ever-
lasting of Salvation and Love. May it still bear true to the high
instincts of Humanity and Right, and breathe to the chil-

even of earth its lessons of piety and wisdom. May the lessons of wisdom and love which your exalted soul has breathed unto edge which you have gleaned during your brief sojourn in the realms of the just elevate your Progressive soul to high station which have been reflected from the light of thy holy or works in your Father's Kingdom, and to more firmly establish the bonds of Fraternal Brotherhood and Love:

"I repeat, then, my Brother, the reception language of thy Angelic Welcomers: Go forward in thy high vocation, unfolding nature, in feeling and believing, that the Angels of In the Celestial Home thou wilt find a great work to do, Love have deemed me worthy of so grand a reception as that commensurate with thy individual efforts and capacities, which has greeted me on this, the glorious Morning of my Spirit-rendered doubly plain to thy Interior Vision, through its natural Birth, and Resurrection of the soul from the trammels of folding spiritual powers and developments. Enter the humble the comfortable body of the poor, and the palaces of the rich, and dispense alike to all the food of Righteousness and Truth. Bind up the broken for thy beautiful and sincere welcome; thank thee for the harmonious hearted, cheer the disconsolate, and, Samaritan-like, pour into the expressions of sympathy and affection which you have made the wounds of those fallen by the way-side of life the heartiest in my behalf, and for the sweet remembrances which your ing ointment of Love and Charity, and thus be prepared to joyous salutation has conjured up; thank thee for that brilliant enter the Upper Mansions of Glory and Bliss, to join the vital which has brought to mind the active memories of the noble spirits of the Past, whose noble devotion to Truth and glorious past, and for the valuable instruction which you have to God, has rewarded them with a princely seat in His celestial Kingdom."

When the radiant spirit of Gilbert Mober de la Fayette had completed his beautiful exhortation, the bright form of Peter Whitney closely approached to my side, and, with united heart and hand, I proceeded to reply to his long and deeply interesting reception address, in language, of marked brevity, and I trust, of clearness of thought and satisfactory expression:

"Beloved Minister of Truth and Salvation: With intensity of interest and feeling have I listened to the glowing words

of wisdom and love which your exalted soul has breathed unto my awakened spirit, and caught the the Divine Sparks of Inspiration which have been reflected from the light of thy holy teachings, and the purity of thy celestial life:

"Words cannot convey an adequate expression of the unbounded gratitude and delight which animates my fast-unfolding nature, in feeling and believing, that the Angels of Love have deemed me worthy of so grand a reception as that which has greeted me on this, the glorious Morning of my Spirit-rendered doubly plain to thy Interior Vision, through its natural Birth, and Resurrection of the soul from the trammels of folding spiritual powers and developments. Enter the humble the comfortable body of the poor, and the palaces of the rich, and dispense alike to all the food of Righteousness and Truth. Bind up the broken for thy beautiful and sincere welcome; thank thee for the harmonious hearted, cheer the disconsolate, and, Samaritan-like, pour into the expressions of sympathy and affection which you have made the wounds of those fallen by the way-side of life the heartiest in my behalf, and for the sweet remembrances which your ing ointment of Love and Charity, and thus be prepared to joyous salutation has conjured up; thank thee for that brilliant enter the Upper Mansions of Glory and Bliss, to join the vital which has brought to mind the active memories of the noble spirits of the Past, whose noble devotion to Truth and glorious past, and for the valuable instruction which you have to God, has rewarded them with a princely seat in His celestial Kingdom."

I thank thee, immortal spirit of wisdom and love, for thy beautiful and sincere welcome; thank thee for the harmonious hearted, cheer the disconsolate, and, Samaritan-like, pour into the expressions of sympathy and affection which you have made the wounds of those fallen by the way-side of life the heartiest in my behalf, and for the sweet remembrances which your ing ointment of Love and Charity, and thus be prepared to joyous salutation has conjured up; thank thee for that brilliant enter the Upper Mansions of Glory and Bliss, to join the vital which has brought to mind the active memories of the noble spirits of the Past, whose noble devotion to Truth and glorious past, and for the valuable instruction which you have to God, has rewarded them with a princely seat in His celestial Kingdom."

"Most-happy, O Minister of Grace, am I to be able to renew thy friendship and acquaintance on the shores of the life, and to cultivate thy spiritual society in the many mansions of the Father's Kingdom. Rejoiced, also, am I, to labor with thee in the everlasting mission of Truth and Salvation, to become with thee a Pupil and Teacher in that Church, under whose protecting shadows the mighty flock of the Great Shepherd will eventually be gathered together in the spirit of Harmony and Love:

In that earthly temple, where the light of thy Christian teachings has so often penetrated, to gladden, with its power, the desert places, of man's untended heart, will thy hallowing

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influences will be felt, softening the harsher elements of his nature, and preparing his soul to receive higher evidences of its immortality, and clearer testimonies of the worth of the Christian Religion, and its harmonious identity with the incoming revelations of Celestial Kingdoms:

20th "And not only will Thy spiritual presence pervade the hearts of Thy former associates and followers, or limit the sphere of its influence to this little temple of pleasant memories, but, ranging the endless Ocean of Immensity, its Divine Power will penetrate each dark avenue of man's nature, and render each soul of itself a temple, devoted to the spread of Truth and Christianity:

"Your narrative of the glorious welcome which you received by the celestials on the Birth of the Spirit to its Higher Life, and among them, my sanctified father and mother, has inspired me with unbounded gratitude and love to the source of all good, and filled my whole being with exultant, adoring rapture, and elevated it far above the lower regions of thought to higher planes of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding:

"I rejoice in the light, which you, and other bright angels, have given to me, and shall employ it to the improvement and spiritual elevation of my own intellectual and moral capacities, and to the advancement of Christian principles and sentiments among the whole United Family of Man. Never shall that light be hid under a bushel, but, as far as lay in my humble power, shall it spread, until all shall feel the intensity of its radiant beams:

"The sweet and hallowed remembrance to which you have alluded, in the course of your Welcome Address, of the dear ones of bereavement and sorrow, is vividly painted, in

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ful recollections, on the canvas of memory, and has awakened in the tender chords of my soul a glad, responsive thrill. Well indeed do I remember that cheering conversation, which brought so much hope and joy to my heart, and consolation to my cup of affliction and trial.

"That holy interchange of thought and sympathy, that sweet communion of soul with soul, that glorious and everlasting chain of fond hopes and anticipations, cemented together, in golden links of future aspirations and reunions, - all, all are now gloriously realized, and Heaven has given to my fond eternal embrace, the dear ones of my true affection and love, assumed me of their angelic guardianship and protection:

"During the little while of my existence on earth, you are but mere drops in the Ocean of Eternity. - I saw even there much to benefit and expand the immortal germs of purity and virtue in the soul, and to prepare it for the more glorious unfolding of its highest powers in the life to come; but the knowledge which I possessed at that time, relative to the progressive state of the spirit after it has crossed the Jordan of Death, was but meagre and indefinite, compared to that which I have gleaned through my brief intercourse with the inhabitants of the Realms of Eternal Glory and Happiness.

"I know that angels do watch over and guide the destinies of those they love, and impress on their hearts the gentle imprints of their loving hands; that, in the laborious duties of the day, they are near, to encourage all with their wise counsels and exhortations, and breathe divine cheer and hope to the persecuted Disciple of Truth; that, in the sweet stillness of the night, they hover around, and in low, soft breathings, assure the unconscious soul of their watchful care and presence, and throw around it the arms of their love and protection:

"I know that they can control the spirits of man, ^{unfolding} of my interior capacities, has presented clearer views of and aid him in the formation of a true and exemplary character; that they can speak to him in their unmistakable voices ^{my spiritual nature to my mind, and unfolded letter to my under-} standing the mysterious, unalterable laws, which govern the natural, of tenderness and affection, and inspire him onward from one ^{as well as the celestial creation, - than even the closest studies of} ^{earth} degree of happiness to another, from one sphere of intellectual ^{have shadowed forth; no matter how protracted the stay, amidst the ma-} and moral development to more envolving unfoldings in ^{transient} things of ephemeral life, might have been!

The Higher Planes of Spiritual Existence:

"I know, that they ^{can} come from their abodes of peace above, And visit those dear ones on earth they deeply prize and love, To stamp upon their souls the impress of their holy care, And bid them, while they dwell below, for niter joys prepare.

"I know, that they can cheer the heart, when with sorrow it is pressed, By pointing to that Better Clime, where the soul will be at rest, And bathe beneath the golden light, which, from the Sun of Glory ^{ready} ^{comes} ^{forth}, it, on the wings of transition, to a world of everlasting felicity and And gather up the wisdom-pears which line the Heavenly Shores.

"I know that they can visit earth, and leave their influence there, And strew in man's life beaten path, bright flowers of fragrance ⁱⁿ the waters of Eternal Life, for the thirsty, death-yearning soul: it And gird each mortal walk with the splendor of their power, has seen the heart of the sinner made to leap with gladness, and And guide the spirit home to God, - to His Immortal Bowen. the desponding soul of the infidel and sceptic to light up with the genial rays of hope; in fact, it has seen a "world of joy" in its brief

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"I know that they can soothe the soul, shackled by oppression's cord, And guide it to the God of Love, the All-Impartial Lord, When, around His Throne of Grace, all the earth-bound will be free, And enjoy the blessed fruits of Heaven-born Liberty:

"Dear Minister of Truth and Love, the little while I have dwelt in Heaven, the short space ^{of time} which has been occupied in the ^{companionship} of peace and love; it has heard the acclamations of joy, its

"The sleepless, unclouded eye of the spirit, has beheld the mysterious guidance of guardian geninses, and the glorious results of their invisible control; it has seen the face of the irradiated light up with holy joy and cheer, as the Angel of Love and Mercy bent over the couch, and insinuated on the fevered brow the tenderness of hallowed friendship and affection; it has seen the ministering spirit of some loved departing one, as it cooled the burning cheek with the breathe of their inspiring strength and devotion, and ^{ready} ^{came} ^{forth} over the fleeting soul, "in its last, final struggle" of earth, to bear it, on the wings of transition, to a world of everlasting felicity and glory; it has seen the "glory-crowned throng," as it wended its heavenly flight through the ethereal atmosphere to the loved and dear of earth, bearing in their hands crystal goblets, overflowing with the waters of Eternal Life, for the thirsty, death-yearning soul: it has seen the heart of the sinner made to leap with gladness, and the desponding soul of the infidel and sceptic to light up with the genial rays of hope; in fact, it has seen a "world of joy" in its brief existence in the spirit life:

"And my listening ear has caught the delicious symphonies of angelic harps, as their strings echoed to the music of celestial Harmony; it has listened to the low, sweet whisperings of spirit voices, as they welcomed the ascending soul home to their fraternal companionship, and bade it eternally dwell in the radiant king-
dom of peace and love; it has heard the acclamations of joy, its

312 They quivered from a thousand tongues, and spoke of the redeeming influences of the glorified saints above; it has heard the prayers of the righteous, asking for celestial visitations, and listened to their swift responses wafted back from the Throne Eternal.)

O! brother, glorious is the vision which your ^{own} ~~visions~~ ^{heart} ~~visions~~ multitude of vast celestial hosts shed their holy influence around, made sad and dreary by its contiguity with the cold realities of a selfish and material world; when they can come and speak words of cheer to all, and illuminate their pathway to heaven, their everlasting, happy home, - with flowers of perennial beauty and un fading brightness:

"Hail, brother, hail, the glorious dawn
Of that eventful, heavenly Morn,
When angels, from their home above,
Will speak to those on earth they love,
And bid them listen to that Voice,
Which tells them all in God rejoice,
And welcome to their homes of earth,
The scraps of the Higher Birth:

"All hail! the day is nigh at hand,
When the ethereal, light-veiled band,
Shall paint, on man's interior sight,
The glories of this Land of Light,
And break the slavish bands, which bind
The powers of his unfolding mind,
And point him to a world above,
Where saints will crown him with their love.

"I rejoice, that my interior sight can behold the joyous dawn of that glorious era, when the resplendent Bow of Promise will span the whole Ocean of Immensity, with its seven prismatic colors, Hope, Truth, Love, Peace, Good Will, Virtue, and Salvation, - sparkling in the benignant rays of the dawning Sun of Righteousness, reflecting light and knowledge on the heart from the seven unfolding Spheres of Spiritual Progression: I rejoice that the dawn of the millennium is nigh at hand, when the reign of Truth and Love will commence on earth, and the untold beauties of the Kingdom of Heaven be unfolded to man's spiritual view and understanding; when the Morning Land of Eternal Blessedness will be disclosed to his benighted senses, and its adorning

And O! sanctified Spirit, if my soul bounds with tumultuous joy and expectation in the bright prospect before me; if my heart beats with rapturous feelings and blissful sensations at the thought that I may be able to commune with those I have left, at some future period, how much more are these anticipated joys and pleas-

was enhanced, when I reflect, that, perhaps, my humble influence can aid in hastening the happy dawn of this much-coveted, longed-for Millennium Day; when man will hear the far-echoing sounds of angel footsteps, in their "comings and goings" forth in thousands of mercy and love, and know that they are encompassed round about by a cloud of unseen witnesses, who carry in their loving hands the living Book of Judgment, on whose immortal pages they impress, in fiery words, the good and evil deeds done in the corporeal body:

"With all the power which I can command will I promise to employ in the onward advancement of this Heaven of light, and to bring in holy contact Heaven and Earth; to establish a celestial telegraph between the two worlds, on which may flow bright and happy messages of truth and love, and sweet remembrances of affection and esteem; to hasten that golden era, when earth will no longer appear, cold and charnel-house to the tried and persecuted soul, but a bright and beautiful habitation, rendered doubly so to the believing mind, by the strengthening presence of guardian angels, and the comforting assurance of their invisible watchfulness, and their ever-unfailing guidance and control:

"When every home will entertain,
Some Pilgrim from the Holy Plain,
Some loving one, whose gentle soul,
Has wrote its name on men's scroll,
And left a sacred impress there,
Of watchful guardianship and care,
To gild each heart with angel love,
And light it on to heaven above:

"I will most cheerfully buckle on my armor and shield, and enter the mighty field of Duty and Right, and wage eternal warfare against these two formidable enemies of Human Progress, Error and Superstition! With thee, in this far-reaching Temple of Heaven, will I continue the work begun on earth, and disseminate these God-born teachings and principles, for which a Jesus suffered and endured an ignominious physical death, and in the promulgation of which many other exalted souls have surrendered up their lives as "living sacrifices" to God:

"While I enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God, I will not forget those who are groaning under the heavy yoke of oppression, and to whom this great and inestimable blessing of freedom is a stranger. In silence, but with power and might, I will visit these sorrowing children of tyranny, and abuse, and shed a heavenly influence around their bleeding hearts, and order their temporary bondage, by pointing their souls to a Land of liberty beyond, where chains are never forged for the limbs of any God's children, and where the enslaved and fettered become free the moment their weary feet cross the boundary lines which divide Time from Eternity:

"In the Legislative Halls of my country, shall my voice ring with strains of freedom, and utter its fierce denunciations of human oppression, and evils, of every nature. No sin, however finite or monstrous, shall ever elude the pursuit of the eye which never slumbers, but "dragged to the moral gaze" of the awakened community, it shall be disrobed of its cloaked deformities, and divested of all its hypocritical colors. It shall be my province to move the hearts of the people to a sound, realizing sense, of their country's danger, in nourishing in its bosom, the Monster, Slavery, and to warn them to flee from the wrath to come. With God's help, I

will grapple with this hideous serpent, grown to such gigantic size, and aid in crushing it out of human existence; nor shall my soul be satisfied, until my spiritual eyes behold the last, agonizing, death coils of this monster, no more to revive into life, to poison the moral atmosphere of Humanity with its deadly fumes:

"Now, angels being, will I draw my humble answer to a close; simple, I am aware, have been the words with which I have clothed my language, but, I trust, they will prove sufficient to convey to you a finite delineation of the lively emotions and feelings which thrill my overflowing heart, in consideration of the sincere welcome which you, and your celestial associates, have extended to me. In conclusion, I can only say, that their glorious benedictions and counsels shall be treasured by me, and employed in the development of each moral attribute of my nature, and in the promulgation and spread of undying Truth among the benighted nations of earth. May God, beloved Minister, sanctify this re-union to our everlasting good, and crown us with the glory of His Holy Spirit, forevermore. Amen."

25th With this reply concluded the Welcome Salutation of that True Christian, Peter Whitney. During the whole of its delivery we were encircled by a high and exalted group of Heavenly Celestials, who attested their extreme happiness and delight in our brief reunion in their marked attention and earnestness of manner.

When my answer was uttered, at the moment of its conclusion, showers of flower-wreathed garlands fell at our feet laden with the perfume of celestial love and approbation. Over our heads still floated a glorious band of angels, with golden

happes in hand, chanting melodious music of their spheres, tuneful with the love of God and the harmonies of His Divine attributes, and wafting their inspiring symphonies along the fragrant air of Heaven.

But to attempt to describe all the brilliant scenes which broke upon my enamored vision, attendant upon my entrance into the eternal joys of Paradise, would be utterly impossible, were I disclosed; simple, I am aware, have been the words with which I have clothed my language, but, I trust, they will prove sufficient to convey to you a finite delineation of the lively emotions and feelings which thrill my overflowing heart, in consideration of the sincere welcome which you, and your celestial associates, have extended to me. In conclusion, I can only say, that their glorious benedictions and counsels shall be treasured by me, and employed in the development of each moral attribute of my nature, and in the promulgation and spread of undying Truth among the benighted nations of earth. May God, beloved Minister, sanctify this re-union to our everlasting good, and crown us with the glory of His Holy Spirit, forevermore. Amen."

Time furthermore warns me that I am encroaching too much upon the valuable powers and patience of this medium, and thus perhaps preventing other intelligences from giving forth to the world their own internal evidences of spirit direction and guidance. Bear with me, I haunted Pinn of Heaven, a while longer, in the humble, but Christian undertaking, in which I am engaged, and then, through a suspension of my control, thou wilt be better enabled to accomplish thine own loving purposes and intentions, and present to mankind clearer testimonies of celestial individuality than even I have done!

It will not be expected by my readers, that I can possibly state all the names of the different spirits who greeted me on the shores of Infinite Being, or relate the many beautiful passages and sayings which were unrolled into this long and most magnificent chain of communication. It would require an almost endless period to picture even one-half of the sublime teachings which were advanced by the angels in their reception address, and surely, the very limited life-time of a child of earth would hardly prove sufficient to convey even a tithe of the supernal truth

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ties attendant upon the introduction of a spirit into its immortal
Home. Indeed, the Seraph life is but one grand Reception-Day; each
hour, - measuring Eternity for a moment by the divisions of Time,
brings some new spiritual acquaintance with it, to congratulate
one another on their release from conformity.

In my presentation of these Angelic Communi-
cations and Welcome Addresses, I do it with the hope that it will
bring some wandering soul back to the right fold, and lead it in re-
pentance to the Father's Throne; that it will furnish incentives to
all to improve the time allotted to them on earth, in planting in
their souls those immortal germs which are to expand forever,
and to prepare them for a higher unfolding on Eternity's shore,
so that, when the spirit bids farewell to its mouldering mortality,
it may feel itself eminently qualified to enjoy the elevated com-
panionship of the good and excellent on Zion's Plain, and to be
welcomed home to their eternal society by the approving benedic-
tion of "Well done," "Well done!"

O! may the soul prepare below,
To tread those shining walks above,
Where infinite joys eternal flow,
And every heart is filled with love;
'Tis only through a noble strife,
A struggle 'gainst the power of wrong,
That we can gain that Higher Life,
Where we shall meet God's Ransomed Throng.

Remember, you cannot abuse,
The powers which God to you has given,
You cannot scorn, cannot refuse,
The light which cometh down from Heaven.

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And think Lenny an equal seat,
With those who've suffered for the Right,
Or on the blissful shores to meet,
The good around the Throne of Light.

27th

In order to attain the goal,
When dwelt the excellent and great,
On earth below, the immortal soul,
Must seek to gain that happy state,
By lab'ring in the boundless field
Of Truth, Humanity, and Right,
And wielding, with resistless shield,
The sword of Justice and of Might.

Then rally in each cause of Love,
Ye who desire a princely seat,
Around the brilliant Throne above,
To sit at our dear Father's feet,
Where the pure and virtuous dwell,
And glory sits upon each brow,
Where none will breathe a last farewell,
And Heaven is one Eternal Now!

'Tis there the immortal soul will meet
With those it dearly loved below;
'Tis there around the merry seat,
I will greet the friend, and also, foe;
The Heart of Discord will be turned
To the heavenly music of the spheres,
And every face will light with joy,
Bedewed with affection's holy tears.

I must now pass onward in my long reception community sphere of development, to welcome me to his best society, and the vocation, by recording on these pages the brief, but glorious salutation, never-ending friendship of his "trustworthy compatriots," and thus to of one other Immortal Spirit, whose brilliant life and example is close up, with his beautiful greeting, this splendid Celestial Introduction written, in glowing deeds of valor and honor, on the Eternal Scroll to the Mansions of Purity, of Fame, and deeply engraved on the monuments of gratitude, in a Nation's heart and affection.

That exalted Spirit, that noble heart, beating with the love of the great Father and the pulsations of a True Humanity, that form, of ethereal brightness, decked in the flowing garments of Purity and Truth, stood majestically before me, prepared to welcome the new-born spirit of John Quincy Adams to the World of Infinite Peace and Joy!

It will be remembered, that, in the earlier portion of this letter, I related the meeting with Lafayette, who was accompanied by the glorified spirit of George Washington in his celestial passage from the Upper Abodes of Heaven, but who remained behind when he had reached a certain circle in the Spirit life, until the first-named immortal, together with others, had extended to me a divine salutation to the spheres of never-ending peace and progression!

Furthermore, it will be seen, that I made mention, at a later point in this message, of the name of Washington in connection with that of Napoleon, to prove that, in his illustrious public career, he was sustained by the strengthening influences of invisible beings, who aided him in the accomplishment of that great work of American Independence, which had early enlisted the powers of his mind and soul.

And now, that illustrious spirit, that "God-send" to mankind, that noble Sage of History, on the anniversary of whose Primeval Birth-Day was this very long letter commenced, approaches

my sphere of development, to welcome me to his best society, and the never-ending friendship of his "trustworthy compatriots," and thus to close up, with his beautiful greeting, this splendid Celestial Introduction to the Mansions of Purity.

30th

My most faithful Instructor and Guide, - Lafayette, then recedes from my sight - for a brief period, and in a few moments is seen returning, accompanied by the beautiful spirit of him, who, when on earth, bore the name of George Washington, and whose illustrious life bears unmistakable evidences of the great principles of the doctrine of Progression, and conclusive proofs of the watchful attendance and guardianship of the ministering powers of heaven. Near that Beatified Immortal approximates to me, with the kind and spirit of Lafayette leaning upon his arm, until they reach my circle of affinity, when the last-named illustrious personage waves me an introduction, on the shores of the Heavenly Country, to the exalted spirit of George Washington!

But he comes not from his sphere of development alone, and attended merely by the spirit of Lafayette; but other glorious celestials accompany him, among whom appear his beloved parents, and the sainted partner of his joys and sorrows of earth; while over him, a little distance from the circle of affinity in which we stand, hovers a band of purified beings, on glancing at which, my soul was able to perceive the familiar countenances of many devoted friends, who heroically struggled by his side in the memorable War of the Revolution.

And there, to my vision, were they still, watching, with former interest and solicitude, the immortal destinies of one, whom they delighted to call on earth their Commander and Chief. With a deep, earnest, and honorable love, born in their hearts amid the trials and agonies, and in defence, of a just and noble

cause, in the espousal of which the good Washington bore so cool and zeal, to overthrow the greatest curse to its rising prosperity and
 conspicuous a part; - the more separation of the soul from the material progress, and implant in it a government which will dispense to
 all body, did not quench the sparks of that love, wedded in the all thoughtful blessings of Liberty and Peace, and under which all
 immortal spirit, through protracted seasons of unprecedented dismay find impartial protection and happiness!
 dress and suffering; but became more pure and refined in its spiritual
 and contact with its own congenial affinities.

I saw them laboring still by the side of Washing-
 ton on the new bloodless field of Human Rights,

Contending for the cause of all,
 The cause in which our fathers fought;
 That Slavery's black and heavy pall,
 No more may stain the land their blood has bought.

Their love for freedom and humanity I perceived was as strong ^{fixed} as when they fought below on the bloody battle, for the equal rights of all; yea, that love was stronger, and far more beautiful and intensified than it possibly could have been when they ^{tried} more clearly identify themselves to their personal or individual
 used the theatre of mortal strife and contention; for now, through friends and acquaintances.
 the keen, discriminating eye of the spiritual perceptions, are they en-
 abled to see and to better understand the weaknesses and failings of Human Nature, and the remedies to be applied to heal them of their present unhealthy conditions.

Bound in a glorious band of Brotherhood, do they labor together in the same divine cause, to work out the redemption of their fellow-creatures from the bondage of iniquity and corruption. Untiringly do they watch over their oppressed brethren, and breathe consolation and cheer to their wounded hearts. With a love that knows no alienation, do they guard the gloomy destinies of their slavery-stricken country, and labor with Christian might

It will be seen, by turning to the commencement of this communication, that I stated, when Lafayette and Washington first made their appearance to my spiritual vision, they were clad, not in the garments my mind would have conjectured they would have been, but in full military costume, similar to that worn by the patriots of revolutionary times.

It will be well to state, in this particular connection, that immortals are empowered with authority and means to make themselves visible to their friends in any shape or manner which they please, to suit their own wishes or intentions. Out of the thin, light texture, which forms the ethereal atmosphere, they are able to create, or to form at will, any shape, appearance, or color, which may be necessary or essential to their friends and acquaintances.

Oct 1st Oct 1st Thus it was in the instance of Washington and Lafayette, who presented themselves to my awakened vision, accoutred in the habiliments of war, that I might better able to recognize them in their new home, and to distinguish them from the many millions who were sailing, on the wings of eternal love, through the balmy atmosphere of the heavenly country.

And also, in the great vision of the Battle, the spirit form of Joan of Arc was clad in military costume, similar to that in appearance and color worn by that noble, heroic woman, on that ever-memorable occasion, when, at the head of a powerful army, she valiantly marched, guided by the invisible powers of heaven,

against a foreign usurping nation, to place on the Imperial Throne of France an ingratifal monarch.

But as soon as they had answered their intentions and wishes, and had clearly presented their individuality to my mind, they laid aside, on the volatile application of the will, their "battle-accoutrements," and invested themselves in their "Assassin Robes," those snow-white robes, in which I had always supposed the angels were clothed, and emblematical of their purity of heart, and the holiness of their mission.

God be praised for these evidences of His almighty wisdom and goodness! Here, in His "many mansions," the immortal soul, a part and parcel of His own Divine Spirit, - the essence and quintessence of His Express Image, - unfettered and free from the hamper of the corruptible form, can permeate the vast expanse of mind and matter, visit the friends on the terrestrial globe, and, out of the gauge-like air of our balmy atmosphere, manufacture, at will, those necessary identities and conditions, - clothe themselves, to the inferior sight, in those garments, similar in appearance and shape to those worn on earth, which are essential to individualize perfect by the spirit to the internal capacities of those to whom they are desirous of making themselves known.

And I am rejoiced, that the eye of prophecy, which is the eye of the spirit, - is able to fathom the mysterious windings of the future, and discern the blessed proximity of that golden era, when the world will be so far improved in public morality, and undrugged sentiment and thought, that its children will be better qualified to enter the kingdom of heaven, and to entertain, while below, its immortal inhabitants in their homes of earth; when those bright citizens from above, will wing their celestial flight to the foundations of Time, laden with the most precious remembrances of their harmonical spheres, and all

will feel themselves fully prepared to receive them; when mortals will behold, in their every-day life, the bright spirits of their loved, departed friends, walking by their sides, as visibly to their outer senses as when on earth, and feel their cooling breath of affection as they whisper consolation and peace to the heart.

God grant the era soon may come,
When men shall fully realize,
That angels, from their sainted home,
Can guard him with their watchful eyes,
And elevate his soul above,
Y^e terrestrial things of mortal time,
To yonder realm, where Infinite Love,
Permeates each soul in Eden's chime.

And I know that every believing Christian heart, will respond to this prayer, uttered in deep sincerity and truth, and trust, - that all will aid in hastening the period when the glorious beauties of heaven will be more vividly exemplified on earth, and love, the highest attribute of Deity, find a congenial home in each heart, and be the controlling element of each action; when, in each home of earth, the departure of some loved one, will still be seen the gentle accents emanating from the no-longer-fleshed, and the gentle accents emanating from the no-longer-world, as well as the earthly, will echo with the sounds of angelic footsteps, and each soul therein made glad by the celestial teachings and words of comfort breathed forth by the "adorning multitude;" when the ever-bound spirit will hear the tones of welcome whispered by Immortal Spirits, as, with the finger of Truth and Hope, they point it onward to Salvation and to Heaven; and

Finally, when every soul will become so immaculate and refined in its spiritual condition, that angels may readily find a welcome habitation within, and light up into living fire the slumbering embers of the spirit, on its entrance to the refined enjoyments of the celestial King of Truth and virtue, and people with pure and exalting thoughts! Beautiful have been the golden thoughts which they have spun the same spots in man's shrouded nature; when every heart can, with gladness in thy spiritual pathway and in the unfolding affection sincerely and fervent regard for the Truth, utter the following sub. of thy awakened soul!

Thine prayer:

"I thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast blessed me with a true and sweet has been the perfume, which has ascended as incense knowledge of Thy Holy Kingdom, and that the purity of my heart to the Throne of the living Father. Around your earth-released spirit here and Outer Life is such that Thou hast vouchsafed unto me the guidance their beneficent counsels and benedictions, like the gentle drop dance of one of the stars from out thy celestial Galaxy, to be a spring of summer rain on the thirsty earth!

Thou Light and Ministering Angel to my soul through Time and into Eternity. Keep my heart afloat, and bring me into sweetening waters from the Eternal Fountain of Truth, and bathe in the mansion with thee day by day, and crown my spirit, on its emanating streams of Salvation and Love. Gently have the warm beams of riparian from corporeity, with an elevated seat, by Thy Throne of the Sun of Righteousness poured their radiating light and influence on your newly-awakened life, and illuminated your nature with their all-pervading power!

But pardon me for this digression from my original subject. I will attract now the attention of my readers to the receipt of Heaven! into the Land of sunny memories and glorious delight, an address of George Washington, who has been so appropriate in the Halls of thy Country, where, with faithfulness and honor, thou art styled, by a noble patriot of earth, but now passed on to the most nobly served her highest interests, God called thee from the Heavenly Republic, as a Man who was first in peace, thy Post of Duty to an elevated office in His Celestial Republic and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

When Lafayette had spiritually introduced me to the that Thou wert a Progressive Man! Born and cradled amid the heavy sainted spirit of George Washington, with whom my acquaintance began on earth, that glorious seraph approached me, attended of experimental trial and trouble, thy soul was better enabled to imitate, ed by his "faithful host" of archangels, and having, like others of the from experience, the elementary principles of Progressive Truth and Justice, and to preserve pure and unstained, the equal rights and immunities of all.

"Exalted Spirit of John Quincy Adams: Glorious are the truths which they have entwined in precious garlands for thy immortal

Bright and fragrant are the flowers of eternal love,

which they have entwined in precious garlands for thy immortal

Already has your emancipated soul deeply inspired the

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"It must be a great source of happiness and comfort ^{as} the glorious fruits of his great and Godlike work of spiritual ³²⁹
to thee, dear Brother, to be able to retrospect thy past life, and reflect on the Reformation.
that thy many good deeds and faithful services in the cause of the

thy Interior Light has not as yet beheld that sainted
manity, have merited the approbation of the angels in heaven, and form in its Seraph Home. The moment thy spirit emancipated
won for thee so glorious a recompense as the brilliant Welcome which itself from the outer tabernacle, that guardian angel commissioned
you have received. a circle of bright immortals, moving in their own sphere of har-

"Under the guidance, and (to thee) unconscious control of the monious affinity, to go and attend thy heaven-born soul to the in-
highest and most devoted of celestial intelligences, with the strong and radiant kingdom of peace and joy, - resting itself for a few moments,
aid and assistance of their own progressive capacities, is it to be to await thy blissful coming, and to grant to thy immediate friends
wondered at, that thy mortal life should bear such unmistakable the first privileges of a glorious welcome.

able proofs of spiritual advancement, and that thy soul was so
undantly able to have the storms of political antagonisms? And now, dear Brother, it is my most pleasant
lot in the closing scene of this magnificent greeting, to introduce

"Faithful and true have these Blessed Powers proved to your spiritual notice this immortal personage, and reveal to you
to thee, and impressed on thy soul, in the dark hours of thy political life, the strengthening influences of their inspiring presence, of intense delight, as well as feelings of deep and earnest gratitude
and the immaculate purity of their love and affection. With me to the celestial being who so faithfully proved thy Guardian of the
sleeping vigilance, have they guarded thy rising destinies, and ^{thy} Day and Watchman of the Night, and evening Guide of thy
ed thee to honorable fame and renown. whole life.

"But out of the numberless millions which through the ³ Behold that noble, that exalted spirit, in its native heav-
stars environed heavens, there was one particular Luminary ³ still discharging its highest functions of its immortal being, and
ed from the ethereal canopy, at the moment of thy Prime-borning, the same as when on earth, to emancipate the whole family
and Birth, to be thy future guardian angel, and to walk, side of man from the thralldom of ignorance and error; see him, as with
by side, with thee, through the rough mazes of thy terrestrial ³ burning eyes, and a countenance radiant with holy love and in-
existence. fluence, he gazes from his high habitation, on the beloved spirit of one

"That noble spirit is one well known to historic fame, and whom he employed as an instrument to advance the great work
immortalized on earth, as well as in heaven, for the incalculable of Humanity, and the sacred cause of Liberty.

good which he has performed to mankind, both in the dark Age
in which he lived, and in the incoming ages of the world, which a persevering will to perform any good work in which he might
has realized, and will continue to realize, through all future time, ³ engage, - endowed with great strength of mind, and a spirit of intel-
the purity of his brilliantly transmitted life and example, as intellectual, social, and moral progress, he started the mighty car of Ref-

illumination on its progressive track, amid trials and dangers seemingly insurmountable, and, in the age, in which he dwelt on earth, almost unnumbered; but that noble, adventurous spirit, guided not before on light of thy spirit!

impending difficulties and persecutions, or bowed to the usurping will and dictation of a large numerical majority; but fearing for more than the persecutions of Man, loving Truth and Humanity more than a earthly life, he moved along in his glorious sphere of duty, planting on the Eternal Rock of Ages, the foundation of Church Universal, supported by the pillars of Impartial Love and Holiness, and beneath whose capacious dome the whole family of man might gather together, and worship, in spirit and in truth, the same God, the same Eternal Being and Author and Father of All!

And now, from his elevated station in the kingdom of intelligences, full of life and joyous activity, he spans the world of ephemeral things, with an expanded eye of vision, and views, with delight, the triumphant success of his well-given point in the celestial sky, it ceased in its harmonious flowings, laid plans. The seeds of Truth and Progression which was sown by his hands, have taken deep root, and, with untold pleasure and joy, glory, and, floating along on the light, silvery atmosphere, of the ether he beholds proudly reaping a golden harvest in their blessed spiritual heavens, approached nearer and nearer our sphere of Progress. All true-hearted, devoted Christians, cherish his earthly memory, until they hovered, in magnificent splendor, a little above our pride, - embalm in their hearts the virtues of his heroic nature, and imbibe, within their souls, the sublime attribute of firmness, so essent figure was revealed to my overjoyed soul; and, then collecting together in the adjacency of an unsupportable, but true principle, and who together in a beautiful circle, they meant approximated to my side, was so gloriously illustrated and intensified in the immensity until their radiant features were perfectly visible to my sight. And character of thy invisible ministering spirit.

But I will no longer keep thee in suspense as to the earthly name of thy guardian angel, who so faithfully guided thee in thy pilgrimage below, and whose immortal destiny, with others, is eternally woven with thine own; but ere my mind breathes forth his honored name, thy celestial vision shall behold the glory of his radiant countenance, and feast, with rapture and delight, on the glowing mind of the one in the center I read the name of my illustrious Guardian, - the immortal name of

"Martin Luther:"

while those encircling him, alike honored for their devotion to duty and right under trying emergencies, bore the well-known names of

"Melancthon, Dyerden, Burns,
 Fenwick, Franklin, Archimedes, Themistocles,
 Penn, Swedenborg, Galileo,
 Bunyan, Milton."

When these glorious personages had reached my sphere, the spirit-persecution, and inspired thy heart with a divine courage in the performance of Washington then advanced to the side of Luther, and, waving his arm of thy noble labors—never so gloriously realized as when the foaming brand, motioned me to approach him; then, uniting our souls in the billows of opposition and tyranny were at their highest tide. bond of affinity, he introduced me to the beautiful spirit of Martin Luther, and his intelligent circle of celestial companions, in the following few words:

"Privilege me, John Quincy Adams, to introduce to your spirit's sacred remembrance, the holy cause of him, who suffered persecution and acquaintance and eternal society, your Guardian Director and stand an ignoble death for Truth's glorious sake, but who never flinched, resistant of earth,—Martin Luther; whose firm adherence to the unimpaired to the transmitted records of Scriptural History, from those divine idle principles of Right, you have read much in history, and whose duties, in which he had embarked his highest aspirations. whole life was devoted to the cause of Reformation, and to the spread of true and liberal Christianity among the children of the Jews to the faithful friendship of these, thy ministering guides, is now reserved that globe! for me. In their future eternal society will your immortal soul reside, and

"Permit me, also, to introduce you to his distinguished as through the pure, refining influences of their Christian companionship, associates and co-workers in the great cause of benevolence and love, create the high-born affections and sympathies of, aspiring nature, and, whose Christian deeds, are written in glowing epistles, on the immortal slate to be an instrument with and for them to hasten on the joyous mortal pages of history literature, and whose sublime teachings are advent of that day, when the light of the great Gospel of Truth will find as household words to the mighty family of man. All but two of its way into the dark crevices of man's heart, and revive, into living fire, the the illusions have left the abiding-place below many years before sparks of liberal Truth and wisdom which lay dormant within. Welcome, thy soul was born into the ephemeral tenement for the body habited then, three welcome, to the ever-evolving society of these Beacon-Lights lion into which thy spirit has been so auspiciously ushered. The of Intelligence and Purity!"

other two departed material life when thy mortal body was comparatively young in years, and when thy earthly star began to en-
 mine in the sky of political fame and honor.

Oct. 4. "With fidelity has thy Ministering Spirit hovered near thee, in eternal companionship with his glorious circle of loved, and strengthened thee in many a dark hour of trial and wo, and enabled thy soul to tread the troubled waters of political life. In a halo of celestial light and glory have they floated above thy head during the heavy night of agitation and

Even when thy valuable earthly life was threatened by thy vindictive foes, the enemies of Progressive Truth and Liberty, their still small voice whispered its gentle utterances of hope and future triumph in thine ear, and bade thee, go on in thy momentous work, keeping,

The delightful, much-coveted privilege of introducing you to the faithful friendship of these, thy ministering guides, is now reserved for me. In their future eternal society will your immortal soul reside, and

When Washington had concluded this Introduction Address, he advanced to the Spirit of Martin Luther, and presented him

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our spirits unite in our Christian cause of love and righteousness, on the shores of Everlasting Bliss. Thanking you, and my Heavenly Father, for the guardianship and guidance of the glorious past, and for the still ^{and} of those who had welcomed me hitherto to their celestial bowers. Then glorious visions and promises of the Present and Future, I pledge myself on the spirit air the sweet, musical tones of angelic love, as they broke humble talents to the support of Truth's great Gospel, and to the perpetuation of the doctrines of Peace, Love, and Fraternal Brotherhood, among the gentle fingers of loving seraphs; while from their lips were wafted the songs the children composing the great family of man. Accept again the song of redeeming praise, as welcome to my unfolding soul: thanks of my overflowing nature, and gratitude, the depth of which human language cannot convey,

"Nor words express, nor tongue depict."

With this address closed my opening acquaintance with the illustrious spirit of my Guardian Genius, Martin Luther, and his celestial companions. To say, that I felt a considerable degree of pride, on being informed of the name of my exalted Guide, would be stating that which all must well know; and elevating indeed must be that life, which is guided by such a brilliant array of spirits, as that which encircled the heavenly form of the noble Reformer, - The eloquent Defender and Champion of despised, insulted Truth! - Martin Luther!

It may well be stated, that when the form of Luther first presented itself to my vision in the Star before-mentioned, it was clad in habitments similar to those in appearance worn in the days when it haunted the earthly casket; but when he had concluded his introduction and message to me, he cast aside this vestment, and arrayed his shining form in a long, flowing robe, of transparent brilliancy, excelling, in transcendent splendor, and power, even

"The glory of the King of Day,
The brightest luminary of the Starry Host."

Oct. 9th

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After this beautiful transformation, this glorious congregation of spirits encircled themselves around my form, mingling in the society. Then floated on the spirit air the sweet, musical tones of angelic love, as they broke humble talents to the support of Truth's great Gospel, and to the perpetuation of the doctrines of Peace, Love, and Fraternal Brotherhood, among the gentle fingers of loving seraphs; while from their lips were wafted the songs the children composing the great family of man. Accept again the song of redeeming praise, as welcome to my unfolding soul:

"Welcome to our glorious land,
Our land of peace above,
Where God's eternal, bright-robed band,
Sing songs of endless love."

"O! welcome to the home of peace,
Where sorrows never reach;
But when the soul, from earth released,
Truth's glorious Gospel teach."

"Shed on each heart, O radiant soul!
The glory of thy light,
And seek each spirit to control,
With Truth and Right."

"Thrice welcome to our Paradise,
O Child of Truth and Love,
Among the Stars which crown our skies,
Enthrone thyself above!"

When this Song of Welcome was finished, and after my introduction to Luther, and his exalted companions, the Spirit of George Washing-

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only through a dismemberment of the American Union, can the slave
trade, and all its innumerable enormities, be abolished forever from the
family of States.

And shall we make the ^{union} Redemption of a guilty, wicked ^{union} na-
tion, the first and highest consideration of our spirit life, in this strug-
gle, when the happiness and welfare of our brother-man is concerned?
Shall we remain dumb and insensible to the agonizing wails, ^{wails} wafted
every mortal day on the zephyrs of heaven to the Most High God, from
the bleeding and crushed hearts of three millions of His persecuted chil-
dren, and make the salvation of the American Empire, Republic I
cannot, nor ~~will not~~, call it, even a secondary consideration or mi-
nor issue?

"Shall we remain silent and indifferent to the loud utterances
of the poor slave, against this infringement upon their just rights,
shall we, priest and scribe-like, pass coldly by on the other side from
our wounded brother, screaming under the inflictions of the oppressor,
and say to him, 'O! we cannot unshackle your limbs, and give
you your freedom; for if we do, the pillars of this great and glo-
rious(?) American edifice will loosen from their foundations, and
finally tumble to atoms on the Rocks of Disunion? We will not
release you from your captivity, for, by so doing, we shall oppose the true
intent and letter of our "Godlike" Constitution; but if you escape from the
service of your master, we will bind you hand and foot, and send you
back, and thus fulfil the sacred obligations of that Constitution trans-
mitted to us through the blood of our fathers!"

"Rather, will we not rise in the majesty of our strength and pow-
er, and disclaim such unholy feelings from our nation? Shall we ever
to remember, that there are higher constitutions than those of mortal
framing, whose inviolable ordinances are written down deep in the si-
lent chambers of our Human Nature, and which are as immortal as



NOTEBOOK FIVE

No 5

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the Infinite Hand which traced them? Shall we disobey the higher instincts of our sympathetic nature, rebel against the Laws and Requirements of the Divine Government, - cringe and kneel to the infamous enactments of man, and to the requisitions of a hastily framed compromise, which, from its very partiality and injustice,

"Was born to live but an ephemeral existence,
And then pass away to be numbered with the things that were!"

Shall we be treasonable to the Infinite Paternal Government, for the sake of preserving in unity this American Family of States, and the further maintenance of an unwritten Covenant, and thus prove a traitor to our consciences, - to our interior convictions of right and justice, - and above all, a traitor to the Most High God, - the Supreme Ruler of the boundless World of Universes, - before whom

"Kingdoms and Empires are as moments,
And Presidents and Kings as mere smoking tubes!"

O no! For me I should sincerely hope and pray, that my right hand might forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, ere I permitted the Constitution of any country or people to stand between me and my higher sense of right, justice, and humanity, and especially between my conscience and my God! On the brow of Nature, and in the deep recesses of the soul, the Hand of Deity has written His immortal Code of Laws, - unalterable and immutable as His own Divinity, and none can change, amend, or modify them!

"The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, when they had attained a pre-eminence in point of impudential wickedness and licentiousness, - as Scriptural History informs us, - fell from their high estate by the visitations

Bequest of
Edward Saint
June 30, 1943.

A. D. R. C 164

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of natural penalties, and the righteous judgments of an overruling Providence. Rome, also, furnishes another instance of the visitation of retributive justice, and that no individual or individuals can retrogress from the Higher Laws of God and their Spiritual Being, and expect to escape the fixed penalties attached to such transgressions.

"And can the modern Sodom and Gomorrah, the Rome of the Western World, America, whose National Treasury is glutted, I might well say, with the blood-earned wages of unpaid children, and whose Government

"Is full of rottenness,
And all manner of uncleanness,"

indulge in the flattering, delusive hope, that the heavy judgment which fell upon those ancient cities, will be averted from her, whose guilt is equal, yea, infinitely greater, than theirs? Does she think, that, vain-like, she can escape the vigilant, sleepless eye, of that Infinite Father,

"Whose Voice is heard in the rolling thunder,
And whose Might is seen in the forked lightnings,

and that He will turn a deaf ear to "cry of mortal agony" which is daily borne on the "four winds of Heaven" to His Throne of Justice from the almost broken hearts of His slavery-washed children?"

At this point in Washington's address, our attention was again attracted to another brilliant cloud of light rapidly sailing toward us, upbearing, also, on its glossy surface, myriads of celestial beings. As near it approached us, until it soared over our heads, when its heavenly passengers glided from it, formed themselves into a beauti-

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ful circle, and floated along on the fragrant atmosphere to our radiant Sphere of Glory.

13th In its immediate proximity, what was ^{my} joy and surprise on beholding in those bright celestial the form and features of presented dep of beings, doomed by man, but not by Deity, to wear the yoke of slavery and oppression. In their countenances were seen the "mild glow" of happiness and joyous activity, while ^{from} their exultant, emancipated spirits, were reflected boundless gratitude to the No Respector of Persons for their deliverance from the corrupting influences of slavery and its wicked Apologists.

Then they were arrayed to my vision, released from the bondage of tyranny, and the power of the oppressor. No longer were my ears assailed by the clanking echoes of their once enchained limbs, or the lash of the slave-driver's whip. No longer did their agonizing cries and shrieks rend the air, or the low deep sobs of broken hearts rise up in avenging tones to Him, "who will make the oppressor tremble, and the wicked to flee from before his sight."

Whose Arm is strong, whose Will is Right,
And all whose laws are just and wise;
Whose Strength can crush th' oppressor's might,
And "win that cause" which man desires.

His Arm can break the heavy chains
Which bind his children down to dust;
Omnipotent His Spirit reigns,
And will defend the right and just:

but the glorious heavens rang with the songs of Freedom, and the anthems of the free; along the corridors of our universal Temple

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were heard the shouts of a disfranchised people, rejoicing in the glorious light and eternal liberty of the children of God. No more do they dread the coming of the morning, or fear the approaching footsteps of the treacherous tyrant. Far beyond his tyrannical reach and power are they now, enjoying,

"In their native heaven,
The godlike virtue which was driven from earth,"

and dwelling in the bright sunshine of Infinite Love, whose warm and penetrating beams find a congenial home in every soul, and enrich its soil in intellectual wealth and worth:

There, when the weary are at rest,
And the wicked cease their wrongs;
Dwell they with the loved and blest,
Singing everlasting songs.

But O! what glorious picture is that which paints itself up on my enamored vision! Far above these children of liberty hovered again the sanctified Jesus, the Archangels of the Skies, encircled by those Seraphs of light and wisdom, his Twelve Chosen Disciples of old. Yes, I repeat, His Twelve Chosen Disciples!

But I do not wish to be understood, however, that these Twelve Disciples enjoyed the same degree of happiness or development as their beloved, Omnipotent Master, or that they moved in the same sphere of action and duty; and although nearly nineteen centuries have passed away since these stars were affixed to the celestial firmament, yet they are all so far developed and unfolded in the spiritual universe as to be able to enjoy the glories of that Heaven, which

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enshined the Immortal Soul of the persecuted and betrayed Jesus of Nazareth!

Oct 16th Even Judas, the Betrayer, and the Suicide, who repented at the last of his cowardly act, has only as yet been able to reach the second link of the Third Sphere of the Progressive Heavens; and thus became more accessible to the infusions of Higher Intelligences, and better pre-qualified to the exalted society of His Betrayed but Risen Brother; but during the nearly nineteen hundred years which have rolled away into the womb of the past, that erring, but repentant soul, has been slowly progressing in the elements of goodness and knowledge, under the pure dictation of Elevating Powers, and the ever-ling instructions of the "Emmanuel Christ;" from his lips he has received pardon and peace, as well as forgiveness from the God of Mercy and Salvation:

When the spirit of Judas broke from the trammels of the corporeal body, and unfolded into the Higher Life, it rose but a little above the rudimental sphere, to the first link of development in the spiritual Heavens. The wicked act of Traitor, and the last crowning act of his terrestrial existence, that of self-murder, preserved his erring soul but for a very inferior grade of happiness, ^{in the} Higher Spheres of celestial being, and for a meagre intercourse with the more elevated class of intelligences; but as his spirit became better acquainted with the laws of his interior life, and repented of its many sins and imperfections, it was enabled to advance out of the darkness and shadows of spiritual death, into the pure atmosphere of angelic love, although the seemingly long time which has elapsed, would, to our minds, appear sufficient to place his spirit even beyond the Third Sphere; but ah! the temporary life on earth, moulds the character and unfolding of the best powers of the soul for a considerable period in the future state; and no one can degrade the high

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or families of their moral nature, without suffering the consequences of such degradation.

How important, then, it is, that all should strictly govern their conduct in earth life, and study to improve and unfold each capacity of their being, and to live "holy and acceptable in the sight of the Lord," that they may enjoy at once a most exalted seat in the kingdom of heaven, remembering, that a single wicked act or willful disobedience of the laws of God, may blight the happiness or pleasure of long years in the eternal life, and greatly retard the progress of the spirit.

In the instance of Judas, over eighteen hundred of your mortal years have elapsed to perfect his soul for the sphere which he now occupies. The repentance at the eleventh hour proved of but little avail to him; The mistakes of a life-time could not be wiped away in a moment, nor his soul be fully prepared to walk in the society of the pure and virtuous of heaven. I for one should distrust the wisdom and impartiality of the laws of my Maker should realize that a life of virtue and a life of vice were at once equalized in the realms of glory. The discipline of my whole mortal existence would appear to me to have been useless, if I felt, that, no matter how I lived, if I repented at the last hour, it would prove all-sufficient to ensure for my soul an elevated position in the celestial world, as though my life had been one of strict devotion to the cardinal principles of Christian Brotherhood and Love; but, in justice to my Heavenly Father, I will say, that a clearer understanding of His laws has taught me, "that as we sow, so shall we reap."

The long period of time, which has rolled away into the labyrinth of the past, has not, I rejoice, been mispent by this once-wandering spirit, but has been employed to the improvement

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and elevation of his nature, and in perfecting his soul to tread the same golden courts of eternal life with his injured Brother, the self-sacrificing Jesus; and now he is so far advanced in his spirit home as to be able to enjoy the companionship of the children of the Third Heaven, and to gain better access to the purifying influences of "Him Crucified."

When the spirit of Judas was prepared to adorn the Third Circle of Intellectual and Moral Being, and thus to receive more perfect access to the society of the Sanctified Christ, great was his unspeakable joy and delight; with eyes bedewed with tear-drops of sincere affection and love, and a soul throbbing with true repentance and contrition, he bows his head in invocation to the Throne of Divine Grace, and utters forth his fervent thanks to Almighty God for "this glorious change of heart;" then looking upward, he beholds, in the brilliant heavens beyond, the glowing spirit of that immaculate being, whom his selfish nature betrayed for the paltry thirty pieces of silver. Kindly and affectionately that Noble Soul gazes upon his betrayer below, with no reproving look trembling on his beautiful countenance; then on the melodious air is wafted the loving thought from the Mind of the Seraph Jesus to His "fallen Disciple," Judas:

"Come up to me:"

and with this assurance he advances to meet His persecuted Saviour of old, who awaits, with opened arms, to enfold his once-wandering brother on the bosom of his undying love, and to assure him of his forgiveness; at that moment the attendant angels sound their heavenly harps, and sing their songs of redeeming praise, while their tears of joy commingle with those of the weeping Je-

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his, in the one sinner which repenteth, and findeth grace in the sight
of God and the "Son of Man:" Then slowly Judas raises his tearful
eyes to his beloved Brother, while from his overflowing heart there
issues the question of assurance:

"Beloved Master, am I forgiven by thee?"

and brightly does that sublime attribute of forgiveness, the most
glorious fruit of his martyr's life, shine forth in his sweet res-
ponse, as, with fond and loving look, he echoes his memorable answer
of the past:

"Thou hast said!"

16th It has been presumed by many writers in the philosophy of
Spiritual Communism, that disembodied spirits cannot visit the spheres
above them, or hold direct intercourse with their celestial inhabitants.
This idea is, in one particular sense, erroneous. The children of the lower
or circles of spiritual development are not debarred from the society
of the higher order of intelligences beyond their sphere of being, or pre-
vented from holding pure and unclouded conversation with those super-
ior minds, more advanced in Spiritual Love and Truth, and whose
chief desire and province it is to instruct, to elevate, and to help de-
velop those who require their assistance.

The good Father has so wisely arranged his Omnipotent
Laws of Heaven and the Laws of Affinity, that His Truth-seeking
children of the Immortal Spheres can acquire knowledge and wis-
dom of the more elevating minds beyond, and thereby become qualified
to enjoy with them the friendship and happiness of the excellent, the
great, and good; but I do not wish to be understood, however, that the

spirits of the different spheres are empowered to journey into the very
highest, or to hold immediate, direct communication, with the exalt-
ed Immortals who inhabit them; but each spirit is privileged to enter
the next sphere above the one which it at present occupies, and seek the
communication which it may share with its intellectually and mor-
ally progressive people; beyond that its affinity cannot carry it, until it
is so far developed and unfolded in the harmonies of Heaven, as to be
fully qualified to seek its congenial attractions in the higher courts of
our endlessly progressive life; thus, an angel which requires instruction
beyond that which its own circle of being is capable of furnish-
ing, may pass into the sphere above, seek converse with its celestial cit-
izens, gain the knowledge which it covets, and then return

"To its own household,
To move and have its being,"

until prepared "to sit in glory" in the more radiant realms of
everlasting life; but if the information desired should happen to be
beyond the capacity of the inhabitants of that sphere to impart, then
the knowledge-seeking spirit is clothed with authority and power to
commission another to advance still higher, and so on, until the intel-
ligence sought for is gained; thus our Heavenly Father has placed at
the disposal of all the means of Reformation and of acquiring a
highly intellectual education, if they will but employ them to a good
and proper advantage.

In the sublime instance of Judas Iscariot is the truth
of what I have here written fully corroborated. Dwelling in the
lowest sphere of existence when he first ascended to the Spirit Land,
every year had passed on their winding way ere his soul was com-
pletely prepared to seek his Betrayed, but Forgiving Brother, and to

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hear from his sainted lips that beautiful motto which I have inscribed
on these pages:

"Come to the Throne in penitence,
Ye wanderers from the Shepherd's Fold,
And hear His loving Voice pronounce
Forgiveness on the guilty soul;"

and when the nature of Inelas was so far exalted above the materialism of earth as to be fitted to join the Ascended Christ in his Seraph Spheres, is it to be wondered at, that the meeting was one of intensified joy and happiness on both sides?

Never did mortal eye, nor immortal vision, penetrate a scene more glorious or sublime as that one of the meeting of Inelas with Christ. It was a spectacle such as the angels delight to witness of joy ever, and to sound their trumpets of salvation; and even at the very moment the former found access to the ennobling presence of Jesus, that glorious celestial Magnet, to which the spirits of the pure, as well as the undeveloped, are sympathetically attracted, his soul has been advancing in the elements of piety and wisdom, and, ere long, we hope and pray, will be duly qualified to enter the mansion of glory and peace which enthrones the seraphic form of the weak and lowly Nazarene!

It was in the fourth sphere that I beheld the vision of Christ and his Disciples. At his call he assembled the chosen Twelve together, that He might present this beautiful spectacle to my soul, and evidence the great and glorious truth, that he is still the friend of the oppressed, and the champion of the crushed and the down-trodden; that still his efforts are given to further the cause of Humanity, and to strengthen the bonds of brotherly love among the children of God's great Family. Now,

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reader, I will return to the vision of Jesus and his Disciples, as they appeared to me hovering over that man-probation class of intelligent beings spoken of on the preceding pages:

When my spiritual sight had dwelt long upon this dazzling scene, these two glorious bands of happy angels, Jesus again unrolled the immortal scroll which he carried in his grasp, and revealed to my soul the following beautiful mottoes:

"These are the children of my Father;
Let not man dare oppress,
What God Himself has created;"

Then unrolling that shining Charter of Human Rights still farther, or there appear other mottoes, breathing love to the whole great Family of God:

"Heaven is the Garden of Liberty;
The flowers of Freedom sweetly blossom therein,
And all who gather them,
And taste their fragrant sweets,
Shall nevermore know the pangs of tyranny;
Death is the angel friend of the slave,
The welcome messenger of the crushed,
And the harbringer of Rest to the weary,
The King of Terror to the evil-doer,
And the Love-Angel to the true Christian."

Still farther unrolls that scroll of light and glory, and again my bewildered vision is blessed by the following cheering and prophetic

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motto, breathing encouragement and strength to the spiritually as well as physically sound:

"In my Father's House,
The spiritually dead shall be made alive."

Then appears that beautiful saying, recorded on the undying pages of Bibleal History:

"The Truth shall make all free;"

Then follows a sublime exhortation to my humble spirit, and a blessing on my future labors:

"Go forth, ye Disciple of the Most High God, into the ways of the world, and seek to rescue thy brother-man from the oppression, and bring him ^{home} to God, and to the enjoyment of the glorious liberty of His ransomed children:"

"May the blessings of Peace and Love smile forever upon your soul, and the Holy Spirit of our Father visit you, even as it has visited us," in the performance of your future duties:

When I had finished reading this lastly-inscribed motto, the Band of Brotherhood which surrounded the glowing Luminary, Christ, dissolved itself, each one composing it departing to their own appropriate sphere, - fervently praying, for that blessed period, when they shall be eternally joined with him in spirit in his radiant circle of being. Then slowly ascended the dazzling spirit of the Son of God Jesus, - his brow adorned with a resplendent Crown of Glory, and

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he, in the blue canopy of the Ethereal Skies, his seraph form was lost to my spirit-view:

After this band had departed, my attention was again attracted to the little circle hovering above our heads. One of its number leaves its companions, and approaches my side, placing in my hands a small folded letter, which, on being opened, was found to contain the following sweet-lines:

"Accept the purest love of those
Whose bleeding cause your soul espoused,
Whose deep-inflicted wrongs and woes,
Your noblest sympathies aroused.

"May angels, from their spheres above,
Immortal virtues on thee shed,
And pour the nectar of their love,
Like summer dews upon thy head.

"May God, our Father, Friend, and All,
His richest blessings on thee shower,
And aid thee still to disenthral,
Oppression's black and hated power.

"Plead still for those who suffer wrong,
And groan 'neath slavery's galling chains,
And cease not, till fair Freedom's song,
Shall thrill each heart with its sweet strains."

When I had finished reading this poetical benediction, the sublime

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presence of these happy angels also faded from my sight, and Wash- ington again addressed me, continuing his communication from where he left off:

18th "Far from it. America, proud, pampered, guilty America, can no more expect mercy, in her prosperous wickedness, from the hand of God, than can the vilest wretch of earth expect to enjoy equal happiness and bliss with the more refined and elevated in the kingdom of Heaven. The Parent of All cares no more for the unity or perfection of a Family of States, where the prosperity or welfare of a single child of His is concerned, than the meekest woman grovelling in the dust beneath, cares for the multitude of people passing to and fro in the busy world above it.

"God, - the Eternal Father, - has commissioned us, His Ministers of Truth and Justice, - to a great and important undertaking. He has invested us with power and authority to perform so-called miracles and wonders, - all governed, however, by the immutable laws of nature and heaven, - and to influence and guide the actions of our "imprevisible agents" below, and aid them in their Christian struggles for right and truth. He has bade us arm ourselves with the weapons of Justice, and to come to the rescue of our struggling brother man. His call is imperative and binding, and we must, and will obey!

"We are able to discern, that period rapidly approaching, when man will take up arms against his brother-man, and go forth to contend with the enemies of Republican Liberty, and to assert, at the point of the bayonet, those rights, of which a large portion of their fellow-creatures have been deprived. Again will the soil of Bunker Hill be saturated with the blood of freedom-loving children, and its noble Monument, - that sublime attestation of

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heroic will and determination, - will tremble, from summit to base, and base to summit, with the heavy roar of artillery, and the thunder of the cannon. The agonies of that internal war will far exceed those of the whole Revolution, while the cause contended for, equals, if not excel, in moral sublimity and power, that which the sons of it fought for.

"But when the smoke shall clear away, and the fearful tones of the cannon be heard no more, then will man realize fully the blessing outflowing from the mighty cause, for the accomplishment of which his soul so valiantly struggled, and enjoy in peace and repose the glorious inheritance of freedom. No longer will his eyes meet with those bound in the chains of slavery, or his ears hear the heavy sobbs of the poor and oppressed child of God; but o'er a land dedicated to the principles of impartial liberty, the King of Day will rise and set, and infuse its pure and congenial rays into every heart, unobscured by oppression's power.

"In this eventful revolution of principles, what the patriots of the past failed to accomplish, their descendants will perform, with the timely assistance of invisible powers. By their side will the heavenly hosts labor, imparting strength and fortitude in each hour of despondency, and urging them on to a speedy and glorious triumph. Deploing, as they do, the existence of slavery, and the means to be employed to purge America ^{of it}, yet their sympathies will culminate around the cause of Right and Justice, and strengthen those

"Who seek to set the captive free,
And crush the monster, Slavery."

In this approaching contest, the twin-sisters, - Catholicism and

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Slavery, - of course, will join hands, and sally forth together in the same unrighteous cause. Every effort will be made, - even to the winning of all the honors of the Inquisition, - to accomplish their noble purposes, but to no avail. The Truth will prosper, and the Right prevail; it is written on the brow of the Present, and the Future will stamp it on the records of reality. He who attempts to alter the decrees of Providence, or to contravene the success of His Divine Work, will find

"That his house will be full of trouble,
And no attend his footsteps on earth,
Wherever his lot may be cast."

20th The picture, I know, which I present, is indeed a hideous one. You may think that I speak with too much assurance, when I thus boldly declare and prophesy the future dissolution of the American Confederacy, and the downfall of that gigantic Structure, - Human Slavery. But this idea or knowledge, had not its birth in a moment or hour, but has been the result of nearly half a century's existence in the social life. With vigilant watchfulness have I guarded the destinies of my country, - carefully scrutinized its rising progress, and have thereby become thoroughly convinced that it cannot long exist under its present Federal Constitution, and the pressure of that most terrible sin, - Slavery!

"But I will draw a veil, for the present, over this seemingly frightful picture, and wait the approach of that era, when shall be called to this field of action, to labor in the great work of human redemption, in which every child of heaven will become aiders and partisans; and, in the meantime, we will seek to impress the hearts of the desponding and wretched, and prepare the struggling children of

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earth for that mighty warfare in which mortals and immortals will bear so conspicuous part.

"You, respected friend, and brother, have been called to many important offices in the Councils of the Nation. With firmness and determination have you sought to guide aright its decisions, and to maintain the honest, well-intended principles of the Founders of the Government. Perilous you dared, threats you defied, fearing your God, and seeking to obey His holy commandments; - for all of which a just reward will be meted out to your soul in its everlasting home, and eternal happiness and glory will illumine your spiritual pathway through the spheres of Progression.

"Let us hope and pray for the deliverance of our beloved country from the thralldom of the tyrant; - and also, while we hope and pray, let us remember to - act! Let us gird on our armor of right, and enlist in this War of Principle, carrying the sword of Justice in our hands, and the glorious attribute of Deity, Love, in our hearts! Let us repose our confidence in God, and in the justice of the cause which we espouse, remembering, that, when God and His angels are on the side of right and truth, none can be against us!

"It is now my province and unbounded pleasure to bid you welcome to the society of the exalted and true in their mansions of glory, who join with me in entailing eternal blessings on your soul, and rejoicing in so important an acquisition to their Legion of Love. As thy spirit becomes better acquainted with the laws of thy celestial being, it will understand the greatness of its mission, and endeavor to faithfully fulfill it. Go forward, then, on thy ennobling mission, with the prayers and blessings of angels to follow thee, and the Spirit of the Lord to mantle thy soul. Despair not, if thy work does seem laborious; but rely on thy perseverance, and the strength of that Divine Being, who will accomplish all things to his liking. Wishing you

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eternal happiness, and speedy progression, in your heavenly home, I shall
now close my Welcome Address; hoping, however, for an endless unity
spirit in our future ministrations.

Washington

30th Thus closed the long and deeply interesting Reception Address
of George Washington, - the so-called Father of his country, - on the anni-
versary of whose Immortal Birth-Day this protracted letter was begun,
and with his Welcome Communication do I close this celestial greeting
and Introduction of my soul into the deathless glories of the Immortal
Life. Through the whole of this sublime, - and, to me, deeply affecting, -
oration, I was blessed with visions from different circles of spiritual be-
ing, who were anxious to testify, through their presence, a united sym-
phony in my behalf, and to breathe inspiring courage and strength to my
new-born spirit in the highly-important work which now had dawned
upon its more exalted state of existence. And now, on the close of this Wel-
come, my attention was attracted to a multitude of other angels ap-
pearing together from their respective spheres, preparing to make a magnifi-
cent descent to the circle of being in which my spirit had received this Im-
mortal greeting, to furnish me with a practical illustration of the truly
exalted and Christian work which would engage my future labors. In-
numerable were the ways in which they presented themselves to me. Some
ed on the River of Life in splendid barges, some were enveloped in
clouds of surpassing brilliancy, - some descended like falling stars, - while
others came floating on the Ethereal atmosphere with quail-like wings
attached to their light and airy forms, created at will, - by means of which
they sailed through the air of the spiritual country in all the beauty and
splendor of disembodied Seraphs. But ere I relate the closing point of this
present letter, I trust my readers will bear with me for a few moments
while I record my very brief reply to the Welcome Message of George
Washington:

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"Immortal Spirit of Wisdom and Truth: With attentive ear have
I listened to your instructive address, and drank in the pure, inspiring tide
of eloquence and truth which has outflowed from thy exalted Mind. True
and earnest is the gratitude which ascends from my heart to the Throne of
Divine Grace, for this glorious greeting, and that I am privileged to form
anew the acquaintance of those long entered on the duties of the Higher
Life, and to cultivate the immaculate friendship of the excellent and good
sojourning in the "many mansions of my Father's house."

31st "Exceedingly pleasant has it been to me to receive these bril-
liant testimonials of spirit approval and remembrance, and that the
angels have deemed my public and private acts on earth worthy of
so glorious a welcome as that which they have granted to me upon my
entrance into the delights of heaven. Again do I greet the friends of my
earlier youth, and those of maturer age; again do I clasp the hands
of fond and idolized parents, and revel in the angelic smiles of belov-
ed brothers and sisters; again do I behold the forms of long mourned for
children, and rejoice in the thought, that I shall enjoy their eternal com-
panionship, never more to be separated from them by

"The stern Avenger's breath,
Whom the wicked dread and call
As the King of Terror, - Death."

And again do I shake the cordial hand, and receive the warm salu-
tation, of George Washington, and accept his assurance of an eter-
nally continued friendship, begun so auspiciously on earth, and so un-
der my disheartening trials and difficulties, calculated to unite all truth-
seeking hearts in an everlasting bond of fellowship and love, and to accom-
plish that mighty, Leviathan undertaking, which they had engaged, their ac-
tive powers. And rejoiced am I, that you have considered myself worthy

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of your spiritual notice, and of the most glorious and sublime Celestial
Introduction, which you, and other purified spirits, have vouchsafed out to
me as a reward for the humble "deeds done in the body."

"For many long years before my spirit parted from its mortal
casing, I secretly entertained the wish and hope, that the
spark of my earthly life would go out on that ever-memorable ^{day} which
gave birth to Thine exalted soul, and re-kindle into an immortal exis-
tence

By the side of the excellent, the noble, and the great,
Whose deathless spirits long have adorned the Ethereal State,
And mingle once more in the friendship of America's Son,
The exalted, the beloved, and the good Washington.

That prayer was in part answered; for, according to the ancient method of
computing time, (Old style) my soul departed its mortal tabernacle on the
joyous dawn of thy Primæval Birth Day,

When, from its aged form, it broke away,
And soared above the things of swift decay,
To join thy spirit in the land above,
And act with thee in thy great work of love."

"Though, beautiful spirit, it cannot be expected, that I can, in my
present state of development, endorse at once the principles to which you
have given utterance, and perceive with you the coming events of the seem-
ingly shadowy future, yet, I trust, as my soul progresses in the bound-
edge and wisdom of the spheres, under the pure and elevated instruction
of their immortal children, to be able to discern all things with clearness
of perception, that nothing may interpose to prevent the receptivity of truth
in my unfolding spiritual nature

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"With anxious eye will my soul watch over my still-belov-
ed country, and seek to guide its wiles aught in the path of wisdom and
morality. Seldom shall my spirit steal from its beautiful heaven, and often
visit these consecrated halls, which, at this moment, contains my tenants
clay, inspire the hearts of the People's Representatives with a love of Right and
Justice, and again raise my humble voice in behalf of the down-trodden
and oppressed of my native land, and of the whole world.

Sincere and ardent prayers shall be wafted from my soul to
my Father's Throne, that He, with the aid of His Celestial Ministers, com-
bined with the efforts of those on earth, will avert from my country the hor-
ror of an impending civil war, which your interior sight now perceives in
the future, and by which you are led to predict the visitation of natu-
ral penalties, the consequence of infringing upon the sacred obliga-
tions and requirements of God-instituted Laws and Commandments;
and while I pray, I shall also remember to act.

"With the humble ability which I possess, and through the
exertions of my feeble influence, do I solemnly promise you, in the pres-
ence of these intellectually and morally-progressive children of heav-
en, that I will be true and faithful to the great callings of Human-
ity, and to the highest instincts of my immortal being; that the Eternity
which is now my being, shall be improved in advancing the social
and moral nature of man, and in cultivating the barren spots
in my own soul, with the seeds of everlasting righteousness, and Truth,
and Love; that my soul shall not rest, until every stray sheep is
brought, in repentance and contrition, back to the Shepherd's Fold,
and all equally enjoy the glorious blessings of peace and godliness.
Others my soul will rejoice with unspeakable great joy, and mingle
my tears of gladness and exultation with those of the purified and made
more perfect, over this sublime Redemption of the Fallen; and all hearts,
thus united in one glorious bond of Brotherhood and Love, will echo with

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celestial songs of everlasting praise and thanksgiving to Him, who is our
Forgiveness and Mercy.

Nov 1st "The glorious example which shone out in your noble life
on earth will be like a brilliant light to future ages, around which the
liberty-loving children of God will rally to attract strength and lustre from
the intensity of its power. All those who prefer freedom to slavery will turn
to the brilliant life and example of George Washington, and discern in his
pure and lofty patriotism, his immaculate wisdom and firm judgment, a
standard around which they may safely enlivenate and be guided on to
sure and triumphant victory.

"And may thy noble soul, lofty in its aspirations and ex-
altations, continue to speedily progress in all the higher forms of spiritual
and to throw around each undeveloped spirit the pure and beneficent in-
fluences of thine own. May the Star of thy Fame steadily increase in glory
and power even in this, thy Immortal life, and reflect on other hearts
the purity of thy eloquent deeds and intrinsic virtues. May the mantle
of thy power wave over thy slavery-polluted country, and wrap each soul
in the outspreading folds of universal Brotherhood and Love.

"Advance still, glorious spirit of George Washington, in thy
benevolent labors for Humanity, engaging in that immortal warfare of
principle, whose aim is to secure the rightful blessings of freedom to all, and
to expunge from every nation statutes or laws inhumanities and repugnant
to the Divine Ordinances of God's Moral Government. May thy Eternal Ju-
ture be redolent with noble deeds and virtues, even as the glorious Past has
been crowned with the un fading laurels of Immortal Fame and Honor.

Go forth, thou servant of the Lord,
And arm thyself with His Great Word,
Assured, to this Holy Fight,
All those who love the Truth and Right.

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Go forth, and to the Shepherds' Fold
Return each wandering, erring soul,
And cease not, till the angels sound,
The joyful peal, 'The "Lost" are found.'

Work with thy former strength and might,
In Freedom's consecrated fight,
And rally to thy sacred cause,
Those who love God, and keep His Laws.

When dangers, dark and heavy, lower,
And Slavery's black, gigantic power,
Leeks, with remorseless arm, to bind,
And fetter Man's Progressive Mind,

O then, immortal spirit, fly,
From thy celestial Realm on high,
And let thy patriot counsels flow,
Unto the sinning ones below,

And tell them, that thy watchful eye,
Shall guard thy country's destiny,
That thy strong arm, with potent might,
Is raised, oppression's power to slay:

And may thy influence e'er be shed,
Where Slavery rears its hydra head,
Until the Monster's power is crushed,
And every bitter word is hushed.
When earth will smile with Freedom's glow,
And be a "little Heaven below."

"Now, in the presence of the True,
Again I promise to pursue,
The holy work given me to do
Most faithfully and well;
Nor will I, in my labors cease,
Until I've gained the soul's release,
And virtue, happiness, and peace,
On every bosom dwell.

"My country still shall feel my power,
In every dark and troubled hour,
Which on its destinies may lower
Directing it aright:
My soul its humble aid shall lend,
The cause of Freedom to extend,
And every heart in love to blend,
In Truth's great work unite."

"With this poor return to your beautiful address, and your very sincere congratulations, do I close my brief reply, hoping, however, that ^{this} sublime Introduction will more perfectly cement our hearts together in the great work of Human Redemption, and thereby prove the truth of that oft-quoted assertion of one of the world's most-gifted minds, that in "union there is strength," and that, by a harmonious combination of spirit in a great work, a splendid victory will attend our labors."

With this response closed my Introductory Interview with the Spirit of George Washington, - the man, who has been justly considered and termed, as first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. It was indeed, as must be supposed, exceedingly pleasant to

with the glorious spirit of the Father of his country, whose noble, exalted deeds, have won the applause of the whole world, and gained the deep admiration of both friends and foes; whose immortal virtues and generous actions are written in ineffaceable lines upon those imperishable monuments which they have reared in every true and patriotic heart, and which increase in brilliancy and power, the more they are studied and understood; and, - pleasing must be the thought to those, who, at this hour, are struggling for the common rights of all on the already blood-stained plains of Kansas, and for the perpetuation of human freedom everywhere, - to feel, that, while they are surrounded by the black waves of despotic opposition, with an infamous oligarchy, and a still more infamous, - if possible, - Government against them, they can look upward with the eye of Faith and Hope to the God of Justice, and know that He is with them in their heroic struggles, to breathe the Inspiration of His Holy Spirit in their desponding hearts; to feel, that they can turn above, and, through the intuitive eye of the Inner Sense, discern the truly noble and exalted spirit of the Patriot Washington towering over them, in majestic splendor and might, on Lion's Plains, bidding them God-speed in the glorious and Christian work of their country's salvation. Such a cause, in the sublime language of eloquence's devoted, stricken Senator, thus sustained, by the invisible hosts of heaven, is invincible, and, therefore, is immortal. With God and His Ministering servants thus arrayed in unconquerable hostility against wrong and oppression, fear not, ye valiant, struggling children of right and freedom, the poor, weak arm of the tyrant and oppressor:

Suffering ours, bleeding on fair Kansas' Plains, in the holy cause of all, let not oppression's powerless arm thy noble hearts appal, for God and Angels are with thee to guide thy souls along, and breathe inspiring hope and cheer, and bid the weak be strong.

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Joining above the heads of all, appears our Washington,—
He whom the world delights to call Columbia's noblest son,—
Imparting courage unto all who struggle for the right,
And seeking, in this mighty work, each spirit to unite.

His loving voice again is heard, with holy lessons fraught,
Bidding all to heed those rights for which their fathers bravely fought,
And, with their humble power, to seek to crush this monster stain,
That, in the land bequeathed to them, fair Liberty may reign.

Then, falter not, ye lab'ring ones, in Freedom's holy fight,
But forward march in thy good cause, and gain the crown of right;
For angels stand, on Zion's Plains, in mighty ranks arrayed,
To give to you, in each dark hour, their strengthening power and aid.

If dangers, dark and heavy, lower, and seem to breed despair,
Then spirits, from their spheres, will prove, their watchfulness and care,
Will strengthen every faltering heart with their ever-present power,
And wake the tyrant, in his might, to tremble and to cower.

The love of angels with thine own in mission will blend,
And with thee, will these Higher Powers, truth's glorious cause defend,
Until the stars of Heaven shall beam o'er a land of Liberty,
And every heart shall waft to God the anthems of the free.

Then rally, ye who love the right, and would the victory win,
Come forth into the battle-field, and fight this giant sin,
And He who rules, in majesty, the armies of the skies,
Will crown you with a conquest sure, and give the victor's prize.

I will now return to the beautiful visions which greeted me, and

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went to the Reception of Washington, and to which I have alluded on
these pages.

When the Spirit of Washington had retired from my sight, my
attention was attracted upward to the company of seraphs, before
alluded to, who were drawing near unto ^{me}, accoutred in various ha-
bitments, and bearing numerous magnificent banners, on which were
glistening many beautiful mottoes, and designs, appropriate for the
occasion. Suddenly, at will, a splendid arch was formed, in the center
of which rested a snow-white lamb,—the emblem of Innocence,—while
above it floated a pure and spotless dove, in whose sacred beak was seen
that glorious and characteristic motto, the noblest attribute of
Deity and Heaven:

"Love:"

While by the little lamb was disclosed the significant and high-
ly appropriate device:

"Purity and Innocence:"

Surrounding all, in a brilliant, rainbow circle, appeared the sub-
lime and gratifying motto:

"Heaven is the reward of the Just:"

My spirit sight was now drawn to a particular seraph, who
was moving towards me with great velocity, bearing in his hand a
splendid crown, in which were the following words, arranged together
by glistening pearls, of intense beauty: and reflecting, from their
dazzling light, a sweet benediction on my soul:

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the beautiful Scriptural quotations, thus arranged on that Book of Im-
mortal Life:

"Friend of God:

He see how by works a man is justified:"

When I desired to know the earthly name of any spirit, it was instantly written on the forehead. In each countenance before me I read that most beautiful attribute of the truly Christian and exemplary character:

"The Love of God:"

Again, the devoted spirit of James Munroe turns these brilliant pages, and discloses the following Biblical attestation to the above uttered truth, which, in the past, savored of a strongly prophetic declaration, and which now, to my mind, was the unfolding of a glorious reality:

"And they shall see his face,
And His name shall be in their foreheads:"

Again, as if to testify to the truth of the prophecies which had been related to me by the spirits in their different reception addresses, my attention was drawn to the following passage:

"These sayings are faithful and true:
And the Lord God has sent his angels,
To show unto his servant
The things which shortly must be done."

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In describing the glorious life which had dawned upon my disembodied spirit, the following passage was pointed out, in which, to my mind, was contained a volume of meaning:

"And there shall be no night there:
And they need no candle, neither light of the sun:
For the Lord God giveth them light:
And they shall reign (exist) forever and ever."

The immortal hand of Munroe now writes the following beautiful and consoling sentences:

As righteousness exalteth a nation,
So does it the individual:

Thy good works
Have won for thee everlasting glory and honor:"

"For every generous, noble deed,
Heaven will bestow its richest meed:"

"Thy work on earth was nobly done,
Thy work in Heaven has now begun:"

"O! may thy ransomed soul with holy angels now unite,
In sowing everywhere the seeds of Justice, Truth, and Right;
And breathing o'er the hearts of man the gentle notes of Love,
Inviting him to come and dwell with saints in Heaven above."

But it was not within impropriety for me to enumerate

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"O! may thy ransomed soul with holy angels now unite,
In sowing, everywhere, the seeds of Justice, Truth, and Right;
And breathing o'er the hearts of man the gentle notes of Love,
Inviting him to come and dwell with saints in Heaven above."

But it would be an utter impossibility for me to enumerate

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even one millionth part of the glorious beauties which embraced my entranced vision, and, therefore, kind reader, with your permission, I will withdraw from this portion of my narrative, and give to you the subsequent events which transpired in this brilliant manifestation of angels:

8th
When all the Seraphs, who were to accompany me in my journey to the lower circles of existence, had assembled together, again the resplendent form of the beloved Lafayette flitted before my view, approached my side, and breathed forth to me the following very brief communication:

"Dear Brother: The immortal hosts of Heaven have now congregated together to attend you in your celestial flight to the lower spheres of being, that a practical illustration of your future heavenly labors may be afforded you, and awaken in your heart-born soul pure and devout aspirations for the common good of all. In the little while of your existence in the mansions of light and purity, you have seen, how

"The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
The pious soul in Heaven rewards,"

and how a faithful obedience to the Divine Laws of the Infinite Government remunerates the devoted servant in the Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace. May the glorious beauties, to which you have been an eye-witness, write their impressive lessons on your fast-unfolding mind, and inspire you onward in that Christian mission, which angels have so ably depicted to you, and to perform it faithfully and well. May you sympathize with the sorrowing and weeping

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ed whenever they may be found, whether dwelling in the circles of superior development below, or sojourning amid the sins and errors of the material sphere. May thy noble soul breathe not of the atmosphere of sectionalism, but a broad nationality, recognizing but one Presiding President, and all mankind as children of one Impartial Father, and belonging to one united Nation. May thy good works shine forth forever in thy Spirit-life, and thereby elevate thee to higher enjoyments in thy Master's Kingdom."

When Lafayette had concluded his brief address, a wide opening was made in that brilliant assemblage of spirits, and down the ethereal passage floated many beautiful forms of near and dear friends and kindred, - the two foremost of which I recognized as being my beloved

"Father and Mother,"

who, on their close proximity, joined hands with mine. Then came other valued relatives, dear to a parent and brother's heart, who also encircled my spirit,

"And breathed around their holy forms,
To gladden my unfolding soul;
Enwreathed my brow with Friendship's flowers,
And traced my name on Eternity's scroll:"

Then this brilliant convention of Immortals separated itself into several divisions, each one guided or controlled by some highly intelligent spirit. But there were three divisions which most especially attracted my spiritual attention, who were directed by celestials of indescribable beauty and splendor, and on whose lofty, expansive brows glistened

Annals of dazzling power and glory. The two foremost were suspended by females, - on the brow of the first of which I read the following memorable, ever-to-be-remembered title:

Josephine:
Empress of Truth and Love:

while, from the glistening diadem which adorned her beautiful forehead shone the following appropriate French quotation:

"J'ai bonne cause:"
"I have a good cause:"

The glorious seraph which controlled the second division now presented herself to my interior view, - and in her radiant countenance, beaming with the purest angelic love and most refined intelligence, I read the honored name of

"Joan of Arc,"
"The Child of Humility:"

while, from the resplendent tiara which beautified her immaculate brow, was reflected the simple sentences but, at the same time, replete with volumes of Christian meaning and sentiment:

"The cause of all is my cause:"
"What is born of God my soul will espouse:"

Lowering a little above these two divisions appeared the third, commanding, thus to speak, by a very highly-developed immortal, in whose expressive countenance was indwelt a lofty virtue, a fervent devotion to truth, an

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paralleled wisdom and judgment, and a strong adherence to the inviolable cause of Justice and Right. In his hands he waved a magnificent flag, on which was imaged the "Finger of Faith," pointing upward, while underneath sparkled several little stars, beautifully arranged in the form of letters, composing the following couplet of words:

"Ever Forward!"

Above the "finger of faith" is seen a cluster of stars, over which appear the sublime motto:

"The light of Truth forever shines,
No avenue so dark but what its brilliant power can find an entrance."

My spiritual sight read in that noble spirit the envying name of the beloved

"Napoleon:"
"The Defender of Right,
And Denouncer of Wrong:"

while on his exalted brow glistened a crown of glory, in which was entwined a beautiful French motto:

"Dieu defend le droit:"
"God defends the Right!"

But I will not diverge from my main subject, and make another attempt to enumerate to my readers the magnificent glories which everywhere encompassed my spirit, for such a procedure, on my part, would be utterly futile and useless; enough, peradventure, have I related, to me

to all a meagre insight into the beauties which adorn the Spirit's Pathway of Progression.

10th When my soul had sufficiently fathomed the sparkling depths of the mighty Ocean of Intelligent Life before me, and penetrated the glowing beauties of the celestial panorama pictured before my interior vision, the radiant spirit of my sainted mother addressed me as follows:

"My dear son: Gratifying has it been to my soul to witness the brilliant reception which the spirits of the just, the good, and the excellent, have awarded to you; and I doubtless, is that pleasure enhanced, when I reflect, that perhaps you are entitled to it, through the faithful performance of your various duties of earthly existence, and through the noble, exalted deeds, which were reflected in your private and public life; and had no sweet benedictions been pronounced on your ransomed soul to give it joy and gladness, and cause it to beam with gratitude and delight, even the attendance of such a brilliant assemblage of wisdom and purified intelligence, would have been, of itself, a sufficient mark of approval on your Christian labor, and loyal devotion to the undying principles of eternal truth, universal freedom, and impartial justice.

"With unwavering devotedness and constancy, which only maternal love can feel and experience, - with a solicitude which only a mother's heart can respond to, - have I watched, from my Transcendent Home, the progress of thy monumental existence, - anxiously guarded thy Congressional career, impressed thee to faithfully discharge the respective duties of your public life, and rejoiced, with exceeding great joy, within thee, when my spirit beheld thee elevated to the highest, meridian point of National Honor and Confidence, and felt, that your patriotic deeds had, in a great degree, merited, and rendered you intrinsically worthy of

so exalted and eminent a gift; and though earthly honors and emoluments are but perishable treasures, yet the victor who wins them in the espousal of a good cause, will reflect immortal credit on his soul, and wear them as pure, enduring trophies, won in the great battle of Human Rights; while he who gains them, through dishonorable ends, and in vindication of an unrighteous cause, will only heap upon himself popular ^{odium} and contempt; and more handsomely contrast the bright reward of virtue with the hideous recompense of vice.

"Knowing, as I do, dear son, the numerous temptations and snares which beset the weary mariner on the tempest-tossed sea of political life, the many inducements and insidious arts which are employed to compromise virtue and integrity, - it was not, without a great deal of anxiety, that I watched your progressive public destiny, and sought, with maternal affection, to beat back the summingly insistent, ^{urgent} of popular prejudice and opinion, which threatened, at one time, to engulf thy noble lamp beneath its heavy breakers; battling for then unpopular principles, with a gigantic power working against you; - defending the divine cause of universal liberty, and the rights of all mankind; - threatened often with destruction of material life, and persecuted by the enemies of progressive ideas and sentiments; stigmatized with every epithet which human malignity could devise, or invent; - yet, proud am I to say, that,

"Above them all your soul aspired,
With holy emulations fired;
And won at last the princely crown
Of spotless fame and pure renown:

and as my spirit beheld your rising greatness from the Immortal spheres, - discerned, with what nobility of soul and purpose you repelled the fiery darts of malice and calumny which were hurled at your Christian labor, and the strength of will and determination which you

manifested on every occasion which demanded the eloquence of your words, and the heroism of your nature; when I saw, with what devoted faithfulness you fulfilled your God-appointed mission, I could not but exclaim, and echo the Voice of the Infinite Parent to His Son Jesus, in days gone by:

"This is my beloved Son
In whom I am well pleased;"

and glad am I to pronounce a mother's approval on your earthly labors, and a benediction on your soul; and O! greater is my joy and gladness, doubly is my happiness increased, to feel, that a Higher Power than mine imprints His mark of approbation on your past honorable work, and bequeaths to your newly awakened life an imperial seat in His Kingdom of Righteousness; while, from the lips of His Ministering Angels, there issues, with entire unanimity, the welcome verdict of

"Well done! Well done!"

Now, dear son, a living host of spirits wait to attend you in your pilgrimage to the spheres of superior development, to more beautifully illustrate to your mind the extent of your heavenly mission, and to enable you, through force of example and illustration, to better understand and appropriate the importance of your glorious work of regeneration; that, through your labors, you may aid in reforming the erring and sinful, and reflect on every soul the effulgent glory of Thy light, and the truth which is within thee. God be, ^{with} thee forevermore, my son, and onward to thy endlessly-progressive soul the blessed recompense due to each well-performed act, and crown thee with His Holy Spirit."

When my dear mother concluded this affecting benediction, the strings from millions of harps were struck by the gentle hands of angels, where the sweetest music, to which mortal or immortal ear could listen, ^{issued therefrom} while blended with it, were harmonic strains of love breathed forth by the voices of the just, in the following unanimous salutation:

"Welcome, brother, to the land
Where the weary seek to rest,
Welcome to the spirit-land,
To the mansions of the blest.

"Welcome to the heavenly home,
Where the sainted Jesus dwells;
Welcome with us there to roam,
Through the fragrant Eden dells.

"Welcome to the land of flowers,
Flowers which never bloom to die;
Welcome to the Seraph Bowers,
Where sweet spirit zephyrs sigh.

"Welcome to the Father's House
To the Kingdom of our Lord;
Where He, the faithful soul endows,
With a prize and just reward.

Welcome, faithful servant, now,
To the joys of Heaven above;
Bathe thy consecrated brow,
In the Jordan streams of love.

"Enter, Saint beloved and true,
In the work to thee assigned;
Faithfully thy duties do,
With a cheerful will and mind.

"Now thy soul will we attend
To the spheres of life below,
That your work with ours may blend,
And us sin to overthrow."

At this point the whole celestial army, visible to my spiritual sight, was suddenly enshrouded in a magnificent cloud, tinted with all the hues of that Bow of Promise, which, as Scripture informs us, the God of Israel placed in the heavens, as a token of confidence to His children, that He will no more destroy His world by the watery element; and certainly, my vision gazed upon that splendid, Ethereal cloud, with this celestial host overarching it, it presented a faithful parallelism with the former-named one, inasmuch as it reminded me of the contiguity of that blessed period, when the material world will no longer be deluged by the black waters of sin and error, or enshrouded in the darkness of intolerant sectarianism and bigotry; when every heart will discern the brilliant Bow of Promise spanning the whole moral heavens, and be reminded of those written assurances of Deity, that He will have all to be saved, and come to a knowledge of the truth:

O! may the promised time soon come,
When truth in every soul shall glow;
When sin no more shall find a home,
Within God's heritage below.

When the resplendent cloud, above mentioned, had completely enveloped us in its

radiant glory, I became conscious that we were slowly descending from our elevated plane of being, and moving toward the minor circles of development;—again disappeared from my view the soft, mellow effulgence of the upper skies, the sweet, harmonious warblings of the Birds of Paradise, which, all the while, pervaded the air of heaven with their musical strains, now ceased altogether; the balmy fragrance of celestial flowers no longer wafted their pleasant sweetness to my soul, or fanned my spirit even with their perfumed zephyrs; the delightful symphonies, echoed from a million harps, floated away on the "dying distance," and left no reverberating sound to gladden our downward passage to the dominions of the undeveloped and erring soul; lower and lower did we descend; denser and denser grew the atmosphere around our Ethereal circle, until the light and glory of the more elevated spheres departed from us; and we were surrounded by a partial darkness, nearly equivalent to that of twilight; and had it not been for the brilliant consecrations reflected from our illuminated cloud, and the transparent splendor of each glory-encircled seraph, we should have been, in a small degree, involved in this partial night; but the bright and radiant beams, emitted from our glorious cloud of light, threw around a pure and refined influence, and penetrated even the moral darkness which enshrouded our River of Life. Suddenly, after having traversed an immense space, we paused before a gigantic structure, of circular form, resembling, in shape and appearance, a huge fortress. Within it, moved a large body of animated life, which, on closer observation, were composed of those, whose natures were cramped by intolerant sectarianism and educational principles, and whose capacities are fettered in the fetters of bigotry and error. On a more rigid examination, and from the surrounding darkness and gloom, I became aware, that my spirit, at that particular period, was moving among an inferior grade of developments, whose mental powers were dwarfed by ignorance and superstition; and though many of them had been citizens of the Spirit-land for centuries, yet their shackled condition had prevented the light

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of God's truth from finding a pleasant avenue to the narrow chamber of their darkened souls; and on glancing again at this grand structure, I became aware that my spirit moved, for the time being, in

"The Circle of Prejudices and Error."

There were seen many thousands who had long travelled in the darkness of spiritual death and desolation, and in the mire of superstition and infidelity. There were seen the faithful Representatives of all the different unhealthy views of the past ages, still bowing to their sectarian idols, and still wandering in the night of past opinions and prejudices. Here was the bigoted Infidel, still groping in the gloom of a narrow scepticism, and even doubting his own present immortal existence, a living and bright reality. Still he sees through a glass darkly, and is incapable of discerning in his soul the rudiments of everlasting, intellectual improvement, and that God has endowed his spiritual being with certain sublime attributes, - all of which are capable of more perfect unfoldings and developments. He still believes that his incorruptible body will waste away, like a vapory cloud, in the lapse of ages, and that its present individualized existence will prove, in the ultimate, a non-entity. His soul's affections calloused by the deeply-instilled prejudices of the unenlightened Past, - his sympathies deadened by the irrational dogmas of the undeveloped age in which his mortal life was spent, - his bright glimmerings, from the Star of Truth, have, as it were, been able to form an ingress into the dark avenues of the deathless spirit, to invade it with their all-potent influences, and to illuminate its onward pathway of Progress. The Voice of Reason has spoken its tender accents into his error-bound mind, but he turned a deaf ear to her counsels, and would give no heed to her sweet admonitions; therefore, he groped along in darkness, seemingly impenetrable to the glorious light of Truth's immortal; and yet there has been a constant progression going on in his soul

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for the better, though perhaps imperceptible even to his own narrow-contracted and blinded senses.

But the infidel was not alone in his darkened state of being; there were many others, of opposite views and doctrines, fettered in that gloomy fortress of prejudice and error, who, as yet, have been unable to recognize the truth as it is in Jesus, and to behold, beyond their present limited ideas and sentiments, a more glorious and happy destiny awaiting the ransomed soul in the spheres of light and purity above. There were individuals composing the various Nations of the terrestrial globe, still tenaciously clinging to their respective erroneous doctrines, and each one claiming his own as the right and true one. Tumult and discord, were, of a natural consequence, the result of this strenuous clashing of opinions; intelligence and ignorance were strangely blended together, both seeking to gain the mastery, and to perpetuate error and sectarianism.

But there was one scene which met my vision, which most especially pleased and gratified me. Above the most undeveloped minds was seen a spirit of great intelligence and power, whose interior capacities were cramped, however, by the baneful influences of past errors and prejudices; but he does not find his affinity or congeniality with the lowest of these minds, for a few hundred years' existence in the Higher Life has considerably enlightened and advanced the more ennobling powers of his soul, and he is now emerging out of his present state of intellectual debasement into the purer atmosphere of Light, Truth, and Wisdom. And yet his earthly life was not without its great and good results; for, through his aid and influence, a reformatory movement was impelled onward in its sure and triumphant path, which the world, at the present day, is beginning to realize and admire, and which will reward the Reformer with the Crown of Glory; but the errors which he imbibed, and the strongly-prescriptive doctrines which he advocated, more than balanced the good which he done, and cramped the intellect, and debased the nobler qualities of his nature. The veil of error, which has so long obscured in darkness, the

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higher faculties of his being, is now, thank God, being removed, and the light of heaven is breaking through the clouds of his once-shrouded vision. On a nearer approach to his spirit, I was enabled to distinguish the never-to-be-forgotten name of

John Calvin:

while on his lofty brow there were traced, in glowing letters, the following beautiful words:

"Given Error long my soul has bound,
But Truth I've sought, and now have found."

But another scene now directs my attention. From a long distance above us, is seen wreathing a beautiful spirit, in whose countenance was indited the glorious attributes of Love and benevolence. In his immediate proximity, the name of the martyr,

Michael Servetus,

became distinguishable to my celestial vision. When he arrived in front of Calvin, the subdued beautiful lines were imaged on his expanding mind:

"I come, dear brother, to impart
The truth of God unto your heart,
And aid you in your glorious flight,
To Higher Spheres of Love and Light."

The spectacle, to which I now became witness, was beautiful to behold, and one which I never expected to see, when dwelling in the earth-like

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Again was evidenced another sublime instance of forgiveness to my soul, another glowing record of the triumph of Love and Good-Will over the hampered elements of weak human nature, and the magnificent victory of the nobler attributes of the Soul over the petty foibles of frail Humanity. Michael Servetus, whose material form was destroyed through the intervention of John Calvin, - whose immortal soul was introduced into the society of heaven through his criminal accusations and religious, bigoted intolerance, - now comes, from the flowery groves of his celestial Paradise beyond,

"Th' hand of fellowship to extend,
And breathe to him redeeming love;

and assure him of his forgiveness as far as that benignant attribute was conferred upon him. It was a spectacle such as the angels delight to witness and admire, and to register, on the Living Book of Life, as brilliant examples, worthy of universal imitation and guidance. To witness such a scene, must inspire and elevate the soul above the wicked animosities and antagonisms of the erring nature, and eradicate discord and hate therefrom; it is a sermon in itself, - more potent and commanding in its influence and power than thousands of such dissertations as are deduced ~~once a week~~ from Biblical texts, and which, as a general thing, are well understood by the intelligent population; for, in the former instance, the higher impulses of the soul were appealed to, through practical, familiar observation, while, in the latter, only the outer senses are called into requisition, which, like a little flower, of ephemeral birth, lose the fragrant lessons which such dissertations are intended to teach, in a short time, - leave no lasting impressions upon the mind, - but fading away, like the rose,

"To waste their sweetness on the desert air."

God's sermons are written everywhere! In the glad morning, when the golden sun first tips the edge of glowing east with its smiling beams, we read a sermon of His goodness and love, who causes the light of His radiant orb to shine upon the just and the unjust, and to gladden the earth with luxuriant vegetation, and inanimate life; and at night, when it calmly sinks to rest behind the western skies, our hearts instinctively return to the written declarations of Deity, and the force of that beautiful parable is seen to our memory, when the bright sun of truth will emerge from out the horizon of error and prejudice, and illuminate each scene of moral desolation and death with its beneficent rays, - never again to be obscured by the night of ignorance and superstition. In the forked lightnings, we read a sermon of God's might and power, and in the rolling thunders, of his majesty and strength. In the forest bowers, and flowery groves, echoing with the strains of a thousand musical tongues, we discern the love and charity of Omniscience, who has invested his Natural Creation with so many wondrous beauties to elevate and ennoble the affections of the children He has created in His own Divine Likeness, and draw out the worshipful powers of their hearts in behalf of the Infinite Originator; in all these unfolding works of Nature, we trace the handiwork of Jehovah, and see written thereon those immortal sermons, by which we are brought into more immediate contact with their author, and which teach us, by beauty of argument and illustration, the purest lessons of piety and wisdom!

Nature! It is the only true and living Temple of the Most High God, wherein he is sincerely worshipped "in spirit and in truth," and where His excellencies are sounded, and His praises sung. The roaring cataract thunders forth His mighty power, and the meandering rills murmur His benignity. The lashing waves of the Ocean echo His majesty, and the calm, placid waters, of the Lake reflect His purity. The birds of the air chant thanksgivings to His Holy Name, for providing for their wants and necessities, while there was one above them who had not

to repose His weary head; "even the beasts of the field, in mute eloquence, sound their feelings of instinctive gratitude:

All things, dear Father, do declare,
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and care;
On Nature's brow, in every land,
Is traced the Impress of Thy Hand.

The morning hills reflect Thy face,
The Ocean speaks Thy wonder-praise;
While the sweet songsters of the air,
Resound Thy praises everywhere.

The Stars, which twinkle in the skies,
Tell of a love which never dies;
While sun and moon, with their pure light,
Good sermons on the soul inscribe.

On earth below - in Heaven above,
Thy works bespeak Thy evering love;
While Nature sounds Thy Holy Name,
And sings Thy Everlasting Fame.

O! give to each a sounding heart,
That all may know thee as thou art;
That every soul may worship thee,
As thou, O God! shouldst ever be.

Man, I Man! in sincerity and truth, shouldst thou worship the Author of thy being! Away from the disorders of the outer world, 'tis fitting that thy soul should commune with its Maker in His holiest tab-

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embrace, the great Temple of Nature! With the calm, blue sky, branching
ing thy head, the innumerable beauties of the flowery kingdom shading the
balmy fragrance around thee, and the sweet, harmonious warblings of the
light-plumed birds above, 'tis well, that thou shouldst there inspire the
and tender melodies of thy God, - seek closer converse with him through the
noble works of His creative Hand, and attune thy heart to the pleasing in-
spiration of Nature's songs! Here, O God! is thy only true Temple - thy
Church universal! Nature, with her thousand voices, speaks thy ever-
lasting praise, and the fervent soul echoes her voiceful eloquence! From
the tallest and most majestic oak of the forest, to the humblest flower of
the valley, are written the unending lessons of life, traced by thine own lov-
ing Hand! Here the Christian soul imbibes the harmonies of thine in-
finite Nature, and prepares itself, through its interior communion with
thy natural works, for that Higher Tabernacle above, in which are
my glorious mansions!

When the glowing spirit of Michael Semitus had reached a cer-
tain point in our cloud-enveloped air, the bright form of John Calvin
rose upward, from its present sphere of influence, to meet him. When within
a given distance of each other, Semitus unfolded a splendid chart which
he bore in his hand, and revealed to our delighted gaze, the following
lifelike lines:

"Thy soul, dear brother, will progress,
In wisdom, love, and holiness;
And learn the way to purer skies
When dwell the excellent and wise;
For soon the fetters which now bind
The powers of thy expanding mind,
Unriveted by Truth will be,
No more to chain thy Liberty."

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When Semitus traces, with a pen of fire, the following sweet-poetical truth,
which reflects a sublime idea, and, redolent with consolation and hope to
the mingled soul:

"No soul so strongly ever found,
But what a spark within is found,
By which the angels can inspire
Into a living flame of fire,
The power of Truth; whose radiant light,
Is never wholly lost in night,
Or darkened by the clouds which seem,
To cover upon each gentle beam."

"O! brother, long thy feet have trod,
In Error's dubious path below;
And now, the Truth and Love of God,
Within thy soul begins to glow;
Celestial Spirits will lend their aid,
And urge thee on thy way above,
To regions, where angels stand amazed,
To crown thee with immortal love."

Again was traced, on that Divine Scroll, by the hand of the seer
Semitus, an assurance of his forgiveness, as far as it lay in his pow-
er, for the unfortunate part which Calvin played in the tragedy of his
dying earthly life:

"On this unrolling Scroll of Light,
"Forgiveness on thy soul," I write;
While God, the Righteous Judge above,
Has spoke His Pardon and His Love."

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 My interior vision now turned to the spirit of Calvary, whose face bright-
 ened with joy and hope as he listened to the glorious words of Serenus, and in-
 spired the sweet lessons of charity, truth, and love, which fell from that mar-
 tyr's lips. As he gazed upon the beautiful form of the latter, break-
 ing him to the higher walks of intellectual and moral life, - his soul long-
 ed to burst the moral barriers which encompassed it, - and to dwell with
 him in his radiant kingdom of light, truth, and wisdom; but his spirit
 it was not then qualified to tread with him the same elevated plane
 of immortal existence, or enjoy that exalted and unending degree of
 happiness and glory which is the reward of the enlightened and truly
 Christian soul. His nature was not yet sufficiently purified and refine-
 ed, to span the moral sublimities of the Higher Heavens. Old doctrines
 and errors still clung to the skirt of his garments, and a long series
 of instructions and progress were required to instill into his soul the
 principles of a true spiritual education, that he might, with a clear
 and discerning vision, behold the living truth of God, and thereby plant
 his feet upon the immovable Rock of Universal Brotherhood and Love.
 But, through the reasonings of Higher Minds, and the devotedness of un-
 flinching constancy, is his intelligent spirit advancing out of its present
 state of moral darkness, into the full light and splendor of dawning
 truth! Like the wise men of the east his fast-unfolding vision
 beholds the Illuminated Star spanning the Celestial Skies above, in-
 viting him to come and bask beneath its orient beams, and to wor-
 ship at the feet of the God-born Child of Truth! He sees, that its
 pure and refined light shines for all, and gladly, comes forth to drink
 of its radiant inspiration, and to bathe in the divine glory of its
 all-pervading rays! Under the guiding influences of the brightest
 spirits which emanate around the great Central Intelligence,
 he is scaling the walls of error and prejudice which bind him in
 that huge fortress, - breaking down all barriers which interpose between
 his soul and its receptivity of truth, - and soon, O! soon, will he safely land

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 on the immutable platform of liberalized, unbiased sentiments and prin-
 ciples!
 It will be distinctly understood, that, although Calvary moved, at that
 period, in the circle of Ignorance, yet he was not associated with the mor-
 ignorant and superstitious class of beings existing there; for this sphere,
 like the others, was divided into different degrees of development, classified
 into six respective circles, as follows:



In the first or inner circle, the reader will perceive that I have written:

"The Circle of Intolerance:"

Here the most undeveloped and unenlightened exist, those, who in all ages of the world, have lent their untidy aid to the perpetration of extremely anti-Christian doctrines, and who were led away with the strange idea, that, in sacrificing the lives of those who opposed them, they were doing service and honor to God. Among this class of spirits, I was able to recognize many, but not all, of those, who were violent participants in the unfortunate

"Martyr of St. Bartholomew:"

I earnestly gazed around, expecting to behold the prominent instigator of that dreadful deed; but she was not there. Her soul was not, as yet, qualified to tread even that lower court of life... On glancing at the second circle of that Sphere, the vision meets with

"The Circle of Presumptive Bigotry:"

Here a very bigoted order of spirits were and have their being; those, who would provide another for a difference of belief, and entail misery and every species of martyrdom upon their antagonists, to further their own presumptive sentiments. Here were seen many, who, when on earth, actively engaged in an unrighteous crusade against Truth and Justice, and even after death, to the utmost, their fettered capacities to the support of unhealthy ideas and dogmas. Here have existed many, souls, for long ages, strongly bound in the chains of Presumptive Bigotry, and enveloped in the clouds of error. Among them, my re-creative vision was able to recognize many of those, who, when they, too, will be crowned with Eternal Light and Truth, and dwell in

for opinions' sake, have persecuted the noblest and truest Men of past generations; and most especially, was my sight attracted to a particular class, who have transmitted to posterity a name of most hateful celebrity, because connected with the Persecution of one of the purest men the world has ever embraced in its bosom,

"The Emancipated Jesus,
The Heroic Martyr of Truth:"

While in the center of this undeveloped group appeared one whose name is painfully associated with deeds of darkest dye, and whose life was one of error and sin; but his nature has advanced out of the sphere of darkness below, until we find the once swimming spirit of

"Herod,
The King of the Jews,"

fitted to tread the second circle of the Spheres of Progression... I beheld, also, others of his age and time, still grasping in the shadows of a cramped intellect. I anxiously looked among this assemblage, however, partly expecting to behold one spirit, whose name is well known to Scriptural History; but no! The soul of

"Pontius Pilate,"

he, whose whole nature revolted at the idea of participating in the execution of the "just man," Jesus, had long since ascended the higher courts of immortal Being, to receive the Crown of Glory from that glorified Seraph; while they, who had染 their hands in "innocent blood," were still wandering in the night of bigotry, waiting the approach of that period, when they, too, will be crowned with Eternal Light and Truth, and dwell in

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water communion with saints in the Upper Paradise. God grant that
the light may soon shine in their souls, and lead them onward to sal-
vation and truth.

Again; on turning to the Third Circle, the vision will discover written
there:

"The Circle of Ignorance:"

where that class of beings, who, ignorant of the real truth of God, wander
on in darkness and unbelief: this circle comprises many of the ^{various} theological
persuasions of the past and present age, as well as other distinctions of reli-
gious opinions. Being ignorantly, some little time is requisite to educate
them in the true Christianity of God and Christ. Passing onward, our
vision encounters:

"The Circle of Idolatry:"

This Circle, although belonging to the Sphere of Ignorance, was entirely dis-
tinguished, however, from the rest. This degree was invested in all the sublimi-
ties of oriental life. Here were seen Turkish mosques, with towering minarets
arcs aspiring to the heavens beyond, and, also, magnificent mosques, in which
were the followers of Mahomet, still worshipping in all the glory of Pagan
splendor and pageant: a little above these temples, even seen written in the
air, the emblems of the faith of these benighted children:

"Mohammed is our God:"

"The Alkoran our Bible:"

"We acknowledge no other:"

My eyes then intuitively wandered among these children of darkness for the

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great originator of the Arabian Faith; but the ^{my} partially-inspired spirit of
the Prophet

"Mohammed,"

had long since unfolded into the blessed Religion of the only True God,
the Ever-living Jehovah: and now, from his higher and more influential po-
sition in the Seraph Land, he gazes, with sorrowful vision, upon those who
advocate, and still advocate, the doctrines which he taught; and, with all
the power, which he can summon to his command, aided by the Intelli-
gent Powers of Heaven, and the Power Infinite above all, is he vigorously
working to uproot the errors which his own hands have in part sown,
and to instil into the minds of these children the beneficent prin-
ciples of the Religion of Christ, and "one greater than he." My vision, as I
now write, catches a glimpse of his radiant form in the Land of Bliss
above, decked in all the splendor and beauty of a Redeemed Seraph,
while on his beautiful brow, shines

"The Crown of Glory:"

The reward bequeathed to the Immortal Soul by the Great Father, on its
passage to the realms of light and truth! Above him floats a beau-
tiful Snow-white dove,

"The Messenger Bird:"

in whose gentle beak is seen another of those sublime symbols, in-
dicative of the glorious mission of angels:

"From the Throne of the King of Kings,
We come with healing on our wings,

To bring the Salve of Truth and Love,
And point the wayward soul above."

while below this glorious emblem of Purity, and a little above the purified spirit of Mohammed, appears to my celestial vision the following appropriate motto:

"I bear good tidings to all."

Now he unfolds a scroll, and reveals to my interior sight, the most interesting beautiful lines:

O! may the light of God ever shine,
Upon thy deathless soul;
And Wisdom, Truth, and Love Divine,
Thy every power control."

His glowing mind, then, at will, created on that unfolded scroll, the subsequent imperative injunction:

"Here, O Man of God, discern,
The work which now devolves on thee;
And here, thy nobler duties learn,
Thy work of Love and Charity."

"Pursue it well; and cease not, till
The soul from error is set free,
And heavenly truth and wisdom dwell,
The powers now chained in slavery."

But another glorious spectacle enchants my gaze, beyond the Regenerated

and spirit of Mohammed are seen several circles of pure and beautiful beings sailing on the Lake of Life; one of these leaves the others, and is seen to approach the Arabian Prophet, and to float directly above his head. On its near proximity, the vision distinguishes the forms of four seraphs: one male and three females. The former then descended to the side of Mohammed; and the remaining observer would be able to recognize, in his open countenance, a warm and ardent friend of the "Prophet," and a true Disciple of the Christian teachings which he now promulgated. The latter sweetly welcomes him to his side, and my eager, listening ear, catches the name of

"Abu Taleb:"—

the friend of his earthly life, and the faithful companion of his spirit-existence. Now advances two of the females before mentioned; and on their shining foreheads were imaged the mortal names of those well beloved by Mohammed:

"Khadijah::

"Faydra:::"

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his former partners in the earth-life, and the participators of his joys and happiness in the World of Eternal Being. With sympathies and affections beating in unison for the great cause of Humanity, with souls yearning for the redemption of the whole Human Race, they labor together in the broad field of Christianity, and seek to sow the seeds of true Religion in the degenerate hearts of the children of God. By the side of the Faithful and True, the Prophets of the Past, and the Prophets of the Present, do these ministering disciples of Truth and Love labor in that sublime work of regeneration, by which the world will become purified of its present state of sin and corrup-

from, and every heart rejoiced in light reflected from the brilliant form of Truth. But the third of this glorious trio is now granted - to the spirit of Mohammed; in her hand she carries a small section of water-lilies, - beautiful types of innocence and purity, which she places at the feet of the latter. Her form was clothed in a flowing robe, of snowy whiteness, and on her neck glistened a magnificent chain, into which were enwoven many bright pearls, gathered from the coral-shrubs of the Ocean of Immortal Life. Her soul beamed with the purest virtue, and her mind, with the noblest intelligence. On her brow was written her spirit name, - The one adopted by her, after a long period of refined, progressive development:

"Puritana:"

or, as interpreted into the language of the readers of glory and bliss, signifies

"The Star of Purity:"

But her earthly life, the children of the material world pronounced

"Fatima:"

I relate these few incidents, not because they have any particular interest or merit, to the reader, but to show how the affinities of earth be-

come associated and intermingled into the affinities of heaven. I might mention many other glorious scenes which I witnessed with Mohammed, but this will answer for the present. I will, however, before I withdraw from this subject, state, that the life of this prophet furnishes another evidence of angelic control; but, like many others, similarly inspiring the repose of the soul. Lighted candles, formed at will, were profuse-ly employed the gift conferred upon him to answer an unrighteous purpose, to kindle up a sect, and to further his ambitious motives. Like Napoleon, he sought personal aggrandizement, and to establish a faith, which, the moment it became sectarian, ceased to be of practical benefit to mankind, but to the honor of Mohammed, and to the Power which governed him, he it said, that he effected a good work, in arding to banish, in a great measure, the system of idol-worshipping, current in his day, and of instituting a purer belief among these benighted minds; and although many of his followers are inhabitants of the Circle of Idolatry, yet it will not be presumed that they were in immediate association with those who bow down to graven images, and worship no other; for Virles, as well as Spheres, have their grades of development, commensurate with the interior unfoldings of the spirit; thus, the intelligences just named, have so far expanded in their spiritual capacities, as to enjoy a higher degree of development than the life refined and intellectual order of beings dwelling in that particular Circle; and now they are rapidly advancing from out of their present confined condition into the broader fields of true spiritual life, while those, who still tenaciously cling to their ancient modes of worship, are reveling in the darkness of error and idolatry; but the light of God will yet shine in their souls, and lead them in the progressive path of Truth and Salvation. Guided by the hallowing influences of Superior Spirits, instructed by them in the right principles of a liberal education, the clouds which encompass them will break away; the fortress which binds their noblest powers will dissolve itself, and their unfolding spirits will breathe the more refined atmosphere of the Heavens of Truth and Wisdom.

But there were others in this Circle of Idolatry beside those I have mentioned. There was the Catholic with his emerald, clinging to the idea, that the good man, Jesus, is the true Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and that, through him, they will receive pardon for their sins of omission and commission. Some were chanting to Demos, and others were worshipping the repose of the soul. Lighted candles, formed at will, were profuse-ly displayed, to my vision, while strains of music flowed from many lips, as the spirit of some

"purified one" passed from the supposed purgatory, through the gates of Paradise, into the embrace of Heaven. There were, also, many others, of different nations and tribes, bowing to their own peculiar idolatrous creeds, and disavowing the existence of any other Power or God, than those which their own error-enslaved minds had created; but the good Father pitied his children at variance with Him, and will, in no wise, cast them out from His Fold of Love and Mercy.

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In glancing again at the Sphere of Pygmies, the vision penetrates the Fifth Circle, or

The Circle of Suspension:

This Circle, if possible, equalled, if not exceeded, in splendor and beauty, the last one mentioned. Here exist many of those, who regard the ancient, oriental traditions, as the pure outflowings from Deity, and out of which they have erected a Tower of Babel. Here, also, my vision beheld large delegations of Indians, still adhering to their beautiful superstitions, and believing, that they have not, as yet, attained that Paradise, where the Great Spirit dwells. Though many of them, when shrouded in the clay, were at one time with human kind, yet now they lived in peace and unity together, and as to the philosophy, nothing prevented their glorious passage into the higher abodes of angelic constitution, through the medium of which he is, to perform a most beautiful service, with which they cling to past usages and customs; but though holding to their ancient religions, they were not, however, unimpaired by which the Higher Minds impart their pure tide of inspiring py; for their "untutored natures," though not born to the educational discipline of the present age of the world, possessed, even with their superstitious ideas, clearer, and more beautiful and Christian conceptions of the true God, than many of those minds, who rank higher in point of intelligence and wisdom, and who are considered as shining lights and patterns to the less enlightened; and, I come to say, that many of the latter class, when they shall have attained their immortal existence, will hardly

feel themselves prepared, in their cramped and bigoted condition, to enter even upon the state of being enjoyed by the untutored children of the forest; for "the light which is in them" has not been employed, to the elevation and enlargement of the human affections, and to plant the soul on the enduring platform of Universal Humanity, as to build up certain creeds and sects, antagonistic to the Divine Beatitude of the Author of all Truth, and at war with the cardinal principles of True Christianity.

In this connection, it may prove profitable and interesting to many, to relate a beautiful vision which crowned my delighted spirit, during its brief visit to this circle of development. Far above the celestial cloud which encircled the assemblage of spirits which accompanied me to this court of being, and beyond the partial darkness which environed it, my attention was called to a small circle of spirits, in the center of which was seated

a commanding figure, attired in Indian costume; and though situated at a distance of many millions of miles from the point at which I stood, the relative vision was capable of spanning that immense ocean of space, and of viewing those immortal inhabitants, surrounded by the dazzling glory of the realms of purity and love. Above the head of the Indian Spirit was seen floating another company of seraphs, surrounding an angel of Spirit dwells. Though many of them, when shrouded in the clay, were at one time with human kind, yet now they lived in peace and unity together, and as to the philosophy, nothing prevented their glorious passage into the higher abodes of angelic constitution, through the medium of which he is, to perform a most beautiful service, with which they cling to past usages and customs; but though holding to their ancient religions, they were not, however, unimpaired by which the Higher Minds impart their pure tide of inspiring py; for their "untutored natures," though not born to the educational discipline of the present age of the world, possessed, even with their superstitious ideas, clearer, and more beautiful and Christian conceptions of the true God, than many of those minds, who rank higher in point of intelligence and wisdom, and who are considered as shining lights and patterns to the less enlightened; and, I come to say, that many of the latter class, when they shall have attained their immortal existence, will hardly

"Defeated Electricity:

while on the inspiring zephyrs of Heaven was wafted the illustrious name and love, and prepared to assist them in their beautiful work, by imparting the healthy currents of vitalized electricity from their well-balanced spiritual organisms, and communicating them, in their refined state, to Franklin and his adherents.

"Benjamin Franklin:"

and the glorious beings, who were aiding him in his celestial work, by the distinguished earthly titles of

"Archimedes, Galileo,
Newton,
Isaac Newton, and Themistocles:"

Now, my attention is withdrawn, for a few moments, from this latter class of spirits, and attracted to ^{the} little circle below it, in which was divided the bright form of the "Red Man." Suddenly, a small luminous instrument, the spirit of Isaac Newton occupying a position opposite to him, in the form of a ring, and commences to descend to the lower stage of being, impelled forward by the force of the will power. With lightning rapidity did that cloud of angels reach the great Ocean of Immensity, gain, on the application of the will power, the wheel, before referred to, was made descending lower and still lower into the regions of undeveloped life, and to revive, while a stream of the most refined light was noticed to pass from departing, the nearer they approached them, from the more refined essences due to another, - resembling in shape and appearance, from the point at which of celestial being beyond. When they had reached a given division of the Flood, like a constant chain of lightning playing to and fro in the sphere of Pyramids, and within a few hundred miles of our circle of firmities, they paused, and, casting their vision upwards, awaited the aid of the glorious company of angels which floated around the majestic form of the immortal Franklin.

29th My vision again turns to the Sixth Sphere, - the elevated planetary bearing they were to have upon those who inhabited the circle of being enjoyed by Franklin, and his celestial comrades, - and perceive, that ^{the} suspension; it was not for me to foreknow the glories of their sublime experience; for in such an instance, the force of the old usage would be withdrawn, who, when in immediate rapport or contact with the harmonizing fully verified, "that previous knowledge destroys, in a measure, the beauty and influence of these glorified intelligences, enfolded them in a chain of sympathy and effect of the thing sought for," and probably, my celestial friends unanimously

At this point, these seraphs, - twenty in number, - are requested by the spirit of their leader, - Franklin, - to join hands, and, at the same time, instructed to "chant sweet melodies," that a perfectly harmonizing effect may be produced, in order that a pure, electric affinity may be secured, and render easy and fluent the flowing out of the tide of intellectual inspiration. When this beautiful effect is attained, they disjoin their hands, for a few moments; then their celestial instructor again unites each organism by means of a small subtle chain, connected by minute links, as thin and delicate as air. One point of this is

attached to the hand of Franklin, while the other grasps a small wire, conjoined to the electric machine. Now, a semi-circle is formed around this harmonious Franklin, - he, also, clasping a wire, united to this beautiful machine. Then, the "leader," at will, darkened the atmosphere around his little circle, that the effect of being, impelled forward by the force of the will power, the wheel, before referred to, was made descending lower and still lower into the regions of undeveloped life, and to revive, while a stream of the most refined light was noticed to pass from departing, the nearer they approached them, from the more refined essences due to another, - resembling in shape and appearance, from the point at which of celestial being beyond. When they had reached a given division of the Flood, like a constant chain of lightning playing to and fro in the sphere of Pyramids, and within a few hundred miles of our circle of firmities, they paused, and, casting their vision upwards, awaited the aid of the glorious company of angels which floated around the majestic form of the immortal Franklin.

But what all these proceedings had to do with the lower immediate period, possibly divine; and still less, could I conjecture what part of being enjoyed by Franklin, and his celestial comrades, - and perceive, that ^{the} suspension; it was not for me to foreknow the glories of their sublime experience; for in such an instance, the force of the old usage would be withdrawn, who, when in immediate rapport or contact with the harmonizing fully verified, "that previous knowledge destroys, in a measure, the beauty and influence of these glorified intelligences, enfolded them in a chain of sympathy and effect of the thing sought for," and probably, my celestial friends unanimously

by combined with this ancient wisdom, and were determined, that I should learn, by dint of experimental illustration and argument, the knowledge or wisdom which they were desirous to convey; and thereby, through a pure spiritual education, and by a refined intuition, attain that essential system of instruction, which added so much to my happiness, in the future, and proved as a crown of glory to my soul.

My attention is now drawn to the lower circle of celestials, who also were numerically increased by the addition of twenty-five from the upper Heavens, - constituting, in the whole, an assemblage of forty members, double the number composing the Circle of Franklin. At this instant, two arate rings were formed, - an outer and inner one, - while three glorious spirits indwelt to the central point of the two circles, the outer, comprised four spirits, the inner, thirteen; while, the centre of all appeared that noble soul, well known to History fame, and one, whose first living example of peace and unity to the white man, has furnished so abundant and worthy, pattern for universal imitation, the bright and radiant spirit of the immortal

"Samoset:"

while on the right hand was seen that kindest spirit, of elevated bearing, and lofty, intelligent countenance, and one who the world will recognize when I pronounce the beautiful title:

"Oroon:"

and on the left, appeared that noble, Christiana Child of God, whose heavenly virtues have won for her an immortal fame in history, and a crown of glory in heaven:

"Peregrines:"

while surrounding them were many beautiful beings, my mortal eyes never beheld; but whose glowing names are written on the undying records of fame, and on the monuments of goodness which their own great deeds have reared. In the splendid cloud of light which encompassed them, like a pillar of fire, I read their glorious mission, traced in letters of gold,

"The Peregins of Truth:"

and on the brow of twenty of these Superior Intelligences, I discerned the immortal names of that noble band, who braved the perils and dangers of the trackless deep, to seek, on the hospitable shores of a far-off country, that precious light which their own denied them:

"Freedom to worship God:"

yes, there were they arrayed to my internal vision, surrounding the noble spirit of him who breathed so warm and cordial a

"Welcome! Englishmen!"

to the good-sound shores of Plymouth, - thus exhibiting that sublimest trait of the human character, - Peace and Good-will. 'Twas most fitting and

"The Peregins Fathers"

should thus enshrine around the resplendent spirit of Samoset, whose heavenly name, by his own adoption, and, indeed from the sweet memories of the past, is that of

"Mayflower:"

by coincided with this ancient wisdom, and even determined, that I should learn, by dint of experimental illustration and argument, the knowledge or wisdom which they were desirous to convey; and thereby, through a spiritual education, and by a refined intuition, attain that essential system of instruction, which added so much to my happiness, in the future and proved as a crown of glory to my soul.

My attention is now drawn to the lower circle of celestials, who also were numerically increased by the addition of twenty-five from the upper Heavens, - constituting, in the whole, an assemblage of forty members, double the number composing the Circle of Franklin. At this instant, two royal rings were formed, an outer and inner one, - while three glorious spirits indminated to the central point of the two circles, the outer, composed four spirits, the inner, thirteen; while the centre of all appeared that noble soul, well known to History fame, and one, whose first living example of peace and unity to the white man, has furnished so brilliant and worthy pattern for universal imitation, the bright and radiant spirit of the immortal

"Samuel:"

while on the right hand was seen that kindred spirit, of elevated bearing, the human character, - peace and good-will. 'Twas most fitting and ing, and lofty, intelligent countenance, and one who the world will recognize when I pronounce the beautiful title:

"Osrota:"

and on the left, appeared that noble, Christiana Child of God, whose heavenly name, by his own adoption, and virtues have won for her an immortal fame in history, and a crown of glory in heaven:

"Peregrinus:"

while surrounding them were many beautiful beings my mortal eyes never beheld; but whose glowing names are written on the undying records of fame, and on the monuments of goodness which their own great deeds have reared. In the splendid cloud of light which encompassed them, like a pillar of fire, I read their glorious mission, traced in letters of gold,

"The Peregins of Truth:"

and on the brow of twenty of these Superior Intelligences, I discerned the immortal names of that noble band, who braved the perils and dangers of the trackless deep, to seek, on the hospitable shores of a far-off country, that precious right which their own dearest loved them:

"Freedom to worship God:"

yes, there were they arrayed to my internal vision, surrounding the noble spirit of him who breathed so warm and cordial a

"Welcome! Englishmen!"

to the rock-bound shores of Plymouth, - thus exhibiting that sublimest trait of the human character, - Peace and Good-will. 'Twas most fitting and ing, and lofty, intelligent countenance, and one who the world will recognize when I pronounce the beautiful title:

"The Peregins of Truth:"

should thus indminate around the resplendent spirit of Samuel, whose heavenly name, by his own adoption, and indeed from the sweet memories of virtues have won for her an immortal fame in history, and a crown of glory in the past, is that of

"Mayflower:"

Now, my vision instinctively turns to the inhabitants of the Circle of Superstition, and there I beheld them making preparations to receive the flood of pure inspiration which is about to descend to them from the more refined and intellectual channels of Immortal Life. Here again another set of circles is formed, comprising, in the whole, one hundred and twenty-four. Three rings or divisions are then drawn, each one containing forty spirits, while four, by unanimous choice, were directed to the centre, to be the joyful recipients of the inspired teachings from the radiant realms of wisdom and love. Two of these four were males, the remainder, females. The foremost one which met my gaze was a tall, majestic figure, of great muscular strength and one whose earthly name is well known in American History:

"Geronimo:"

While, by his side, on the right hand, stands another noble Indian, whose lofty countenance beams with intelligence and holy light, and whose whole nature throbs with the purest excellences of Heaven. It was strange, that so intelligent a spirit should retard its progressive development, by clinging, with tenacious fondness, to the customs and usages of his Aboriginal Life. But his soul is rapidly advancing out of this state of partial darkness into the light and wisdom of the Higher Spheres, under the faithful tuition of the Immortal Intelligences. And though he has been a citizen of the Celestial Kingdom, for many years, yet his spirit has not been able to attain the shining sphere of Eternal Being; but has, however, nearly reached the apex of the second, and is preparing now to launch his bright canoe on that silver lake which winds along the Higher Spheres of Celestial Life. Above him is seen the beautiful form of his beloved and darling child, who seeks to inspire her father's heart with noble aspirations, and to draw his spirit in closer communion with her own, and other kindred affinities. The soul of

"Porahatam"

has heard the gentle voice of his angel child, speaking to him from her radiant bowers of Truth and Purity, and bidding him

"To seek, in Higher bounds above,
The elements of light and love,
And be prepared to upward fly,
To join his Land in Wisdom's Sky."

On the left hand of Geronimo stood the glorious spirits of the two Indian females, one of which belong to that once-powerful earthly tribe - the Namagawats. The other belonged to a clan, which for ages has been extinct, and of which little or nothing is known. The name of the tribe was that of

"The Delhaves:"

and to which the beautiful spirit last referred to, belonged. Among her red brethren she was called by the romantic title of

"Silver Bell:"

Her raven hair flowed in luxuriant beauty, over her airy form, while the lotus was clad in full Indian costume, and decked with many flowers, wreathed with fragrant flowers. Her eyes were brilliant with the fires of enthusiasm, from which shone forth an heroic will and purpose, while her whole soul was radiant with the light and glory of the Upper Realms. Born, as she was, to the barbaric customs of a savage life, - and amid the struggles of untutored, breathless ideas, - it is to be expected, that her own spirit would, in a great measure, become conditioned with them. And though ages have rolled on since the Resurrection of her spirit from the dead body, yet she still adheres to the former rituals and ceremonies of her tribe, and seeks to beautify her form with outward adornments and trophies; but she

displays the Beacon-light of Truth glimmering in the distance, and pointing unerringly to the Port of Eternal Glory. Already is she casting aside past sorrows, and seeking to adorn her spirit with the sweeter graces of true virtue and humility. She, also, has launched her "light canoe" on the summer waters of Truth and Wisdom, and is swiftly sailing up the winding River of Endless Progression, seeking an inlet to that glorious Haven which girdles by the Throne of Deity, and on whose sacred bosom she may anchor her cautious barge of Immortality, safe from all the storms of error and wrong.

God speed thee, gentle Silver Bell,
In thy celestial flight above,
Where His immortal children dwell
In Wisdom, Purity, and Love.

Launch now thy little light canoe
Upon the silvery Lake of Love;
And onward go, till thou hast found
An inlet to the Throne above.

Adorn thy spirit with the gems
Which angel hands to thee have given;
Weave for thyself bright diadems,
Gathered from the richest mines of Heaven.

Speed on thy way, sweet Silver Bell,
Angels' blessings on thee rest;
Soon may thy radiant spirit dwell
In brighter beams of the Blest.

The fourth of that Indian group now claims my earnest spiritual attention

Among the tribe to which she belonged, she was called by the highly poetic, and romantic name of

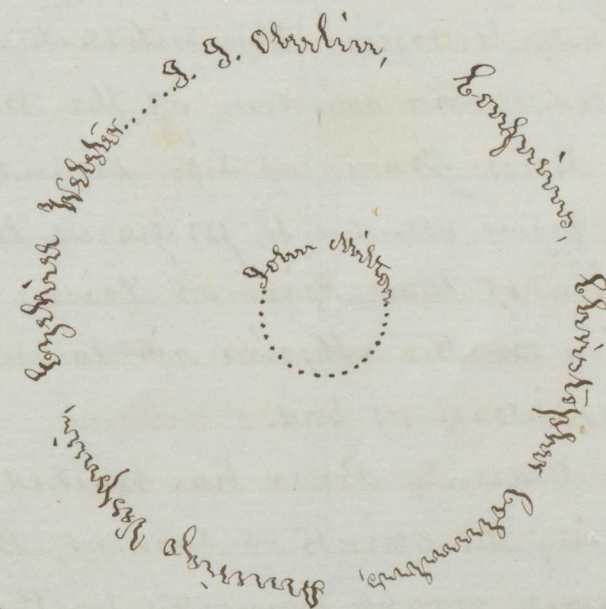
"Honama:

The Flower of Heaven

Now, full preparations are being made to impart the tide of vitalized electricity to Samoset, - the spirit commissioned to receive it, and transmit it to those below him. Between the circle which enshines the spirit of Franklin and that of Samoset, another one of size was formed, comprising the following purified intelligences, with the radiant spirit of

"John Bliton:"

occupying the interior of this little group; while his surrounding influences were those of



This circle was called the Clarifying Circle, or the first one which received the electric fluid, as it was imparted from the one above, and before it was communicated to the circle in which appeared the spirit of Samoset. By this process, the power was conducted, in its refined state, to its destined locality, here gathered, in its brilliant passage, the pure electric properties, of these harmonious

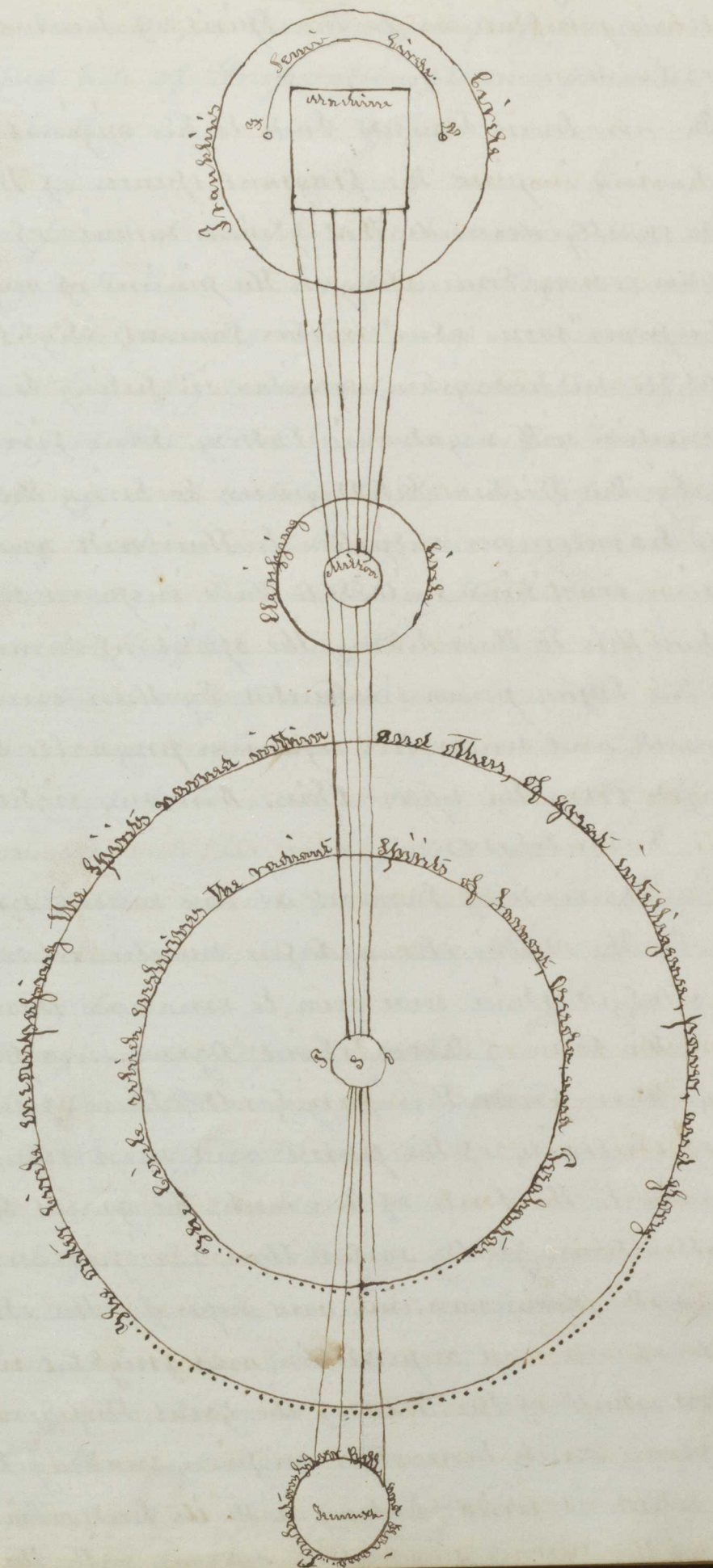
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Spiritual bodies, and prepared itself to be received, in its clarified condition, by the waiting children below.

Now Franklin, after having gathered sufficient vitality from his surroundings, and, also, from the refined essences and forces of the Etherealized Atmosphere about him, to enable him to accomplish his beautiful undertaking, - sent forth, on again applying the wild-sower, a splendid flood of light, which divided itself into six fine threads, resembling, from the point at which I stood, the rays of the sun pouring through the crevices of a darkened room.

Now these "luminous streams" of mellow light rapidly begin to descend on their glorious mission to the land of Superstition, having no disharmonizing obstacles to impede them in their lightning career. When they attain the land of Illusion, or Changing land, they gather new power or strength in their descent, from these electrified bodies, and with this additional force, they instantaneously branch out into four slender lines, and "make tracks" for Samson's land.

He is ready to receive this intellectual flood, and, through it, to convey the knowledge and wisdom of the Higher Spheres unto his beloved brethren in the lower grades of life. Around him are assembled that immortal number, before alluded to, prepared to render their assistance, in the transmission of that River of Divine Inspiration, which was so sweetly flowing on the ethereal air, laden with peace and goodwill to the benighted children of God.

When this Heavenly Power has reached its point of destination, the circles encompassing the spirits of Samson, - the outer and inner, - merge into one, each seraph connected together by means of a small chain. Then Samson rises a little above his companions, with one point of the chain attached to his splendid form, while the electric forces of his circle are conveyed to his spiritual system. When his organism is well charged with this refined current, he is then fully prepared to receive the clarified light from the Throne of the Everlasting and Good, and to



impart its hallowing influences to the Spirit of Jerusalem, and to those of his Sphere of Existence.

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He now lowers himself back to his original position in his harmonious circle, having inspired the fragrant essences of the atmosphere above him, while sweetly descends that glorious sun of defecated electricity on its triumphant way, borne along on the pinions of angelic love and affection. When the power "from above" reaches Samoset, slight shocks or sensations are perceptible in his system, similar in feeling to those received from immediate connection with a galvanic battery. Some five movements or more thus employed by the Higher Intelligences, to bring the organization of Samoset into harmonious subjection to their will and dictation, and render its interior conditions amenable to their inspired control. When they have accomplished this to their liking, the spirit of Samoset prepares to communicate this blessed power, instructed by these ennobling minds, good, to Jerusalem, and under his organism pregnable to the Divine inspirations of Angels from the upper skies. Now, my sight penetrated the sublimest scene I ever beheld.

The circle of Samoset, at this instant, was firmly cemented together by the electric chain, before mentioned, while constant streams of the vitalized fluid were seen to emanate therefrom, and circulate around the form of their beloved Agent, in a perfect halo of light and glory. Then, from this "fiery girdle," there issued four distinct lines or fibres of electricity, of the purest and most refined order, and gushed in fine spiritualities, as to be called actual citizens of the celestial domain to the circle of Jerusalem, the grand central Magnetic Country; for one, who doubts or denies his own existence as a cor- of its present attractions. Gently guided that clarified current on its delicious, living reality, or who holds to the mechanistic dogmas of the un- dial track, laden with joyous memories and hopes for the children wander civilized past, cannot be truly said to exist in heaven; for the latter ing in the shades of error and superstition, and frightened with fragrant dis- sings for the "lost sheep" of the Fold of the Great Shepherd. Downward it and imperfections, and cleansed of all its errors and falsities, meets its harmoniously floats on its benevolent mission, making the very atmos- perfect reward in the un fading glories by which it is environed; and where, through which it winds, balmy with its hallowing influences, it is only when the soul is thus purified and developed, that it becomes and illuminating the surrounding partial darkness with the glory and good-

ness of God; while Jerusalem, - a beautifully-impossible spirit, - was awaiting to receive the blessed tide of Inspiration, flowing from the fountains of Pu- nity, Wisdom, and Truth.

6th

At this point, it may be well to remark, that, although Jerusalem, and those dwelling with him in his Sphere of Progress, were removed from the external or mortal tabernacles which once encased their immortal spirits, yet they could not be justly considered as inhabitants of Heaven, so far as the literal meaning of that word is concerned; for Heaven signifies a state of unalloyed happiness and ecstatic bliss; a land, far situated from the mis- and imperfections of materialistic things, and yet, pervading, with its pure and benignant power, each habitation of the earth-encased soul. A man may live embodied in the flesh, and still dwell in the "Land of grasshops;" for good deeds and virtuous ambitions will create a little heaven below, and people it with ennobling influences. Every pure thought and generous as- pirations are like angels to the soul, or stars, to light the feet over the desert of error and scepticism into the green fields of everlasting Truth. The spirit is like a magnet. It either attracts or repels. Those whose conditions are harm- onious with its own, it attracts, to ~~more~~ closer blend their affinities; those counter to it, it repels.

Though many spirits, dwelling in the lower circles, have been independent of the flesh for several years, yet they have, ^{not} sufficiently pro- gressed in true spiritualities, as to be called actual citizens of the cele- stial domain; for one, who doubts or denies his own existence as a cor- of its present attractions. Gently guided that clarified current on its delicious, living reality, or who holds to the mechanistic dogmas of the un- dial track, laden with joyous memories and hopes for the children wander civilized past, cannot be truly said to exist in heaven; for the latter ing in the shades of error and superstition, and frightened with fragrant dis- sings for the "lost sheep" of the Fold of the Great Shepherd. Downward it and imperfections, and cleansed of all its errors and falsities, meets its harmoniously floats on its benevolent mission, making the very atmos- perfect reward in the un fading glories by which it is environed; and where, through which it winds, balmy with its hallowing influences, it is only when the soul is thus purified and developed, that it becomes and illuminating the surrounding partial darkness with the glory and good-

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Heaven of the Regenerated Spirit - The culminatory point to which
all the sun and good are finally attracted.

11th
Thus, Jeremiah, though released from the fetters of the ^{body} of inspiration washed from the Throne of Intelligence, Light, and Truth, and through his more individual exertions; and though Jeremiah saw not the glorious beings who were seeking his welfare and happiness, and that of his brethren than that which its own families created; and though separated from the sins and depravities of the lowest stages of spiritual being, yet, by the power of impression and instinct, he was conscious of their immortal presence, and of their holy designs... With these few remarks, I will return to my main subject:
naturally would culminate to that point of compass, reached by the natural course of development, his higher powers were so beautifully unfolded, as to give him easy access to the vibrating harmonies of the Absolute Truth and Wisdom; and seeing, as he once did, through the glass, and positive shades, at will, even negated, and he passed from the material into a semi-abnormal state. Here, the beautiful seraph, Isaiah, the radiant forms of those Imperial Intelligences, who were seeking to take possession of the "medium," and utter, through his spiritual organ, inspire him with their exalted truths and teachings; for, to discern with the following sublime prayer; while Jeremiah stands by, ready to give a channel of vision and perception, spiritual things, the soul must be attracted to some inspiring thoughts, when the former shall withdraw he divested of all its grossness, and clothed in the garments of pure spiritual sanctifying influence:
purity and the most harmonious order, and its affinities blend, in material

al concord, with those of Heaven's Highest Immortals. And through the Divine embodied Jeremiah is what the world would call an inhabitant of the many, around which we move and have our being, and from which, we celestial country, yet he can no more behold the glories of the spheres he draws life-sustaining power, knowledge, and truth! To thy radiant Throne goad him, than can a child of earth; for, bound in the errors and sin of Grace would we come at this, and all times, to offer up our full prostrations of the past, it is perfectly reasonable to believe, that the inner senses of the spirit were so far clouded by these materialisms, as to be thine All-Mighty Hand art ever dealing out to us, and for the many unable to discern the sublime realities of those Higher Worlds, which glorious evidences of thy love and goodness, which thou art continually displaying unto those, thy immortal children. And while we rejoice in the day hidden and unrevealed, from his own perceptions, but which, unfolding unto those, thy immortal children. And while we rejoice in the glories of thy inner Sanctuary, and in the light of thy living Truth - sent, and darkened, it is to be presumed, that the sublimities of the universe of knowledge, light, and love, could not be discernable by him, through these outer senses; but only, through a proper cultivation of the higher faculties

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his, could his soul be brought in contact with the purely spiritual and good; and this was being done for him, and his surroundings, through the lofty flood of inspiration washed from the Throne of Intelligence, Light, and Truth, and through his more individual exertions; and though Jeremiah saw not the glorious beings who were seeking his welfare and happiness, and that of his brethren than that which its own families created; and though separated from the sins and depravities of the lowest stages of spiritual being, yet, by the power of impression and instinct, he was conscious of their immortal presence, and of their holy designs... With these few remarks, I will return to my main subject:

When the electric current had reached and pervaded the spirit of Jeremiah, sensations, similar to those felt by Samuel, were visible in his system, and he passed from the material into a semi-abnormal state. Here, the beautiful seraph, Isaiah, the radiant forms of those Imperial Intelligences, who were seeking to take possession of the "medium," and utter, through his spiritual organ, inspire him with their exalted truths and teachings; for, to discern with the following sublime prayer; while Jeremiah stands by, ready to give a channel of vision and perception, spiritual things, the soul must be attracted to some inspiring thoughts, when the former shall withdraw he divested of all its grossness, and clothed in the garments of pure spiritual sanctifying influence:

"O! Thou Eternal Father of Light, Love, and Wisdom! Thou Spiritual above all other spirits! Thou, whom all our grand celestial luminaries, and from which, we draw life-sustaining power, knowledge, and truth! To thy radiant Throne goad him, than can a child of earth; for, bound in the errors and sin of Grace would we come at this, and all times, to offer up our full prostrations of the past, it is perfectly reasonable to believe, that the inner senses of the spirit were so far clouded by these materialisms, as to be thine All-Mighty Hand art ever dealing out to us, and for the many unable to discern the sublime realities of those Higher Worlds, which glorious evidences of thy love and goodness, which thou art continually displaying unto those, thy immortal children. And while we rejoice in the day hidden and unrevealed, from his own perceptions, but which, unfolding unto those, thy immortal children. And while we rejoice in the glories of thy inner Sanctuary, and in the light of thy living Truth - sent, and darkened, it is to be presumed, that the sublimities of the universe of knowledge, light, and love, could not be discernable by him, through these outer senses; but only, through a proper cultivation of the higher faculties

and who need our sympathy and assistance; but we would give our ^{own} ^{Progressive} Word. We would seek, thou Spirit above all spirits, to penetrate
 selves in the armor of Truth and Love, and with these brightened hearts ^{each} ^{dark} ^{avenue} ^{with} ^{our} ^{beneficent} ^{power}, and to kindle into a holy
 back to Thy Word of Peace and Righteousness. We would seek ^{that} ^{Thy} ^{flame} ^{each} ^{dominant} ^{spark} ^{which} ^{lay} ^{concealed} ⁱⁿ ^{their} ^{prejudice-bound}
 it, to make ourselves holy and acceptable in Thy sight, by faithfully ^{performing} ^{our} ^{laborious} ^{duties}, that we may unshrinkingly fulfil them
 ing Thyself in the all-important work which Thou hast entrusted to us, ^{and} ^{to} ^{the} ^{best} ^{of} ^{our} ^{individual} ^{abilities}, and be instrumental in reforming the
 in our charities and well-doings. May we clothe our spirits in the mantle ^{of} ^{Thy} ^{immaculate} ^{love}, and go forth to work for the redemption of the ^{whole} ^{Human} ^{Race}, enlightening the ignorant, humanizing the unharmonious elements
 of Thy immaculate love, and go forth to work for the redemption of the ^{whole} ^{Human} ^{Race}. May we seek to bring the soul from out the night of the soul, and in bringing peace, love, and good-will, to all mankind; in
 of prejudice and superstition, into the glorious Morn of Thy undying Truth, restoring the prodigal to his Father's arms, carrying hope and consolation
 and into the light of Thy deathless Word, which Thou hast declared ^{unto} ^{the} ^{heart} ^{stricken} ^{with} ^{sorrow} ^{and} ^{depression}, and in deepening the
 Thy children by the Voice of Inspiration. And O! dear Father, we sincerely ^{highest} ^{beatitudes} ^{of} ^{the} ^{immortal} ^{spirit}. We return to Thee our grateful ac-
 thank Thee, that, through the wisdom of Thy perfect Law, Thou hast ^{imparted} ^{knowledge} ^{for} ^{past} ^{blessings}, and for the ^{enduring} ^{promises} ^{which}
 and us to hold blessed communion with Thee, as yet, undeveloped minds, Thou hast shadowed forth to our minds in Thy Revealed Word; - revealed
 and to breathe our utterances of Truth, peace, and good-will, unto them, ^{unto} ^{us} ^{by} ^{the} ^{mouths} ^{of} ^{Thy} ^{Higher} ^{Ministers} ^{of} ^{Wisdom} ^{and} ^{Holiness},
 by Thy way know Thee as Thou art, and be brought in sweeter ^{and} ^{reflected} ^{unto} ^{them} ^{from} ^{Thee}, - the All-Immaculate, Divine and
 ly with Thine All-Infinite Abode! O! may they realize that Thou art of Intelligence and Light! And may we ever faithfully pursue the ho-
 the only True and Living God, and that Thou hast traced the evidences ^{by} ^{adorations} ^{committed} ^{to} ^{our} ^{charge}, in cultivating the Garden of our souls,
 of Thy goodness in all the works of Thy Internal Hand; that Thou hast ⁱⁿ ^{sustaining} ^{the} ^{poisonous} ^{weeds} ^{which} ^{may} ^{perchance} ^{flourish} ^{therein},
 all Thy children with a Parent's impartial love, and desirous of their happiness ^{and} ⁱⁿ ^{sowing} ^{the} ^{flowers} ^{of} ^{purity} ^{and} ^{love}. And when we shall have
 prince and salvation, and to add the crown of glory to their Immortal ^{thus} ^{become} ^{purified}, may we feel ourselves better prepared to minister
 life; may the light of Thy countenance continue to shine upon them, ^{unto} ^{those} ^{who} ^{are} ^{wandering} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{darkness} ^{of} ^{spiritual} ^{unbelief} ^{and}
 on as it has upon us, and cause them to feel, that they are ever in Thy ^{superstition}, and who are earnestly desirous to be led into that true path
 finite Presence, and that Thou art seeking to draw them nearer unto of piety and virtue, which guideth to Thy Throne of Grace. O! may their
 Thy Holy Spirit. We thank Thee, that, whereas our sight was once ^{blinded} ^{by} ^{the} ^{dogmas} ^{and} ^{errors} ^{of} ^{the} ^{past}, Thou hast vouchsafed unto us ^{to} ^{see} ^{the} ^{light} ^{which} ^{our} ^{fettered} ^{senses} ^{could} ^{not} ^{perceive}, and that our
 the light which our fettered senses could not then perceive, and that our ^{from} ^{the} ^{inexhaustible} ^{fountains} ^{of} ^{salvation} ^{and} ^{truth}; may they
 spirits walk in the noonday splendor of the Sun of Righteousness and realize, that Thou wilt have all to be saved, and come to a knowledge of the
 Truth; and, with this light, we would seek to break the Thralldom which ^{binds} ^{these} ^{Thy} ^{children}, in the slavish chains of superstition, - to free ^{Kingdom} ^{of} ^{glory} ^{and} ^{Righteousness}. We thank Thee for our unceasingly
 the imprisoned soul from this bondage of error, and bid them come ^{Progressive} ^{life}; that, after having passed the confines of earth, and the
 forth to bask beneath the inspiring beams, reflected from Thine All-Glorious ^{immortal} ^{body}, our spirits continue to move along in the mighty paths of Pro-

gressive development, and to unfold into nobler forms of thought and action, and into the highest Realities of thy Infinite Character. We thank thee also, that thou hast privileged us to re-vivify the scenes of our mortal life, and to make each work of thine Almighty Hand doubly beautiful to mortal perception, by the harmonious presence of thy children of the Eternal Home; may the inhabitants of earth realize our immortal grandeur, that we are their faithful sentinels, appointed by thee, to watch over them from the Watch Towers of thy Upper Zion, and to direct them into paths of endless peace and pleasantness; may they seek to cultivate the affections and sympathies, that their souls may become as celestial magnets, toward which our spiritual affinities may be more congenially attracted, and by which they may be drawn nearer to us, and above all, O God! in closer communion with thee, whom art the glorious Concentration of all Goodness and Love! And when, Great Spirit of Wisdom, thy embodied children below, shall become so far advanced in true spirituality as to be qualified to receive the pure teachings of angels, O! may we be empowered, through the workings of thy Divine Laws, to harvest our bright harvest on the Golden Lake of Immortal Life, and to send forth the beautiful ones with the olive branch, to attest, to our dear friends of earth, the discovery of that Promised Land beyond, where the Bow of Redemption spans the Eternal Canopy, whose prismatic colors glisten over every child of thy dwelling; where the deluge of sin and error can never reach, but where every soul will rejoice in the light and glory of thy radiant countenance. And may these, thy children of the lower circles of spiritual being, be attracted to earth's inhabitants to be ministered unto, and to minister to; and may they meet with a warm and cordial reception from men, and gain that knowledge which their thirsting natures demand. And may we, the inhabitants of thy Higher Mansions, cheerfully render our assistance in their more perfect development, and aid them in their onward advancement to more elevated and exalting planes of moral and intellectual being: and to the enjoyment of the society of the good, the noble, and the pure:

"O! guide us, Father, all aright,
In paths of peace and pleasantness;
Impart to us the Truth and Light,
And every soul with knowledge bless.

"Breathe unto us thy holy Love,
That we may "do" thy heavenly will,
And draw all hearts in Truth above,
To dwell with thee on Zion's Hill.

"Bless us with thy sacred power,
Attract us nearer unto thee;
Dispel the clouds which on us lower,
And set each captive spirit free.

"And O! dear Father, may we strive
To build up Truth in every soul;
To bring the error bound to thee,
And place them in thy Heavenly Fold.

"And may our truths celestial, find
A welcome home in every breast;
And lead the sinner to thy throne,
To live with thee, forever blest.

"And now, dear Father, we commend
These children to thy love and care;
And trust, that thou wilt answer this,
Our souls' most fervent, earnest prayer."

With this beautiful and fervent vision closed the sweet benediction of Dearest

las. And after its delivery, Jerusalem passed from the semi-abnormal into the original, or normal condition. The beautiful teachings which were embodied in the prayer breathed through him by the influences of an exalted Seraph were listened to with profound delight, by many thousands of spirits, and were made the themes of profound study and reflection. There were found many who cavilled at them, however, - whose souls were so lighted beyond that reflection from their own dark creeds, and the "thus far and not further" doctrine is the essential plank, engrafted in their narrow platform of principles!

But their "sande of opinion," and their bowing to what this one or that one may think, prevents the pure and healthy currents of inspiration from easily finding their way into the soul, and refreshing it with radiant teachings from angelic visitors; and though disembodied, yet they still see through the glass of sectarianism, and tread the narrow paths of error and bigotry. They see no light beyond that reflection from their own dark creeds, and the "thus far and not further" doctrine is the essential plank, engrafted in their narrow platform of principles!

O! happy must be those, who, untrammelled by the world's opinions, can bravely stand forth, and avow themselves as fearless Representatives and Champions of insublated Truth; who can come forward, and, defiantly, in the face of an Intolerant World, proclaim those glorious and so-called unpopular teachings, for which our dear Brother Jesus willingly suffered martyrdom, and, finally, offered himself as a "living sacrifice," that a glorious pathway might be opened for the reception of Truth! Happy must be that soul, who, invested with the love and goodness of deity, and the dearest of all, goes forth amid the thorns of sectarianism, and sows the seeds of liberal sentiments among the thorns of bigotry which flourish thereon: Persecutions and trials, of various kinds, may follow such, and seek to crush out the flame of Truth which they are planting among these thistles, but relying on the justice of their Divine Cause, and the strength of the Almighty Arm, they fear no evil or discouragement, and march forward in the mighty warfare of Human Right, resting assured, that the victory, ultimately, will be theirs. God's blessing rest upon such devoted stewards! May their labors be productive of great good to all, and return to them laden with four-fold blessings and honors, and win for them that bright reward, which is due the faithful servant of the Most High God!

15th But they are not, however, without "the sweet solace of a hope," in knowing the intervention of angels in the affairs of men, and that they may have a beneficent, harmonizing influence over the discordant elements of human nature, they secretly, ardently hope, that it is true, and that their public sentiment will, be so far enlightened and progressed, that they can freely and openly institute a thorough investigation of a subject, which promises so much good to the suffering family of man. They long to emancipate themselves from the slavish chains which error has bound around them, and to listen to the sweet revelations which "purported" angels may declare unto them from their spheres of celestial being;

But if there were those in that mighty assemblage of spirits who could not believe, that the prayer, uttered through the organism of Jerusalem, was an emanation from a Superior Mind of the Higher Heavens,

there were, also, found those, who could appreciate it, and upon whose souls it fell like heavenly dew on the thirsting earth. They realized, that it was the utterance of an angel in their behalf, - one, who was desirous of their redemption, and

"That they should find that path which leads,
To perfect wisdom, truth, and love;
And gain that crown, which noble deeds,
Will wreath for them in realms above."

They felt the force and beauty of the prayer offered for their spiritual good, and were grateful for it. They saw in it the manifestation of a Higher Power, calling them to a nobler walk with God, and to seek wisdom and truth of His more developed and intelligent children in the spheres beyond. And they were not deaf to these imperative callings. They heard the voices of angels from their bliss abodes, inviting them to come and dwell in their radiant society, and to drink of the sweet-water of truth and knowledge, which gush from the clear fountains of Everlasting Life. And by the intercourse with the invisible worlds above them, they are preparing themselves for higher grades of spirituality, and for those beautiful mansions in our Father's House, which resound with love and harmony, and where the air is melodious with the music of a thousand celestial harps. There will they find a congenial home; and there bask in the eternal joys of the Only True Heaven, and find those imperishable treasures and "pearls of infinite price," which so brilliantly sparkle on the shores of the River of Progression!

immortal bonds. Millions of spirits collected together, in one vast circle, to breathe the pure fragrance of those sublime truths and sayings, which were about to be manifested to them, on the telegraph of love, from the Paradise of Glory beyond. The electric current continued to flow from the circle of Sanctified, imbuing, in its glorious descent, the spirits which thronged around Jesus, who imparted its strengthening influence to those below them. It was a beautiful sight, to see this glorious company of Assembled Wisdom laboring for those bound in the shackles of error and ignorance, and following the Christian requisition of the All-Father, who has enjoined on us to raise the fallen, and to assist the mentally-depraved, and to breathe knowledge and truth to the wandering soul. Released from the trammels of sectarian prejudice and bigotry, there was nothing in the way to prevent the full outflowing of the natural affections and sympathies to these benighted children, or to hinder that Divine Flood of Intelligence, which these Superior Minds were sending on a glorious errand of love and benevolence. Worshipping in the Church Universal, which acknowledged a common Brotherhood, there were no distinctions or limits to their Christianity; but wherever suffering, wrong, or error, prevailed, there were they by sympathy attracted, to minister unto the afflicted, degraded, and uneducated, and to give healing and consolation to the children of sorrow and bereavement; while the beautiful Spirit of Love,

"The modest Attendant of God,
The brightest Star which girds our skies,
The faintest flower among the many,
Which blossoms in our Paradise,"

When the Spirit of Prophecy had finished her beautiful oblation to the Throne of Grace, in behalf of the children of the lower imperfection it with fidelity and earnestness. And having all barriers removed, the Seraph, Samson, prepared to minister unto them his glorious ed from their noble efforts, having no impediments in the way of their teachings and sentiments, and to breathe the glories of his happy life to their undivided control, - in the full progression of the knowledge and wisdom of the

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Higher circles, they were simply able to impart that which "they had" to those which had not, and to assist all who required their celestial aid and strength:

31st Now the spirit of Beethoven becomes preparable to the genius of your immortal being, and he passes off into a beautifully impossible state, when he gives utterance to the following thoughts, dictated by this Supernal Intelligence:

"Dear Brethren: The Great Spirit has commissioned me to speak unto you through the spiritual organism of this beloved brother, and to impart to you a few lessons of wisdom and truth from the Higher circles, whereby you may walk in the paths of Truth and Righteousness:

"Gratifying, O beloved children of the Great Spirit! is it to me to be able to communicate with you, and to breathe over you the congenial atmosphere of Love and Truth; to bring you bright flowers of thought and affection from the green pastures of my Father, ever-blooming with eternal beauty and radiance:

"We come to give you knowledge and wisdom, and to instruct you in those heaven-born principles which outflow from the True Christian Religion, and to lead you to worship and extol the Universal Parent, - the Spirit which pervades all things with its lovely Beatitudes, loving and caring for all with a Father's impartiality:

"We come to bid you bury all material animosities and enmities, - to sweep the chambers of the soul of all its superstitions, and to subvert the highest functions of your whole internal being, by living ever breathed through my beloved child, Jesus, and others of the great and good, and loyal to the interests of Humanity, - advancing the cause of Truth, for which the Sacred Martyr, Jesus, - yielded up his willing life, and in dispelling the fogs and mists of bigotry and prejudice which hang around each nation like a heavy cloud:

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"We come to teach you to love your God, the Great Spirit, with all your heart and soul, and to worship Him in deep sincerity and truth; to obey all His commandments, and to imbue into your souls the love and goodness of His Infinite Nature; to aid in unfolding the higher capacities of your immortal being, and to bring you all in closer communion with the All-Pervading Spirit of Matter and Mind!

"Hearken, O beloved Brethren! to the voices of angels from the higher circles of Light and Truth, as they speak wisdom, love, and truth, to your souls; listen to their gentle admonitions, as they breathe peace and harmony to your discordant natures, and prepare to receive into the chambers of your understanding that light reflected on your progressive minds from the Supernal Intelligences above:

"Come forth from the clouds of darkness and error which now encompass you in their hideous gloom, and bathe in the glory and splendor of Eternal Truth; come, and drink with us the waters of Everlasting Goodness, from the Well-Spring of Salvation, and sit around the Throne of Divine Grace; partake with us the True Bread of Life, and verily be hungered no more:

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"Angels' teachers will ever breathe unto you the pure inspiration of their souls, and impart to you ^{that} knowledge and intellectual instruction which your several capacities demand; they will take you by the hand and guide you over the thick and murky clouds of error and superstition, into the serene atmosphere of Love and Holiness; they will utter their benedictions, and verily, they shall lead thee nearer to the Holy Spirit of the Incarnate One, if ye will but listen to them:

"Believe in that Only True and Infinite God, who has said, "I will have all to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the truth, as I have saved in my own Father's Image"; and let your good works shadow forth the purity of your Faith; for Faith without works is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal; leave thy ways of unbelief and superstition, and enter into the Heavenly City, through the gates of Spiritual Redemption and Love:

"Cast aside all external adornments, and seek to beautify your ^{inner} Kingdom; we come to breathe our words of encouragement, strength, and hope, spirits with the jewels of love and goodness which gird the Master's loins; and bid you be lifted up, in inner adoration, to a closer walk with the Great One that you may tread the celestial courts of His Upper Heavens, and dwell with His Holy Spirit; we come from the Land of our fathers, to tell you how anxiously they in the eternal sunshine of His glory and wisdom; seek for those imperishable treasures, which fade not away with the evanescent things of ^{this} world, giving over your spiritual redemption; we come, from the Throne of Divine Majesty; explore well the secret depths of thought and duty, - navigate forth, laden with omnipotent blessings from the Father's Hand, - to warn you fully the Ocean of Truth, - dive deep into its shining waters, and seek the ^{hidden} pearls of wisdom which sparkle so brilliantly there; Transfix them into Everlasting Truth and Goodness: your own souls, and let them glitter there in undimmed radiance.

"Study well your nature, that naught may prevent the rays of light and moral glow, into the congenial atmosphere of light, love, and purity of true truth within; seek to cleanse the avenues of the soul of all ^{evil} influences; prepare yourselves, through the work of regeneration, to adorn the high immunities, that a pure flood of intellectual inspiration may find an easier course of immortal being, - to dwell with us in those beautiful vigourous ingress, and prepare it [the soul] for higher planes of development and joy of the Great Father's House, which are ever resplendent with the harmonious music, and for more beautiful unfoldings in the Higher Spheres of Wisdom of countless songsters, and fragrant with flowers, of undying glory and dawn and purity; breathe of the love and holiness of the great and good brightness; launch thy light canoes on the smoother waters of Eternal Life, God, and seek to do His Holy Will, through a faithful performance of the work entrusted to thy care; reform thyself, and then endeavor, through true Happiness and Peace, to revel in the Divine light and glory of the Sun thy power and influence, to reform others:

which never sets, and is, ^{never} eclipsed by the clouds of sin and error:

"Draw thyself near unto the Great Spirit, O children of the Lower circles! and drink in the pure affections which flow from His Father and illuminate your pathway of progress with rays of superior wisdom eternal Broom; come to the dwelling-places of our bright Paradise, and ^{and} Intellectuality; they will kindly take you by the hand, and, by their with us through each flowery path, and greet the snow-winged messengers comforting words of hope and cheer, raise you from the pit of error and joy of Peace and Good-will who inhabit its beautiful bowers, and who long induce into which you have fallen, and lead you on the sure and safe for thy emancipation from the thralldom of material grossness and superstition of Reform; they will breathe their healthy influences like balms upon station; come, sit with us around the Council Fires of Love and Purity, and your spirits, and rejoice with you when the day of deliverance shall smother the column of Peace; come, listen to the rich teachings of those ⁱⁿ come, and your souls walk in the perfect freedom of Eternal Truth, distant Abodes above, big with thought, affection, and goodness, and receive Right, and Justice: into your spirits the light and wisdom reflected from those Intelligent Ones, which encircle the Son of Righteousness:

"We come, dear children, to do you good; - to break to you that ^{spirit} are outstretched, ready to receive you all in His eternal embrace, and to ^{eternal} Bread, of which your hungry souls may partake, and truly live in the ^{eternal} record His Divine Approval on every well-performed duty; He smiles

only Kingdom; we come to breathe our words of encouragement, strength, and hope, spirits with the jewels of love and goodness which gird the Master's loins; and bid you be lifted up, in inner adoration, to a closer walk with the Great One that you may tread the celestial courts of His Upper Heavens, and dwell with His Holy Spirit; we come from the Land of our fathers, to tell you how anxiously they in the eternal sunshine of His glory and wisdom; seek for those imperishable treasures, which fade not away with the evanescent things of ^{this} world, giving over your spiritual redemption; we come, from the Throne of Divine Majesty; explore well the secret depths of thought and duty, - navigate forth, laden with omnipotent blessings from the Father's Hand, - to warn you fully the Ocean of Truth, - dive deep into its shining waters, and seek the ^{hidden} pearls of wisdom which sparkle so brilliantly there; Transfix them into Everlasting Truth and Goodness:

"Come, then, children of Holy Spirit, from out thy prison-house of dark

"Celestial Ministers will aid you in your onward advancement,

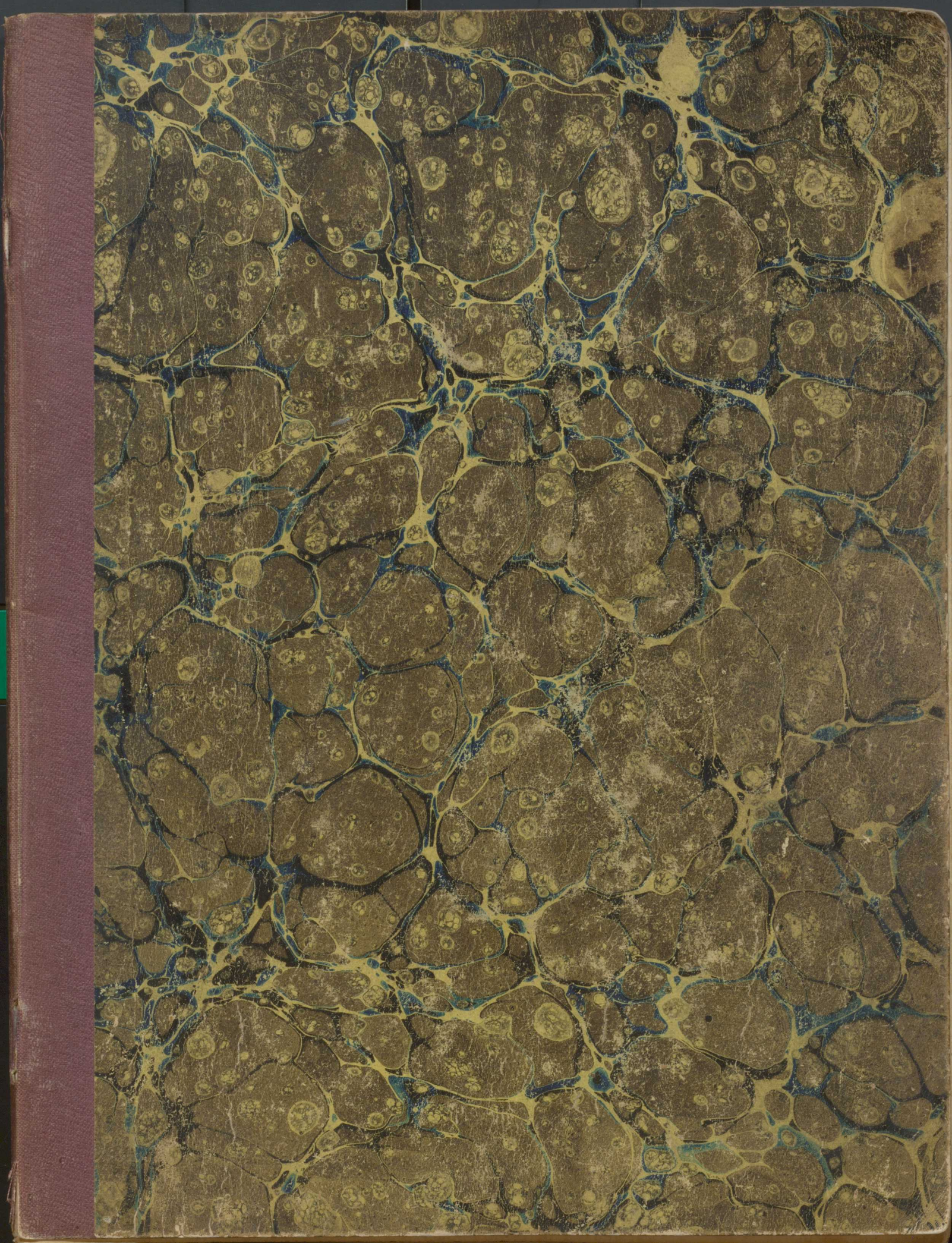
complacently on you, - visits you with the power of His Holy Spirit, - surrounds
 you with the glory of His Immaculate Love, and rejoices that you can,
 with His All-Penetrating Eye, discern the near approximation of that
 much-coveted period, when all the wanderers from the right path will be
 returned to the True Fold, even as the hen gathereth her little brood un-
 der her protecting wings. And even this glorious work shall be con-
 summated, - when you shall be delivered out of ^{the} chains of superstition,
 and ignorance which now enslave thee, - tears-drops of joy shall enter the
 countenances of your angel sympathizers, and eternal psalms of praise
 and gratitude shall well up from each sensitive bosom, in one harmon-
 ious strain, over this great and sublime Regeneration; while the Infin-
 ite Father, - the Parent of us all, - shall summon His Saints and Arch-
 angels together, in one magnificent concourse, to rejoice over this Heaven-
 born Salvation, and His own loving Voice shall welcome these prodigal
 ones back to His Merciful Arms with paternal blessings and bene-
 dictions; "for these, my children, were spiritually dead, and are alive
 again; were lost, and are found."

"Come, brethren, learn of us the way
 To mansions of Eternal Day,
 And breathe the fragrance of that love,
 Reflected from the Throne above;
 Advance from darkness into light,
 And leave no more the paths of Night.

"Come, to our courts, and with us sing
 The glories of the Heavenly King;
 Come, taste the endless joys which flow
 Unto your fettered souls below;
 For all these blessings can be thine -
 If we but seek, and ye will find."



NOTEBOOK SIX



Jan. 6. 1857. With this song adorns closest the beautiful contour of Sam-
 set; and when it was finished, many marvelled at the wise sayings which
 were uttered through the organism of Emmenoch, and became convinced that
 they were the sweet breathings of angelic teachers, come to touch the ten-
 der chords of the human soul with their gentle fingers, and to attune
 each discordant string to the Divine Music of Love and Harmony.
 There were, also, others, as in the instance of the stranger, who recoiled at
 the idea, that these utterances were emanations from the Expansive
 Universe of Mind beyond, and who could not perceive, in all these glori-
 ous, celestial teachings, a sublime and Christian attempt on the part of
 the Higher Ministers of God, to raise them from their present state of
 spiritual abasement and degradation into the more exalted planes of
 intellectual and moral life; but we do not sorrow without hope; and while
 we regret the circumstances and conditions which have consigned these
 children of the Great Parent to so inferior a grade of development, we re-
 joice, that we are not debarred from the opportunities of conversing
 with them, and to assist them in their progressive unfoldings; that
 there is a germ of goodness in even the most depraved nature, which, though
 it may have long existed in a state of inactivity, is still capable of
 advancing out of its sterile soil into richer fields of development, wa-
 tered by the dews of angelic love and affection; we furthermore rejoice, that
 while these souls are surrounded by the dark waters of prejudice and
 error, they are not so deep but what our congenial power and influence
 can fathom them, and bring up the few shining pearls which lay be-
 neath, and weave them into diadems of immortal glory and lustre;
 that, however clouded the human spirit may be by the fogs and mists
 of intolerant sectarianism, they are not so thick nor dark but what
 the light of truth and love can find a penetrable avenue, and re-
 flect in each its own golden lining, to illuminate the soul's pathway
 to towers of unalloyed peace and happiness. With such a bright prospect be-
 fore us, to lend cheer and encouragement to our hearts, we will not falter
 in the work which we have commenced; but will redouble our exertions

Heaven proved the Tribunal of his soul, at which all his good and
 evil deeds were carefully weighed, while angels were the jury who re-
 turned the verdict, and God, the Supreme Judge, who pronounced the fir-
 m and impartial sentence!

152 page in the book. — 171 page in copied man-
 uscript.

A. D. R.
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Bequest of
 Edward Scott
 June 30, 1943

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for Humanity, until all the children of God shall be gathered together in one mighty fold of Harmonial Brotherhood and Love!

When Samoset had concluded his communication with the children of the lower planes of spiritual existence, Porahontas prepared to again make her celestial presence known, and to utter a few poetical thoughts to them; but this time, the beautiful spirit of "Silver Bell" was made the recipient of her angelic inspirings, and also the appointed agent to transmit them to her surroundings. As in the instance of Samoset, the electric fluids, necessary to a harmonious control, were communicated to her system, when she "passed off" into an insensible state, and Porahontas delivered through her the following sweet poem:

"We come, dear children, from our Bowers of Peace and Truth above,
To breathe around your darkened souls our words of Hope and Love,
To teach you of those Higher Worlds where flowers wear fading bloom,
And light and purity each heart with their bright powers illumine.

"We come, beloved ones, to make our heavenly presence known,
To take you kindly by the hand, and guide you to the Throne;
To tell you of that glorious life, which ye can all attain,
When pleasures, pure and unalloyed, and saints immortal, reign.

"We come, from those celestial lands, whose thrones are ever bright,
With gems of pure and priceless worth, and pearls of dazzling light;
Where every seraph form in robes of spotless white is dressed,
And every spirit finds repose upon the Father's breast.

"Come, brethren, from thy lower life, and walk with us above,
Through all the shining courts of Bliss, and Happiness, and Love;
And dwell with us those fragrant flowers, which blossom sweetly there,
And live them round thy deathless soul in garlands, fresh and fair.

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"Come sit with us, in our high home, around the Council Fires,
And grasp that ever radiant light which Truth and Love inspires,
And learn of us the Heavenly Way to that Eternal Fountain,
Whose healing waters sparkle bright on Zion's Holy Mount.

"Come, dwell with the Great Spirit in His bright Paradise,
Come, O come out of darkness, and to glory arise;
Advance on thy pathway to mansions of goodness and bliss,
And live with the virtuous and just in light and holiness.

"Heed the teachings which angels have unto thee spoken,
And partake of that Bread which their own hands have broken;
Drink deep of the waters which flow from the Fountains above,
And bathe in those streams which reflect God's Mercy and Love.

Go forth, then, dear brethren, on thy mission of light,
Promulgate the cause of Humanity and Right;
Come out of the bonds of darkness and ever below
Into the light of Heaven above, where joys eternal flow."

At this point, Porahontas ceased in her poetical address, to these children, and "impressed" the "medium" to turn to her beloved parent, when she communicated to him the following words of endearment and affection:

"Dear Father: Long has the spirit of thy angel child watched over thee from her Heavenly Paradise, and listened, with attentive ear, to the echoing sounds of thy coming footsteps. Long has my soul sought to inspire thine own, to waft thy spirit heavenward to the Throne of Divine Light and Truth, and to bring thee in nearer contact to the Great Spirit and to the society of the 'just made more perfect.' And rejoiced ever that the gentle teachings of thy Seraph Child have found a pleasant

avenue to the inmost recesses of thy soul, and in which can flow that pure and sparkling life of Inspiration which windeth by the Throne of the Great Divinity.

"Constant is my spirit, beloved father, that I can converse with you from my Bower of Peace and Purity, and tell you of that great and good Parent, who awaits to crown you with glory around his Footstool of Divine Wisdom and Love. fervently have I desired that the Light might shine in your heart, and invigorate with newness of life each hidden germ within; that the faculties of your soul might ripen into nobler planes of development, and unfold into the beauties of Holiness and Truth; that thy glorious pathway of spiritual progression might be illuminated with beams from the Sun of Righteousness, and adorned with those flowers of perennial beauty and worth, whose fragrance would waft thee onward to the very Bowers of Immortal Peace and Blessedness."

Then the "medium" was impressed to place a beautiful garland of flowers, which had dropped by her side from the Land of Eternal Summer beyond, upon the brow of Powhatan. There was the pale blue violet, the snow-white lily, the fragrant rose, and other sweet-scented flowers, - all beautifully arranged together in harmonious order. In the centre of this rich festoon appeared the features of a lovely countenance, curiously wrought in, which Powhatan instantly recognized as that of his beloved daughter. Around the face was enwreathed a wreath of fig leaves, with the sentence:

"My Love is fastened as these flowers:"

interwoven in it; while under the wreath was the name of the fondly idolized donor:

"Pocahontas:"

"The Flower of thy Heart:"

When this fragrant garland of affection and remembrance had been delivered to its intended recipient, "Silver Bell" again addressed him, guided by the inspiration of his favored child, Pocahontas:

"Accept, dear father, this humble tribute of your child's love, and wear it on thy lofty brow as an enduring testimonial of my still faithful fidelity and affection; wear it as the feeble offering of thy spirit daughter, who desires thy speedy advancement from thy present state of being into the unending glories of our sunny life; and as often as your vision gazes upon it, may it remind you of the fervent devotion and constancy of her who is ever praying for your release from error and superstition, and introduction to the companionship of the Just and the Good. May its pure aroma remind you of the fragrance of that Love which can never die; and as the sweet perfume of each flower impregnates the air with its sweet odor, may thy soul arise on the wings of progression and faith to those happy lands beyond, where the unopened arms of thy Angel Child wait to expand themselves to receive thy spirit - from to their affectionate embrace, and to welcome thee to her Bowers of Peace and Plenty."

"Gently, dear father, shall my heavenly influence descend upon your spirit, and wind itself around your affections and sympathies, to lead you to more beautiful abodes of Wisdom, Truth, and Perfection. Often shall your listening ears catch the hushing tones of my Inspiring Voice, as it speaks knowledge and love to thy soul; and your spirit vision shall oft behold the familiar form of your angel child, beckoning you to her sunny wigwam amid the brighter fields of the Great Spirit's Paradise; and as you behold the glorious beauties of my Heavenly Home, your soul shall break through the clouds of superstition which enwrap it, and mount the ladder of progression and truth, ascending higher and higher to more exalted planes of celestial life, until by the side

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of "The Flower of thy Heart," thou shalt bask beneath undying glories and delights, and live eternally amid the radiant sunshine of Immortal Love and Deathless Smiles!

"Come, Father, to the realms above,
And dwell with me in heavenly love;
Where sin nor error cannot mar
The light of thy Ascending Star!"

"The Voice of angels bids you come,
And seek with them a happier home;
They speak to you, in tones most clear,
'Come, brother, seek for wisdom here!'"

"Prepare now, Father, for thy flight
To realms of never-fading light;
Tarry not till your work is done,
And you the victory have won!"

Here the Spirit of Silver Bell turned from Fountain, who, at the close of the delivery of his dear child's address had drunk in its truest fervor and eloquence, as well as its pure love and affection, and faced the immortal audience before her, while she gave utterance to the following exhortation, inspired by the same glorious Intelligence:

"Dear Brethren: Let me exhort you to a heavenly walk with the Great Spirit, and to come forward and embrace His living Word and Truth. Live devotedly in the sight of God, and study well His Laws and Commandments, that you may attain a high and holy seat in His Divine Temple, and be joined with His Ministers of Grace and Wisdom in Their works of charity and love. Exercise your faculties in the performance of your good and glorious mission, and

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be ever obedient to the just requisitions of Humanity. Be not weary in well-doing; for in due time ye shall reap if ye faint not.

"Then depart on thy heaven-born mission, ye beloved children of the Eternal Father, seeking to implant His Immutable Truth within thine own natures; cleanse thyself of all error and superstition, and come forth from the night which now enshrouds thee into the Day of Immortal Truth and Liberty. Angels will inspire thee onward in thy regenerating work, and assist thee in thy ascension to the abodes of glory, peace, and blessedness."

With these few thoughts closed the gentle control of Brahmah. Other spirits in the lower circles were controlled to breathe forth the wisdom and knowledge of the Angelic World beyond, but that which I have related on these pages will prove sufficient, to show to all my readers, the sublime mode which the Higher Intelligences employ, to convey their immortal thoughts to the less intelligent and developed below them. And when they had, at that special time, completed their Divine Task; when they had evidenced to my soul the beautiful manner which seraphs employ to communicate their instructive ideas to the children of error and darkness, - each circle, by mutual consent, dissolved itself, and their glorified members departed to their respective spheres of affinity, related with the happy thought, that they had rendered such valuable assistance in the progressive development of their beloved brethren. Slowly arose the Circle of Samoset from its present position, sailing, in majestic beauty, through the ethereal blue of Heaven's celestial canopy, and up the winding River of Light and Glory, until their glorious forms were lost to my spirit-view amid the splendor and magnificence of the realms of Eternal Peace and Blessedness!

The few addresses which I have transcribed on these pages, I present, not for any merit which is contained within them, but to show the beautiful simplicity with which the angels clothe their language, so that even the humblest mind in the lower abodes of being may perfectly un-

understand it, and receive into their clouded souls the light and knowledge reflected from it.

I will now withdraw from this particular point of my projected letter, leaving the noble Franklin and his Associates to their future ministrations of benevolence and glory, and pass on to a brief explanation of the last circle of the Sphere of Principles, which, on close observation, will be found to be that of

"The Circle of Sectarianism:"

Here, in this grade of development, my spirit vision first beheld the form of John Calvin, and became a witness and attentive listener to the brilliant conversation which ensued between him and Michael Servetus; and in this circle were found many who were prejudiced by sectarian principles in their wider forms, and who have not, as yet, sufficiently progressed in liberality of sentiment and idea, as to be able to endorse the True Religion of God and Heaven. Being, however, more advanced and expanded in intelligence and virtue than the inhabitants of the inferior circles below them, they become thereby more accessible to the exalted influences beyond, and better enabled to inwardly receive that refined and congenial inspiration which is unceasingly flowing, in sparkling rivulets, from the fathomless Ocean of Humanity, Wisdom, and Truth!

Thus, Calvin has reached the apex of the Sphere of Principles, and his soul is preparing to ascend still higher the courts of Heavenly Life, impelled forward by the irresistible tide of Faith and Hope, and by the rich instructions of his intelligent spirit friends from the ethereal of Purity and Wisdom. Soon the spirit, which has long been a captive in that Fortress of Error and Prejudice, will be released, and fly away on the joyous wings of progression to more beautiful and happier countries, where it will meet a blessed reward for every faithfully-performed

work, and eternally revel beneath the dazzling beams of the Sun of Truth and Righteousness!

When Servetus had concluded his interesting conversation with Calvin, a most beautiful wreath, made up of different flowers, blossoms, and leaves, was placed in his hands by a noble Indian Spirit, whose earthly title was that of

"Elskatawa:"

and who is brother to one of the spirits who ^{has} figured so conspicuously in this long, but, I trust, profitable narrative. The different flowers, composing this glorious festoon, were culled from the celestial gardens of the Upper Paradise, where the Supernal Intelligence just mentioned, resided. They were most beautifully and ingeniously arranged together, the first initial of the name of each flower, forming, when combined jointly into words, appropriate and significant sentences. The garland was composed of the following well-known flowers, blossoms, &c:

Golden-Rod, Oak-leaf, Daisy:

Iris, Snow-Drift:

Lily, Hebe, Violet, and Evergreen:

Which, on being rightly interpreted, the reader will perceive composes that most beautiful, consoling, and sublime sentence:

"God is Love:"

But there were other flowers inserted in that immortal chaplet, with several species of shrubs and leaves intertwined within it, to give it a more beautiful appearance, while a sweet, refreshing fragrance, was emitted from it, which filled the air with its balmy sweetness and power. The names of the beauti-

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ful flowers and leaves which formed the other sentence were those known to mortals as the

Polyanthus, Rose, Orange, Grass, Ranunculus, Eglantine, Sweet-brier, Lark, Ivy,
White Lilies, Nasturtium:

Iris, Spikenard:

Juniper, Heliotrope, Ear-drops:

Lady's-Delight, Jew-plant, Turn, Egg-plant:

Ox-tongue, Flowering-almond:

Julip, Holly-Hock, Elder-flower:

Sumac, Bleasted, Wreath, and Lilies:

Taking the initial letter of each flower here mentioned, and combining them into words, we have the sentence:

"Progression is the Life of the Soul:"

Cabir received this humble tribute with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure, and fervently prayed, that he might soon enjoy the glory and happiness of those who had made him the recipient of so many angelic teachings and blessings; and after the delivery of the wreath, attended by a few instructions, Serivus departed to his best abode, promising, however, to visit Cabir often, and to assist him in the development of his intellectual, social, and moral capacities.

* A flower which blossoms in another planet, than that of earth:

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My soul feasted long and ardently on the sublime picture of forgiveness and love which had been so gloriously portrayed before my enraptured vision, and the valuable lesson which it taught left its deep imprints upon my unfolding nature. It breathed volumes of meaning to my spirit, and bade me to follow the sweet exhortations of that Golden Rule, which enjoins upon me and all to do unto others as we would be done by; to love our own; and to bless and pray for them who despitefully use and persecute us; and as my spirit eyes beheld this heavenly vision, my thoughts intuitively returned to those seasons of my earthly existence, when, amid the angry thunders of Congressional debate and excitement, I may have forgotten, or even been unmindful of the glorious attitude of this sublime attribute, and retorted upon my antagonists in the spirit of retaliation and revenge; but if, at such times, I in the slightest, forgot that great Essential which belongs to the Human Character, - True, Manly Dignity, - I know, that my Heavenly Father will forgive me for the neglect, in consideration of the mighty cause which called forth the superabundance of my whole excited nature, and aid me to eradicate from it every element and feeling inharmenious with His Divine Beatitude!

When these beautiful visions had been presented to me, in their appropriate time and order, my soul was so related with gratitude and thanksgiving to my Maker for this glorious display of His love and goodness, that I could not refrain from giving utterance to the following brief oblation:

"O God! I thank Thee for the light which Thou hast revealed unto my spirit, and for the many manifestations of Thy Divine Power, which Thou hast shadowed forth to me since my entrance to Thy Heavenly Mansions. I thank Thee, that Thou hast seen fit to evidence to my soul the importance of the great work committed to my charge, by force of example and illustration, and that Thou hast presented so many glorious proofs of Thy love and mercy to my awakened spirit. Give me strength and power to do Thy will, and to raise these benighted minds from darkness

into light; to turn them from the thorny paths of error in which they now wander, and bring them to thy Fold of Truth and Love. Breathe over my soul the sanctifying influences of thy Holy Spirit, that I may be guided aright, and discern everywhere the living principles of thy Kingdom Word. Clothe me, Father, with authority to visit these children often, and to inspire them with a love of the right, and with a holy desire to advance out of their inferior condition into higher planes of celestial being. May my soul ever obey the high callings of humanity, and go forth, clad in the panoply of Eternal Right and Justice, into the highways and by-ways of spiritual and material life, and win back thy wandering children to the paths of Virtue and Goodness. Crown my unfolding Spirit-Life with thy Divine Blessing, and may it be fruitful in Christian labor and lofty aspirations, and consecrated to thy eternal service: let thy Influence descend upon my soul, and urge me forward to nobler enterprises and duties in the boundless field of Spiritual Love and Truth. Inspire me with the Spirit of Humility and Forbearance in all my arduous labor, and cause thy Sun of Righteousness to reflect its radiant beams on my nation, to quicken into heavenly activity each uncultivated germ which may perchance lie idle within its soil. And thus, dear Father, may I, through good works, develop in all the Divine Beakles of thy Infinite Spirit, and grow nearer to thy Throne of Peace and Perfection: May my humble Voice be heard by these children of the lower circles, and may it speak wisdom and Truth to their souls, and assist in guiding them out of the ways of darkness into the glorious light and splendor of thy Heavenly Kingdom. O thy care, O God! do I commit these prodigal children, and ask that thy blessing may rest upon them, and that, through thy celestial agents they may be brought to a correct knowledge of the Truth:

"Inspire us, Father, with the right,
And crown us with thy Power and Right;
Indure our nations with thy Love,
And lift us nearer Thee above."

When my angelic attendants had illustrated to me, by force of observation and example, the different grades of development belonging to the Sphere of Injustices, and when they had sufficiently explained to me the responsible duties which had dawned upon its Immortal life, they prepared to make a still lower descent to the realms of the sinning and wretched spirit.

After bidding a silent adieu to the children of this Sphere, and promising my surrounding spirit-friends to exert my influence in their behalf, our Cloud of Glory slowly moved from its position, and began to descend to the lower regions of undeveloped life. Darker, if possible, grew the atmosphere around our Celestial Circle, - blacker and blacker was each man as passed, until everything, to our mental visions, seemed invested in a most dreary and desolating aspect.

After travelling a considerable space, passing through the various circles of the Sphere of Injustices, we suddenly passed before a large and seemingly-impassable cavern, on gazing into which, I became a spectator to one of the most agonizing and terrific scenes, which is possible for human imagination to conceive. Within its dark and gloomy depths, my spirit eyes beheld thousands of miserable beings, grovelling in wretchedness and despair, with scarcely a single ray of hope to illumine their wretched and forlorn conditions.

O! how different an appearance did they present even from those who inhabited the Sphere of Injustices. No seraphic Halo of Glory encircled them to reflect on their sin-laden souls light and love, no radiant beams from the Sun of Righteousness penetrated the darkness which surrounded them, to brighten their onward passage from the dominions of sin and misery; but garments of inconceivable blackness shrouded their forms, being perfectly consonant and in keeping with the fettered condition of their darkened minds.

In this Sphere, all the malignant passions of Human Nature were most faithfully represented. There was the murderer, wringing his hands in all the fearful agony of despair, and momentarily expecting to be

summoned before the "angry Tribunal" of an "offended" God, to receive the terrible and vindictive sentence, "Depart, ye accursed, into everlasting fire."*

Among this wretched number, I was able to distinguish, not only those who had directly imbedded their hands in the blood of their fellow-men, but many who had been immediate agents or instruments in sending the soul of some unfortunate one to the Spirit's Eternal Home; and many of these, when existing on earth, were, what the world would call, "high in office;" but, regarding the position which they occupied, by the injustice and cruelty of their arbitrary decrees, damning the children of God to an ignominious death for the commission of a petty fault or error, they descended to the level of the midnight assassin, who stealthily approaches the backside of his victim, and plunges the gleaming dagger deep into the bosom of the unconscious sleeper; and though they may not have committed directly the wicked crime of murder, but employed another to accomplish what was revolting to their own nature, yet, in the sight of the Impartial Judge, they stand "guilty" of the real act, as much so as if they had performed it with their own hands; for, in their cases,

"The will is equal to the deed."

And among this undeveloped group I was able to recognize one whose earthly life is painfully associated with crimes of the darkest dye, and whose name can scarcely be pronounced without filling the soul with sensations of profound grief and sorrow;—I refer to that living brother,

"George Jeffries."

* Let me not be understood as applying these quoted expressions in their literal sense or meaning. Of course, the intelligent reader will perceive that I have employed them as mere figurative images or metaphors; though there are thousands in this particular sphere, who live in constant dread that they are yet to suffer eternal misery, without any cessation!

No pen can describe, or tongue depict, the mental anguish which this sorrowing and wretched spirit endured, when it first dissolved its connection with the corporeal form, and passed beyond the limits of Time to Eternity. Disturbed of the outer Tabernacle, it became at once keenly sensible of its undeveloped state;—all the imperfections, sins, and errors of a mis-spent life-time came rushing with overpowering velocity and force upon its awakened senses, and the moral consciousness of its guilt, and unhappy condition, proved its earnest punishment.

Removed, in a measure, from the external influences of impure and gross surroundings, with the interior perceptions more unfolded and expanded from the fact of the disengagement of the spirit from the material element, the awakened vision could better penetrate the secret depths of the disembodied soul, gaze into it as through a mirror, and discern the reflections which its own conditions shadowed forth.

Thus was it in the instance of the above-mentioned spirit. With the moral capacities of his nature quickened by its disembodiment, from the clay, the frailties and errors of his material life were more visible to his inner faculties, and the recollection of his many misdeeds, of the fine intellect degraded and sanded to the most unwholy and worst of purposes, of a life-time, not spent in the administration of pure justice and equity, but devoted to the perpetration of injustice and tyranny, and in building up, on the woes and sufferings of others, a wicked, unchristian ambition;—all these thoughts came vibrating back to memory, and served to intensify the bitter anguish of his unhappy condition.

It was not, till after the spirit of our brother Jeffries had existed for some considerable length of time in the lower sphere, that his nature became penetrable to the genial influences of Heavenly Love and Justice. A soul, so deeply barricaded by the worst passions which can possibly affect Human Nature, devoting its active powers to the propagation of oppressive measures and enactments, it cannot be expected, that it will at once unfold in the sublime attributes of the Divine Character, or become pregnable to the exalted influences of the Heaven of Bliss and Purity.

But a long series of progress and developments were required to unfold the interior conditions of the soul, and the very suffering and unhappiness which it endured, and which was but the natural consequence of its gross and material nature, was the "fiery ordeal" through which it must pass in order to be refined and prepared to enter on the more perfect grades of celestial life.

And, as my Spirit-Vision permeated the unhappy state of this once-erring brother, did I despair as to the future development and happiness of his soul? I no! Far from it! As I gazed into its interior depths, I saw planted therein the instruments of everlasting improvement, capable of grasping through endless gradations of the Heavenly life, and unfolding into broader planes of spiritual light and wisdom. Deeply did I search the recesses of the immortal spirit, and was rejoiced to see, that the time would come when the compass would point to the True Pole! O! may the humane influences of Spirit-life be cheerfully bestowed to lead such to a holier walk with God!

But there were other Immortals beside Jeffries who were travelling in the forbidden paths of error and corruption, and who were encompassed in that cavern of darkness and gloom. Some even appeared to be wretched and forlorn, if possible, in their condition, than the spirit to whom I have referred. And among this class, my vision beheld one, whose well-known earthly name was that of

"De Solo:"

Other spirits flitted before my gaze, enshrouded in garments of blackness, and whose countenances seemed to wear the picture of despair. There was the sorrowing spirit of

"Catherine D'Medin:"

she, who was one of the principal instigators to that bloody massacre of

St. Bartholomew, the recital of which has filled many a heart with indignation and sorrow, and which forms one of the blackest pages in the world's history. With her interior eyes opened, she gazes down deep into the narrow chambers of her soul, and realizes the degradation and wretchedness into which she has plunged herself, by a perversion of the highest powers of her intellectual and moral being. Through a disordered imagination, she conjures up ghastly figures and images, which seem to float, like horrid phantoms, before her troubled spirit, pointing their bony fingers at her, saying, "Thou art our murderer!" A burning fire raged in her soul, not that literal fire which many, even at the present day, teach, - but, if possible, that more terrible one, - the fire of keen remorse and despair!

But, many will ask, is it possible, that this unhappy spirit has made no progress since its departure from earth and entrance into the higher stages of existence? I reply, that, as far as my knowledge extends, no spirit can take a retrogressive step; that, when it becomes released from the outer body, it enters on a plane of being purely concordant with that which it occupied previous to its departure from earth. The conditions, laws, and requirements of the soul, are not, in the least, changed or modified, simply because Mother Nature has decreed a divorce of the relationship existing between the Immortal and the Corporal! But it enters on the Higher life, "with all its earthly-instilled prejudices, errors, and imperfections, still tenaciously clinging to the skirt of its garments," and continues to that focus of attraction and affinity, for which its own interior conditions have fitted and adapted it. To entertain a contrary opinion, would, as I have before stated, involve the justice and equity of God's Laws in doubt and misapprehension, and cast a shadow of suspicion on His acknowledged Wisdom and Impartiality!

But here I may be met by the rebuff, that the spirits which I have mentioned, - George Jeffries, for instance, - were possessed of more than ordinary capacities, and that, therefore, the intellect, or rather the knowledge which overpowered it, was all-sufficient to enable it to rise at once to the highest gradations of spiritual life. To this rejoinder I briefly reply, that Wisdom is

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but merely a condition of the human soul; that knowledge alone is not the requisite attribute to admit the soul to the superior enjoyments of the Infernal life; but it depends upon the use to which that gift has been applied, and to the interior unfoldings of the best powers of the spiritual being; and this idea is fully corroborated by a highly developed immortal in a sweetly-portentous address to a child of earth, to the sentiments of which I heartily respond:

"Intellect alone will not win for man a holy place,
Around the Father's brilliant Throne of Righteousness and Grace;
For Wisdom without Holiness a passport will not prove,
To our Celestial Paradise, our Land of Truth and Love!"

The lowliest beggar of the street in Heaven above may own
A brighter radiance than he who sits on monarch's throne;
If but the love of God and Man within his breast doth beat,
His all-sufficient to reward him with a princely seat!"

Thus, the humblest child of God, in his torn and tattered garments, may be richer in the Kingdom of Heaven than he who revels in the untold wealth of material goods; for, beneath the rough exterior may pulsate a heart warm with holy affections and a love for Humanity, and a strong desire to benefit his fellow-creatures according to his limited capacities. It will be well with such in the Better Land. The clouds of adversity may envelope them, and hang heavy around the sky of prosperity and happiness, yet with the soul filled with heavenly emotions and aspirations, it will eminently be lead over all the trials and discouragements of earth, into the happier life beyond, where all their patiently-endured afflictions will meet their blessed recompense in the everlasting enjoyments of Heaven;

For that beautiful country beyond, rich in those golden treasures which can ensure true happiness and enjoyment to every child of the good Father, the soul of Humanity will bathe in a sea of perpetual delight.

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No matter how roughly shrouded the exterior which embodies that soul may be, or how uncultivated the genius of education and wisdom may be within it; if but the flowers of goodness and universal love blossom and flourish in its affections and sympathies, they will prove, indeed, sufficient passports to admit it to the unending glories of the Kingdom of Heaven. Those, striving under the heavy burdens of adversity and sorrow, but who have readily and willingly added the widow's mite to the contribution-box of Humanity, can safely look forward, with the eye of Faith, to the better time coming, in that world above, where the future reward and happiness of the Soul will not be measured by the dimensions or wealth of the purse, but by a life, rich and overflowing with good and exalted deeds, and radiant with the highest excellences of the Divine Character. Far easier will it be for such to gain a ready admittance to the joys and pleasures of the Heavenly Kingdom, than for that individual, who, glutted with the riches of earthly goods, sticks his heart against the generous impulses of the higher nature, and panders to the gratification of his selfish propensities and material aspirations!

Meanwhile, in general, look upon the murderer as the lowest of all criminals, and one who should be irretrievably expurgated from the sweet and salutary influences of refined society. And yet, the evils which exist in society often compel or drive a man to the commission of deeds exceedingly repugnant and inharmorous to his better nature. A deprivation of the necessities of life may force him, in an hour of intense want and need, to plunge the glittering poignard to the heart of his wealthy victim, to save his famishing wife and children; and if the ennobling desire to reform is awakened in his bosom, society says, "You are an outcast; the blood of a brother is on thy guilty hands; the mark of Cain is set upon thy brow; we will not taint our atmosphere with the contact of thy unholy presence; we will rid the earth of thee, and thank God that another wretched wretch and sinner is blotted out of the sum of mortal existence, with no further power to molest nor to make afraid." Then the unhappy victim is thrust into a gloomy prison, undergoes a judicial trial, is found guilty, and sentenced by the presiding Chief Justice (?) to expiate the unfortunate

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error, ⁴⁵² whose force of circumstances caused him, in an unguarded hour, to commit; then the warrant for his execution is issued, the poor, trembling child of God, is led forth to the scaffold, and, with madness afterthought, is embellished by immediately, murdered in cold blood!

The question here will naturally arise, "will the extenuating circumstances, which induced such a one to commit so grave an error, be taken into consideration by that All-Impartial Judge, who sits at the Tribunal of Heaven, and judges every act in mercy and justice? I respond, that a man's actions are weighed according to the good or bad intentions which prompted their commission! In the instance just related to a man may be led to commit a homicide, to save a suffering family from starvation. A strong and worthy love for his famishing wife and offspring may be in the ascendant, and, with this element predominating, for the time being, over every other attribute of his nature, he is led on to the perpetration of a deed, at which, in the calmer moments, when Reason returns to the seat which Passion has usurped, his whole soul revolts!

Then we see, in this case, that the intentions or the objects of the man were good, although the measures employed to accomplish them, were bad! His desires and feelings were not actuated by the spirit of revenge or hatred, but by a wish to gain that which would bring happiness and comfort to his poor and needy kindred; and, in a thoughtless moment, he was tempted to the commission of an act entirely repugnant to the interior affections of the soul. In such a case, the happiness of the individual, in the Future Life, is affected only so far as the motives which prompted the commission of such a deed are concerned! A cool, calculating man of the world, who hurries to and fro, from morning to night, thinking only of the expansion of his well-filled coffers, and the dollars and cents he acquires by his profitable occupation, will advance less rapidly in the moments of pure spirituality, than he, who, suffering from the seven plagues of hunger and want, imprints his hand in the blood of his wealthy neighbor, to extract a few coppers from his ample, and, perhaps, ill-gotten treasures, to alleviate the necessities of his starving condition. For the soul of the

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former has become thoroughly enlisted over in his pursuit after materialistic things, so that scarcely a ray of sunshine can force an ingress into its dark avenues; while the latter, though what the world may call a murderer, having no feelings of ^{actual} hate or revenge burning in his heart toward his unwitting victim, but tempted to perpetrate the commission of an error on the impulse of an unguarded passion, will progress much more rapidly in those Divine Elements of the Infinite Character, Truth, Love, and Purity, than the one who has become hardened, as it were, to these genial attributes! Verily, it will be easier for such to find a ready entrance to the delights of the Spiritual Kingdom, than for that man, who has shut out from his soul these softening influences of the Holy Spirit!

Let me cite, kind and attentive reader, one or two other instances, to fully substantiate the truth of the above remarks:

A mother, with a heart throbbing with the tenderest love and affection for her darling children, may, in a moment of intense agony, snatched from the thread which binds their young life to their little frames, and hurry them to that Eternity, where Freedom is the glorious heritage of all! Her quick and attentive ear has detected the approach of rapid footsteps, and instantly the sanctity of her peaceful home is invaded by the presence of the tyrant and oppressor, who comes to tear her tender buds from the parent stem, and engraft them on the Impas Tree of Slavery! Indignant as the thought could be conceived, she grasps a knife, and before her uplifted hand could be stayed, she severs the vital cord which unites the living with the Material, and sends them on their happy way to that beautiful Land, "where the father of the slave clasp the moment he enters it, and where chains are not forged for any of the children of God's Impartial Love!"

There is an instance when a mother became the slayer of her own beloved children! And why? Did she hate them? Did she, in a moment of passion, take their earthly life, because they had been disobedient?

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ent to her commands and requirements? No! It was one of the noblest impulses of her Maternal Nature which prompted her, to the commission of the deed, - a deep and holy love for her darling offspring! She saw, that the heinous tyrant had come to separate her children from the bosom of her care and protection, and to consign them to the miseries of slavery; and with a solicitude, which only a mother can feel, she firmly resolves that naught but Death shall murder the existing material tie, and her hands usher her tender babes into the enjoyments of the glorious liberty of the children of God!

How many are there, similarly situated, and possessed of the same humane feelings, who would not have ^{done} likewise? There was a faithful exemplification of one of the purest feelings of our Common Nature! A mother, rather than to see the darling ones she bore consigned to the hell of slavery, - having no protection nor safe-guard from the so-called laws of her country, - in a moment of terrible despair, and out of the purest love for their future welfare and happiness, hurries them into Eternity, beyond the reach of the "stealers of men and little children!"

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And who is there, that will not concur with me in the opinion, that the mother, in this trying case, acted up to living impulses and lively convictions of her Maternal Nature? There was exhibited no lack of affection or love on her part, but the purest, warmest solicitude, for her darling progeny; and the unhappy circumstances which forced her to take their earthly life, only served to intensify and strengthen it! She loved her children! - loved them with an ardor which no Power could cool nor dampen! She saw the oppressor cross the threshold of her door; saw that he had come to tear asunder the holiest ties of human nature, and to doom her beloved ones to the pains and miseries of a cruel and life-long servitude. The first impulse of her soul prompted her to save them from their unhappy fate. Hoping for no protection from the wicked, unchristian enactments of the Government, under which she lived, with the prejudices and sympathies of the world set against her oppressed and down-trodden race, looking to the No Responder of Persons for the enjoyment of their

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inalienable rights of which man had deprived her and her children, in the height of despair and anguish, she obeys the first, and, perhaps, as she feels, the highest instinct of her motherly nature, and transfers the jewels committed to her earthly trust to the care and guidance of Heaven's Immortal saints; and, in so doing, she is true to her own convictions and impulses, and will accordingly receive the reward due to her fidelity!

Again: A fugitive slave, who is flying from the prison-house of bondage, and being overtaken by his relentless pursuers, may, to save his own life, and in defence of that God-given right, - a right to himself, - turn and confront the enemies of his liberty with a dirk or pistol-shot. Being wrongfully deprived of his freedom, - crushed and fettered by the chains which man has forged upon his limbs, he resolves to strike a blow whereby he may gain the rights and privileges which have been taken from him; and while in the exercise of this sublime prerogative, he is pursued by his unflinching oppressors, and to prevent himself from being overtaken and re-committed to the charnel-house of slavery, he maintains the sovereign principles of the Law of Self-Defence, and manfully struggles for the acquisition of that precious boon, to gain which, many a noble soul has travelled the so-called valley of the shadow of death; and at last he finds it in his conquest over his tyrannical invaders! The progress of the spirit in this instance, is not affected by the act committed; for the motives which actuated it were intrinsically good and proper, and, therefore, cannot be said to hinder the development or advancement of the inner powers of the soul.

In common law, or the law of individuals, homicide is classed in two distinctive parts, - the justifiable and unjustifiable! A man, to save himself or family, may feel perfectly justified in firing upon the midnight assassin; because the Law of Self-Defence prompts him, at the risk of another's life, to preserve his own. All other measures failing, he resorts to the last extremity, in his power, to resist the encroachments of the prowling murderer. A Nation may be drawn into war with an Opposing Power, contrary to its wishes and inclinations, to preserve the rights which properly belong to it, and to uphold the sacred cause of Liberty, Truth, and Justice.

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Seeking to adjust difficulties and disputes by the principles of harmonious arbitration, and failing in its Christian attempts, it is unhappily involved in war with an Antagonistic Force, whose whole object, perhaps, is, to expand its dominions, at the expense of Right and Equality. In these, and in other similar instances, the great bulk of humanity will pronounce a verdict of justification; and the spiritual growth and development of such will not be retarded or hindered by the erroneous adoption to defeat an inglorious cause!

^{But let me call an opposite case}
The tyrant, in the pursuit of a runaway slave, ^{should} may show him down to conquer him. This is an act which partakes of the nature of an atrocious murder, without even the first semblance of justification. And why? Because, in the first place, the oppressed was in pursuit of that right which belonged to him, by every law, human and divine, and of which he had been despoiled by the action of another party. Therefore, he had the undisturbed right to the possession of those liberties which the injustice of man had taken from him, and no one could say, "I am thy master, and thou art my slave!" and if, while following out the dictates of his interior nature, he is pursued by the oppressor, and that slave that man stands adjudged, by God and Heaven, as "guilty" of the crime of murder, and must accordingly receive the merited punishment which attaches itself to a transgression of the Laws of Jehovah!

A man may carry murder in his heart, but be prevented by force of controlling circumstances, from putting it into execution; yet the thought, wish, or feeling, is as wicked and culpable as though they had actually resolved themselves into the intended crime. He may at times plot secretly to injure his brother-man, but some invisible and unknown causes may work against him, and tend to defeat his ignoble and purposes; however, there is the will or desire to accomplish and carry out his unchristian conceptions and aims, and he will, in no wise, escape the judgment which awaits his own self-abasement... The martyr of Treason, which doomed the noble Jesus to a martyr's death, did not so much affect the future unfolding or development of the soul of

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Judas Iscariot, as it was the wicked intentions or motives which guided him to the commission of ^{this} much-condemned act!

But I will no farther amplify this point, but leave the subject to the careful attention and judgment of my many readers, - hoping, however, that they will give it a candid study and perusal, and weigh every thought and utterance here advanced in the mighty scales of Reason. Let me exhort you all to endorse naught which does not appear perfectly plain and truthful to your mind, but to accept what is here dictated for all it is worth, and no more. Lose not your individuality in the opinions of another, - whether they emanate from an embodied or disembodied spirit, - but weigh carefully everything which you receive, and then accept the true, and reject the false!

I will now pass on, and state, that among the most prominent of the many spirits which inhabit the lower regions of undeveloped life, were some of those who have figured largely on the stage of mortal being, and whose earthly deeds are emblazoned on the annals of history. Among this unfortunate number, I recognized one, whose many errors are well-known to the historical world, and which I, for one, would fain blot out of existence, for charity's sake. The name, by which she was latterly known to the inhabitants of the material sphere, was that of

"Mary, the First:"

or, perhaps, better recognized by that egotistical title, which her many imperfections has conferred upon her:

"Bloody Queen Mary:"

For nearly three centuries has this unhappy spirit been travelling in sorrow and darkness, despairing of any future progress in her moral or spiritual

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condition. The errors of her mortal being are plainly visible to her un-
clouded senses, and she imagines that she is in a purgatory or hell, from which
her soul will enjoy no blissful resurrection. The sanctifying influences
of Heaven-appointed Teachers have repeatedly visited her; but so thorow-
ly enmeshed has she been by the errors of the past, that no bright illumina-
tions, from the Star of Hope, have found, as yet, an opening channel
to the Better Nature, to melt away the ice which so long has chilled the
development of her higher being, and retarded the more perfect unfold-
ing of the natural affections and sympathies; but she will advance out
of her present inferior condition, and will yet become one of the bright
and shining Stars which radiate the Galaxy of Truth, Love, and
Kindness. God speed thee, dear sister, in thy onward march, to the Firmament
Heaven, is the fervent prayer of a Minister of Truth!

My attention was now attracted to another spirit, who joined
the one above alluded to, and who also appeared to be untroubled in
his condition. Between the two there seemed to exist a mutual love and
attachment, which somewhat surprised me, at the moment, but which
I instantly accounted for, when I was able to distinguish the name
to be forgotten name of

"Henry, the Eighth:"

As I gazed upon these two spirits, and others, of like stamp, and
reflected, that they had occupied the proudest imperial thrones of the mon-
archical world, rolled in all the splendor and magnificence of a
sacred Court, - the force of that ancient, but truthful, saying, returned to
memory, that, "the greatest on earth may be least in the Kingdom of hea-
ven!" Surrounded by all the unhealthy influences of regal pomp and
pride, and the debasing and corrupt inducements of a tyrannical
government, the contrast presented to my vision now was very vivid and strik-
ing; for, removed from these external surroundings, their spirits were, not

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robes of ⁱⁿvariable grandeur and beauty, but habitments suited to
their own interior development.

But there were several beautiful scenes enacted during my tempo-
rary visit to the circles of this particular Sphere, as well as in those be-
yond, one of which I will briefly allude to, as it is connected with the two
spirits to which I have just referred:

The Angelic Company which circled around the Spirit of
Truth of the suddenly separated, and a most beautiful seraph glided
from it, - floated through the ethereal air of our celestial family, - until she
hovered directly above my head. Her dress was of snowy whiteness, - her
hair waved long and gracefully over her alabaster neck, while on her
brow rested a magnificent Crown of Pearls, which threw an intense
lustre and brilliancy around her whole immortal form. In her hand
she carried a white tablet, on which was engraved the following
sweet and appropriate inscription:

"Love is the Star which shines for all,
Its light on every soul will fall:"

As quickly as my spirit had read this motto, it disappeared from
my celestial vision, and instantaneously was inscribed, in its place,
the succeeding lines:

"God is our Father, and our Friend,
His Love for us will never end;
His Holy Attributes He sheds,
Like precious ointment on our heads."

Desiring to know the earthly life of the beautiful spirit above me,
it was written out on the declaration of my request. And O! how ex-

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allant and overjoyed was my whole being as I became aware of the
close proximity of the glorious and sainted
heads of Henry and Mary, the Father and Child, - and impregnated
their spirits with their holy influences. 461 373

"Jane Grey:"

As I gazed upon her radiant form, beaming with Love, Wisdom, and
light, and from which was reflected the purest and noblest virtue, the
powers of memory reverted to that period of her earthly life, when she
called to endure the severest trial of her existence, - the surrounding
of her soul on Tower Hill! Her heroic fortitude, and unflinching trust
in the Divine Power of Omnipotence, in that eventful hour, were all
lured before my vision, and my whole soul felt elevated and ennobled
as I stood in the presence of so exalted a spirit. The name which she
bears in Heaven is that of

"Isabel:"

which, when interpreted into its celestial meaning, unfolds that
beautiful attribute of her nature:

"Humility:"

She was accompanied by another spirit, whose relationship to her was
recognized, when I pronounced the name of

"Gorilford Dardley:"

whose spirit appellation, in the celestial abodes, is known by angels

"Sydney:"

When these bright beings were joined together, they floated above the

26 Then followed a repetition of that beautiful scene, which I
have narrated on these pages, by which the spirits of Henry and Mary
were brought into sympathetic affinity with the glorious influence of Jane
Grey, and through which, they received the pure and holy teachings out-
flowing from her radiant mind! In sweet and loving tones, she bade
them to come forth into the light of Immortal Love and Truth, and to
work with them in the holy cause of Humanity and Right. Long and
impressively did she speak to them, of the love of the good Father, of
His tender mercies, and kindness, and of the forgiveness of His Holy
Spirit. Each beautiful thought, which emanated from her generous
soul, found its way into their earth-bound natures, and will yet
lead them out of darkness and error into the light and glory of the
abodes of Truth and Unity

It will be noticed, that, in the few instances which I
have inserted in this book, the injured party most generally acted
as mediators to the oppressor, as in the case of Absalom and Duke De
Guise, Calvin and Servetus, and Jane Grey and the two spirits above
mentioned. And as I discerned the spirit of forgiveness which acti-
vated their noble natures, - how they blessed those who had despitely
used them, - a valuable lesson was unfolded to my soul, and
prompted me to uproot every antagonistic feeling from my heart,
and to "do and do likewise."

There was, also, another glorious spirit presented to my
vision, who accompanied me in my celestial flight to the lower
planes of development, and whose beneficent efforts are exerted in
behalf of the children of darkness and error. Her generous influen-
ces descend daily to these wandering ones, and through her aid and

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support, are they seeking the true path of Peace and Holiness, and the
truth which will make them free. The title by which she is known
historians, and to the world, is that of

Mary Stuart:

There were, also, many other noble men and women, whose brilliant forms appeared to my celestial vision, engaged in this glorious work of Spiritual Redemption. There was the respectful spirit of the faithful and truly excellent

"Elizabeth Fry:"

whose name is sounded by the Good and True, and whose many virtues the angels delight to praise and to honor. Still is she continuing the exalted mission commenced on earth, descending into the prison house of error and corruption, throwing wide open its wild gates, and bidding its many occupants to come forth from their bondage into the freedom of Truth and Love Immortal! Unceasingly do her sacred influences permeate these dark avenues, breathing peace and good-will to each captive soul, and making even this wilderness of undeveloped life to blossom with the flowers of joy and hope. Many a sorrowing spirit has had occasion to bless the heavenly efforts of this noble saint, in their behalf, while the prayers of the enslaved and wrong have descended, in genial showers, on her beati-^{ful} soul. In her generous labors she is assisted by other brilliant immortals, among whom I discerned the form of that devoted philanthropist:

"John Howard:"

Many other glorious spirits I might specify, who are actively engaged in this limitless field of duty and enterprise; but a sufficient

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number have been mentioned, to give my readers a faint insight into that Divine Work which crowns the life of Heaven's exalted saints; and it is the earnest prayer of my soul, that the purpose of this narrative will be answered, and awaken in every breast nobler incentives to duty, and higher aspirations for the elevation of all mankind!

There were, also, other classes of spirits existing in this region of spirit life, and who seem to be impenetrable to the softening influences of Love and Purity. There was the thief, the pirate, the slave-trader, the hardened libertine, the liar, the slanderer, and many others, of similar stamp, all congenially blended together, and acting out their individual propensities. There was seen the miser, carefully counting his gold, and plotting various methods, through which he may expand his imaginary possessions.

In this particular circle, and among this last-named class of spirits, I encountered an incident which filled me with utter surprise and consternation, and, at the same time, with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. While casting my eye among the many different intelligences which inhabited this locality of the Spirit World, it suddenly fell upon a countenance, which seemed perfectly familiar to me. Desirous to be brought into more immediate proximity with his spirit, I asked my Instructor, if the conditions were not favorable to a nearer approach of his soul to our celestial globe. He replied, that, as the spirit it lived on a very material plane of being, it would be impossible for it to approximate any nearer to our Circle of Affinity; but that, if I desired it, he would bring me in rapport with him, and thus give me the opportunity of making him acquainted with my presence, and of satisfying myself as to the identity of the person.

Having acceded to the expression of my wish and desire, I was brought into contact with his spirit; and it was announced to him, for the first time, my passage from the sea of ^{Life} to the shores of Eternity above. When these tidings were communicated to him, he

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seemed struck with astonishment and terror, and bowed his head and wept like a little child; not because he was not glad to hear, ^{of my} entrance to the Spirit Land, but he was afraid to unmask his past hypocrisy and deception to my internal gaze. I, however, assured him of my continued friendship and esteem, and that I would gladly render my assistance in my power, which would aid him in his progressive development. Comforted by these words of assurance, he quieted his fears, and we entered into a lively conversation together.

There was a man, who, when on earth, was what the world would call a good and pious individual. Indeed, I always considered him to be such. He was seldom absent from his Sabbath meeting, and his outward appearance seemed to indicate a fervent, devotional piety; but ah! the world knew him not; or if it did, his well-filled coffers were sufficient to convert his many faults into seeming, imaginary virtues. Beneath the sacerdotal robes of Religion, - a living which he had donned to serve the "devil" in, - pulsed a heart corrupted by avarice and covetousness, while there lay concealed a soul, filled, not with the love of God and Humanity, but with the love of Mammon. His strong desire for material possessions, and the "masterly" ingenuity employed to hide it, fettered and chained the noblest powers of his being, and shut out from human observation the actual condition of his dwarfed and miserly nature; but he could not always mask his hypocrisy and deception under the cloak of Religion; for there was a world beyond, where his errors and imperfections would glaringly stand forth revealed to the perceptions of angels, and he be known as he knows himself. Perhaps, in this faintly drawn character, some of my Boston and Quincy friends will be able to recognize the individual who sustained it. It will be unnecessary for me to state, that the meeting with this friend and brother, under these circumstances, very much surprised and affected me; but I am rendering my humble assistance in his more perfect development, and I hope soon to see him in the possession of those treasures, which are imperishable and fade not away.

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When my immortal companions perceived that I had sufficiently penetrated the various conditions which belong to this Sphere of Being, one of their number, - the good and noble George Washington, - was appointed to deliver to me a brief address in their behalf, before the dissolution of our celestial circle, and their departure to the various grades of spirit life. He advanced, and spoke as follows:

"Beloved Spirit of John Quincy Adams: I am commissioned to state, in behalf of your angel friends, that they are now prepared to conduct you out of this region of undeveloped life, to that circle of intelligent being, for which the development of your moral and social capacities has so eminently fitted you. And in parting from you, for a short season, we desire again to iterate to you our joy and delight in greeting you to the endless enjoyments of the Kingdom of Heaven, and in consecrating you anew to the service of God and Humanity; and we individually trust and hope, that the various scenes, through which your enfranchised soul has passed, in its grand and triumphant Reception to the Throns of Eternity, will leave their sweet and hallowing impressions on its internal nature, and elevate it to still higher conditions of Immortal Being.

"Go forth, then, dear brother, on thy Divine mission, and labor for the salvation of the whole Human Race. Penetrate the avenues of error and corruption, storm the battlements of Ignorance and Superstition, unsheathe the gleaming sword of Justice, - then march forward to fight in the good cause of Right, and stay not thy hand, until the victory is thine, and the glorious Flag of Truth proudly floats above the inanimate form of its formidable foe. Seek to advance your soul, through its benignant works, to more exalting gradations of celestial existence, and to gravitate nearer the Throne of Righteousness and Perfection. Visit still, with your influence, the Halls of Congress, the hamlets of the wretched and poor, the haunts of vice and iniquity, and seek to ennoble human nature, and to develop and unfold the highest attributes

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of the soul; and whenever sorrow and wretchedness prevail, may the
light of thy love and wisdom descend, and carry joy and gladness,
hope and cheer, on its bright and sunny wings... Alas, we are prepared
to accompany thee to thy Heavenly Court of Life."

When Washington had completed his sweet address, in behalf
of the angelic hosts, the following brief response was echoed from
my unfolding mind:

"Bright inhabitant of heaven: Human language cannot ex-
press the joy and gratitude which fills my now unframed spirit; for
the kind attention which you, and other immortals, have lavished upon
my humble self, since my entrance to the studies of the Higher Life,
and feel assured, that I will not prove unmindful of it; or the salutary
advice which has been extended to me; but, with my armor on,
I will go forth in the holy warfare of Right and Principle, and battle
for the Truth; will labor for all mankind, whether embodied or dis-
embodied, and thus qualify myself,

"Through works of charity and love,
To enter Higher Courts above."

I am now prepared, my bright attendant, to accompany thee in thy
flight to the spheres beyond."

Then slowly at first ascended our Girle of Life, - farther and
farther did we recede from the lower circles of being, - brighter grew the
atmosphere around us, - the melodious notes of celestial songsters again re-
turned to greet our gladdened ears, - while our visions once more forth-
owned the boundless Ocean of Beatified Life and Light. The moral dark-
ness, which pervaded the inferior spheres below, departed from us, and
again travelled an elevated circle of Seraph Existence. At length, after hav-

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ing traversed a vast realm of space, we stopped at a certain sphere, which
was to be my temporary home, until I was qualified to ascend higher, and
where my Guardian Spirit, Father, and others, were waiting to receive
me. Then, reluctantly, our magnificent Girle dissolved itself, each glori-
fied member departing to their respective circles of development, where
the most-melodious music, from seraphic ^{lutes} ~~harp~~, vibrated on the pure
air of heaven, and floated away, in delightful symphonies, to brighten the
passage of each soul to its realm of glory and bliss. The contrast between
my present existence, and the one I had just visited, was strikingly beau-
tiful and illustrative, and urged on me the necessity of laboring, faithfully
and diligently, for the redemption of the erring and sinful soul!

Since I became a member of the Heavenly Court, it has been
my happy privilege to welcome many of my old acquaintances and as-
sociates to my humble society, the most prominent of whom, and those
best known to the subhuman world, are

"Edison, Gay, and Webster."

Three highly-intelligent minds, but whose conditions in the spirit-
life are widely different. Sometime, I may have occasion to further
speak of them, and to show the respective grades of development which
they individually enjoy.

This long letter, commenced on the anniversary of Washington's
Primordial Birth-Day, now draws rapidly to a close; but ere I take a final
leave of it, let me express the hope, that the humble ideas which are em-
bodied in it, will be productive of fruitful results to all who may per-
chance read it. If but one stray lamb is brought back to the Fold of Right-
eousness and Love, through its influences, O! I shall feel amply repaid for
its dictation, and that my visit from the Spirit-World has been attended
with great and glorious good!

Let me exhort all to carefully sift every thought and sentiment which I have here transferred to these pages; and if you discover any chaff among the wheat, any dross among the gold, separate these material properties, and accept the pure and refined substance. Endorse what may seem plausible to your inward convictions of right, and reject everything which appears involved in doubt and vagueness!

O Man! come forth into this mighty field of spiritual labor, and work for the salvation of the Human Race! Ye who are still dwelling the ways of darkness, come forward, and aid us to slay this gnomish giant of Truth on its triumphant march, overthrow the Demons of Error, and its hideous children, Ignorance, Superstition, and Bigotry, and under the Progressive Evolutions of its ponderous wheels, and the glorious victory of right is achieved. Saint and Sinner, Believer and Sceptic, come labor with us for God and Humanity!

"Mushroom the gleaming sword of Truth,
And flash it for given Error's head,
Under its hated form, forsooth,
Is numbered with the mortal dead.

Let Right your every power impel,
And Love within your spirits glow,
And make the world, in which you dwell,
A Paradise of Bliss below."

Thanking you all for the patient attention with which you followed me through the many scenes and visions which I have attempted feebly to portray on these pages, and hoping that your reception in Heaven may be as grand and sublime as that which greeted your humble dictator, I subscribe myself,

A Friend of Humanity,

Begun Feb. 22. 1855, closed March 2. 1855.

John Quincy Adams.

To John Quincy Adams, Resident of the Holy City.

Dear Brother: Dropping all the cold formalities pertaining to the earth life, I presume to address you, not by the appellation of "Sir" or "Friend," but by the dearer title of Brother, and to thank you, through this organ, for the impartial manner in which you have analysed my character in the preceding Letter now closed. Let me say, in my own behalf, and in behalf of the crowd of "listeners" and "witnesses" who have thronged around you during the dictation of the aforesaid Letter, that its many beautiful sentiments and thoughts have elicited not only our heartfelt approbation, but our warmest and deepest admiration; and many a soul, bowed down in grief and sorrow, or fettered by the chains of error and ignorance, has found comfort and consolation in its golden teachings, and hope and cheer in its sublime lessons of forgiveness and love.

In your brief sojourn in the Spirit Life, dear Brother, you have been the recipient of many glorious visions; your Soul has traversed the fragrant Bowers of the Celestial Heavens, and greeted the radiant forms of those who have long adorned this Land of Bliss and Happiness, and been welcomed by them to their Immortal Society. The dulcet tones of parental love and affection have again struck their harmonious music on the tender fibres of thy soul; beloved children and fond relatives once more have clasped thy form in their eternal embrace, while the whole Angelic Choir have joined, in one glad and rapturous chorus, in welcoming thy high-born Spirit to the everlasting enjoyments of the Heavenly Country.

It must be a source of great pleasure to you, my Brother, to realize, that the good deeds which crowned your life on earth, have met the approval of your Spirit Friends, and won for you so rich a reward in the Holy Habitation above; and an hundred fold must that pleasure be enhanced, when you reflect, that they have met the approbation of that Infinite Source, from whence come all rewards and blessings. And may the thought of your well-performed duties of earth, and

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the glorious recompense which they have achieved, incite you on to still higher pursuits and attainments, and to loftier conditions of Celestial Existence.

In the beautiful Letter, commenced on my Primeval Birth-Day, you make mention of many traits of character, incidental to my rudimental life, and justly and impartially comment on them. Among them, you have seen fit to speak of that crowning error of my earth-being, viz., my holding the "image of God" in involuntary servitude, and depriving him of those rights and immunities which properly belonged to him, by every law, human and divine. I am deeply sensible of the wrongs done to that oppressed portion of your Great Family, and that it was entirely inconsistent and at war with the mighty cause for which my energies were contending, for one to hold a single being in human bondage. But the strong prejudices of that season of my life were hard for me to overcome, and around around me an impenetrable fortress which my better feelings or motives could not scale or storm; and although I would have rid myself of this incubus to my happiness and prosperity, yet my will or determination was not then sufficiently powerful to override public opinion, and throw off this moral night mare from me.

Slavery, in whatever form it existed, was always abhorred to my Better Nature; and that repugnant feeling by no means has become extinct, since I have been a member of the Realms of Glory and Bliss. And I regret exceedingly that I did not overleap the popular prejudices and opinions of my time, and give to my bondmen that precious boon of freedom, which I was so earnestly seeking for myself and posterity. If I, and my contemporaries, had but exiled from our presence this frightful monster, and expurgated, from American soil, the infant germ of this Upas-Tree, - Oh! how fruitful in good results would have been our labors, - how redolent with rich and incalculable blessings! The Monster, who has acquired such unlimited jurisdiction and power over the National Government, would not now

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be living to contaminate the country we loved so well with his poisonous breath, or to hold at bay the will and wish of millions of freemen. No longer would the wrongs of the crushed and down-trodden cry to God for redress, or be heard the long, deep, agonizing wails floating now on Southern gales."

But where the monster's hated power
Poisons now our native air,
Would blossom Freedom's sacred flower,
Shedding fragrance everywhere.

I thank you, beloved brother, for the impartial exposition you have made of that glaring evil, and for the Christian spirit you have evinced in presenting your ideas to the world; thank you for throwing the mantle of charity around my spiritual deformities, and for transmitting to the world your unalterable determination to persevere in your glorious work of Humanity, until you have rooted out of the soil of human existence every scion of this Upas-Tree, and left to flourish, in their stead, the seeds of Universal Freedom!

God speed the happy day, when earth
From Slavery will be free;
When every soul shall feel the worth
Of Heaven-born Liberty!

Perhaps, dear brother, it will not prove uninteresting for me to state, that the beautiful teachings which you have advanced in your foregoing Letters meet the entire approval of all those who are acquainted with them; and my earnest prayer is, that they will meet with the same degree of favor and approbation from mortals which they have from Spirits, and do much toward elevating human nature above its present degenerate state, to more ennobling gradations.

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of spirituality; that they will prove a balm of comfort to the sorrowing and broken-hearted, - a Star of Hope to the sceptical and unbelieving, - a Guide-Post to the weary and wandering Traveller, - and, in fact, a Beacon-Light to the whole Family of Man!

I will not close this feeble Answer to your beautiful Letter, without an allusion to that beloved friend, endeared to you by many remembrances of the past, and to whom you have entrusted the guardianship of these precious Legacies. To him, I can only say, that angels have been silent witnesses to the joy and delight which an oft-perusal of these brilliant gems of thought have aroused in his soul, and have rejoiced to see the interest he has felt; and still feels, in the sublime Philosophy of Celestial Communion. No longer is the voice of the "Old Man Eloquent" silent to him; - no longer are its noble tones dead to his soul; for that voice, which he deemed forever hushed to him in the world below, has again spoken, in unmistakable evidences, to his heart, and assured him of a continuity of the acquaintance commenced on earth, and of a higher and holier friendship begun in Heaven.

Oh! may he treasure well these jewels of Truth and Love, transmitted to his keeping by thy benevolent hands, and may they be employed to enrich the human mind, and to elevate and ennoble the whole Race of Man!! May his soul be ever ready to receive what his ministering angels may see fit and proper to impart, and to transmit to others the blessings of which he has been so rich and favored a recipient. May he continue to be the recipient of every blessing which Heaven can afford, and of which Man is capable of receiving! And may he rest assured of the friendship of the Signer of this brief Letter, and that every thing which my humble power can do to promote his spiritual welfare and happiness in the world below, and in the world which is yet to dawn upon his higher senses, will cheerfully be done; and I extremely regret my inability to present a fairer specimen of

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my handwriting, but hope that the Recipient will accept it such as it is for the Donor's sake!

Hoping, dear brother, that thy exalted spirit may rapidly progress in the Heavenly Life, and that you may lead others to a closer walk with God.

I remain,

Your eternal friend

and brother,

J^W Washington.

The truth of the foregoing Commemorations is attested to by the following highly-developed Immortals:

Alexander Hamilton.
Richard Henry Lee
Bapt. Hopkins
John James Audubon.
Philip Melancthon
Isaac Davis.
John Davis
Charles Carroll
John Adams
Elbridge Gerry
Th^{Jefferson}
James Madison
James Monroe
W^H Garrison
Andrew Jackson
Jonathan Harrington
William Rufus King
Thomas D. Fair.

William C. Channing
Elijah Brigham.
Peter Whitney
John Smith.
Ethan Winchester
John Murray
Apollo Munro
Anthony Wilder.
Henry Adams.
Benjamin Franklin
John Robinson
Miles Standish
Augustus Wood.
William F. Clark.
Philip Livingston.
Charles Parker Sumner.
Winslow Brigham
Henry Brigham.

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Patrick Henry
James N. Pelt
Wm Pitt
George Lymer.
Gilbert Motier D'La Fayette
Augustine Stephington
Dane Webster
H. Clay.
John C. Calhoun.
Thomas Riddle.
Wm. Cromwell
John Andre
Martin Luther.
Saulford Dudley
Therons Brynne
Zachary Taylor.
Robert J. Hayne.
Levi Brigham
Jonas Brigham
Breck Parkman
David Devens
David Devens
David Devens
David Devens
David Devens
Aaron Brown.
Sam Adams
Thomas B. Adams.
John Frederick Oberlin.
Henry Ware, Sen.
Henry Ware, Jr.
Calvin Lincoln.

Luther Barker Lincoln
Wm. Worthington.
William Brooks Tumberton.
Abner Ballou
James Ballou
Robert J. Shaw
Clement Webster.
Ezekiel Webster.
Richard L. Worthington.
Lewis Allen.
David Brigham
Nicholas Brigham
Silas Brigham
Nathan Brigham
Josiah Adams, of F.
Charles Adams, of L.
David Stiles
Jonathan Smith
Samuel Hamington
William Worcester
Moses Warren, for. of W.
Samuel Rice, of N.
Rachel Rice
John Miller
Sarah Miller
Paul Willard
Timothy Whiting
Lydia Whiting Willard
Jacob Broadus
Nathaniel Wood.
Isaac Morton.
Isaac Morse.

James Harris
Bianca Capello
James Hamington
Roger Williams
John George Haaman
Roger Joseph Boscorich
Wm. Hudson
John Franklin
Elisha Hunt Strong
Benjamin Harrison
John Bonycastle
James H. Hoff
Thos. Boleyn
Anne Boleyn.
Edmund Burke.
Andrea Bern
Edward Bruce
John Mozart
Gasper Hauser
Hugh Miller
John Addison
John Hancock, Sen.
John Hancock, Jr.
John Barnard
John Milton
Charles Lillie.
William Shakespeare
Wm. Paca
Mary Bull Washington
Martha Washington
A. Adams.
Elizabeth Irge.

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Jeremiah Jacob Berlin
William Miller
George Parkman
Samuel Parkman
Charles Parkman
William E. Parkman
Silas Morse
Robert Morris
Amelia A. Bolingbroke
Harrison Gray Old
James Otis
Horace Seaver
Josiah Quincy
Abigail Quincy
Francis Eaton
John Tiske.
Hosea Ballou
Ruth Ballou
Israel Putnam
Levi Lincoln
Mary Stuart
Jane Gray.
Alexander Pope
Benjamin Truffer
Isaac Tarrington
Alexander Montgomery
Henry Montcalm
Isabella Grant Brigham
Winslow Brigham
Samuel Brigham

John Brigham
 Mercie Fland Brigham
 Joseph Brigham
 Abby Ballou Fiske.
 Hollis Maynard
 Persis Maynard
 Carrie Holbrook Peakes
 Emma Isadore Pierce
 B. F. Pierce
 Caroline Eastbrook
 Joseph Baxter
 H. E. O. Phipps
 Thos. Phipps
 Estelle D'Beaumont
 Christopher Columbus
 George Gordon Byron
 Ameryo Versucci
 Thomas Elliott
 John Howard
 Samuel Hoar
 Robert Ellis
 William Henry North
 Samuel G. Colson
 Thomas Merrick
 Thaddeus J. Hamilton
 John Gordon
 Thomas Giles
 Daniel Brown
 John Codman
 Thomas Terrell
 Louise C. Adams.
 Edward Webster.

Antoine Lay
 Robert Barclay
 John Jay -
 Charles Ficheron
 George Fox
 John Fredric William Jerusalem
 William Penn.
 John Keats
 Joseph Story
 John Wells.
 John Baker
 Josephine Bonaparte
 Alice Brigham
 Arthur Middleton 1st
 Arthur Middleton
 John Banyan
 Sylvester Grahame gov.
 Robert Capener
 John L. Clayton
 Robt Rantoul jr
 William Henry Hanscome
 Joel Whitney
 Bernard Whitman
 Peter Whitney
 John Morse.
 Ann Maria Phipps
 M. M. Preston
 John Whitney
 Abel Whitney
 Theophilus Thayer.
 David Thayer
 Elphal Baker.

Michael Servius
 Daniel Sharp
 Lemuel Wickens
 Thaddeus W. Harris
 James B. Fiske
 Timothy Dickensone
 Rebecca D. Fiske
 Abby Fiske. 2d
 Peter Foster
 Henry J. Goodington
 William Livingston
 Notram Veazie
 Eli Veazie
 George Veazie
 Lydia Worth Edmonds
 Daniel Foster ---
 Wm. Mason
 Samuel Church
 Paul Garrison
 John Adams
 Jacob Gould
 Caleb Saunders
 Robert Starkness
 Abel Thirt
 Harrison Peabody
 Lemuel Wickens
 Benjamin Parker
 John Barker
 Lydia Parker
 George Winchester
 Henry Maynard
 Silas Maynard

Richard Baxter
 William Ellery
 Daniel O'Connell
 Napoleon Bonaparte
 Henry Augustus Wood ---
 Albert Guernsey
 Anthony Gilbert
 Lucretia Baxter
 Mindwell Brigham
 Josiah Brigham, phy. of W.
 Susanna Parkman
 Julia E. Bowker
 Nancy Fiske
 Henry Fiske
 John Fiske
 Martin Fiske
 Nathan Fiske
 Joseph Fiske
 Elizabeth Fiske
 Lizzie Fiske Nelson
 James Fiske
 Beriah Brown
 Thomas Fiske
 Theodore Fiske
 Constance Browne
 Henry A. Warrington
 Eliphalet Smith
 Joshua Fiske
 Peter Adams
 John Adams
 " Lemuel Griswold
 " Charles Toller

Joseph Warren
 Josiah Franklin
 Osair Franklin
 John Remington
 David Knapp
 John Torrington
 Nathaniel Bowditch
 John T. Kirkland
 Gasper Spurgheim
 Benjamin Seaver
 William Prescott Stearns
 Edmund E. Gilpatrick
 Robert Peel
 Edward Littleton
 Henry Carleton
 Conrad Stearns
 L. C. Mayo
 Charlotte Gerald
 Grace Webster
 Julia A. Appleton
 Grace Webster
 Charlie Webster
 Charles T. Torrey
 Henry Dearborn
 John Randolph Benton
 Timothy Tamar
 Sam. H. Stearns
 Thos. H. Perkins
 Timothy Dexter
 Charles Choate
 Fred. Choate
 Horace Choate

age

William Henry Elliston
 David Hugglesford
 Henry L. Forsythe
 Charles Tourner
 Alexander Griswood
 Samuel Appleton
 John More
 Hannah More
 Myron Lawrence
 Abbott Lawrence
 Moses Lawrence
 Henry Lawrence
 Amos Lawrence
 William Pitt Serrender
 Ebenezer Fisher
 George ~~Barrett~~
 Owen Bellingham
 John Henry Ludovic
 John Augustine Woodruff
 Florena Fairchild
 Morton Dimmy
 Arthur Bromfield Dimmy
 John Howard Paine
 Robt Great Paine
 Thomas Paine
 Nathaniel Coolidge
 Isaac Worth
 Wm. Wirt
 John Fulton
 Robert Herkimer
 Archibald Watson
 Henry Penn Barrow

Leavitt Underwood
 Saml Boylston Titus
 Henry Markman
 Burton Litchfield
 Henry Sargus
 Jonah B. Stratton
 Joseph L. Everett
 Mary B. Smedley
 Eliza A. Smedley
 Mary Stephens
 Harriett Loveland
 Wm. E. Montcalm
 Amos H. H. H. H. H.
 Amos H. H. H. H. H.
 Benj. L. Harley
 John Randolph
 Samuel T. Rowbridge
 Nathaniel Rogers
 Nathaniel P. Rogers
 Henry Wadsworth
 Annanias Bohannon
 Richard Bohannon
 Samuel Norton
 Fred. Norton
 Charles Hastings
 Albert Gilpatrick
 Wm. Jewksburg

Simon Greenleaf
 Harvey Lane
 Fredric Von Hoffer
 Everett Erich
 Solomon Guilford
 Bertha Guilford
 Beatrice Guilford
 Minetta W. Guilford
 Crosetta E. Guilford } twins
 Thomas Wellingham
 Samuel Gridley
 Jonathan Wales
 Wm. Gordon
 Henry Gilbert
 John C. Warren
 Samuel Peters
 Gilbert Newcastle
 Jeremiah Butler
 Nehemiah Kourdy
 Harvey Dayton
 Nathaniel C. Maynard
 Asaph Rice
 Henry Rice
 Minnie Pierpont
 Warren Haughton
 Albert Haughton Lee
 William Gray Osborn
 Thos. L. Gray
 Abner Goodnough
 Felicia Hemans
 Anthony Baxter

Wm L Bowditch
Wm Jackson
Hall Jackson
Rachel Jackson
William T. Gilbert
Clement Jackson
James Jackson
Frederic Montgomery
H A R in Sparhawk
John John Jacob
John George Jacobs
Fred Henry Jacobs
Cyrus Freeman
Moses Nightingale
John D Lahr
Frederick D Lahr
Henry Sylvester Mittelt
Wm L. Litzinger
Robert Jamison
James Philbrick
Benj Sinclair
Robert Barron
William Wallace
Robert Bruce
Robert Emmett
Edward Clark Patrick
George Wythe
R R Livingston
John Dickinson
Edmund Pendleton
Geo. Mason
Thos. Sandwell Lee

Francis Bacon
Anthony Bacon
Henry Lovington
Jeffrey Whitcomb
Fisher Ames
Wm B. Bagwell
Joseph Ames
David Allan
William Aram
William Telf
Henry Addington
Michael Anderson
Patrick Anderson
John Playfair
Athanasius Bircher
Wm Tinsley
Luz Leri
John Asmus Lelander
Wm Cornwallis
Alexander Gordon
Roger Denny
Joan Denny
Thaddeus Claremont
George Tell
Wm Tell
Henry Culmer
10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
Leulworth Mansfield
J B Booth
Mortimer Harris
Bertha Sedgwick
Hiram Normandy

Henry Mier
John Hart
Abram Clark
Lewis Morris
Samuel Chase
Wm Paca
Benton Swinnett
Geo Ross
Thos. Strong
Jonah Bortlett
Edward Rutledge
Wm Williams
Mott Thornton
Thos. Heyward Jr.
Lyman Hall
Geo. Walton
Thomas Lynch Jr.
Carter Braxton
James Wilson
John Norton
Geo. Taylor...
James Smith
Wm Lloyd
William Whipple
Wm Hopper
John Benn
Thos. Huntington
Jno Witherspoon
Francis Hopkinson
Richard Stockton
Wm E. Loring
Thomas DeCATur

C. Rodney
Thos M. Treach
George Read
Benj Rush
John Cymer
James Smith
Elbridge Mason
Job Rushing
Thos Lightfoot
John Ballou
Mary Brimmer
Mary Parkers.
Rachel Samuel R. Mildred
Harriet Sedgwick
Watson Merrill
Hannah Lee
Step. A. Norcross
John Morris
Wm Metcalf
Hatt. Richards
Harriet Tiske.
Sarah Ann Fiske.
Charles A. Fiske.
Josiah Fiske
Lyman Lamb
Arthur Greeley
Henry Sedgwick
Henry Stwood
Henry Morgan ---
Fred. Stimpson
David Richards
Arenath Pfeuffer

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[Faint, mirrored handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is illegible due to fading and orientation.]

